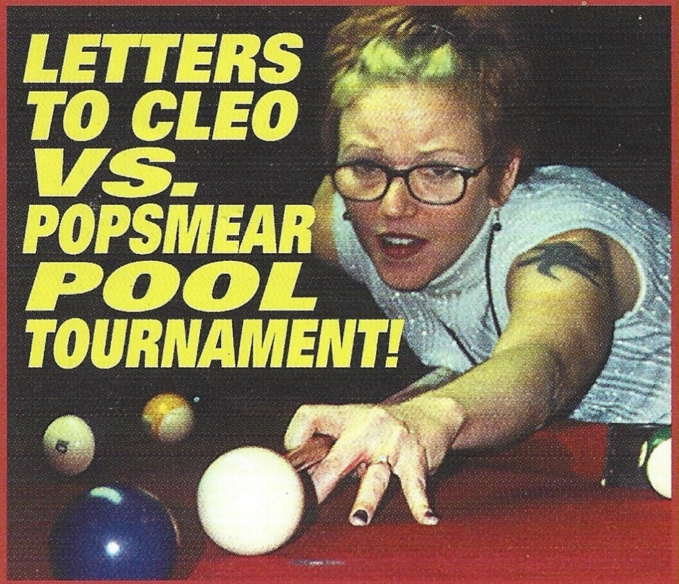
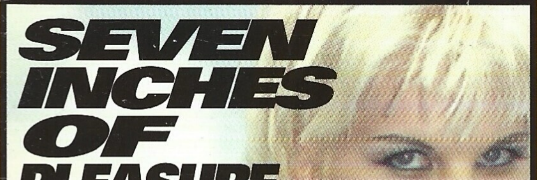
POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

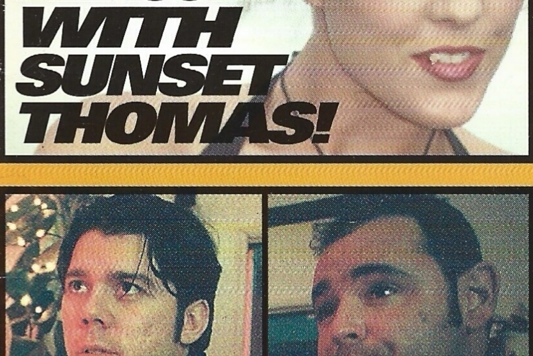
SEX.DRUGS.ROCKNROLL.ISSUE#14.0.NOTFORCHILDREN.



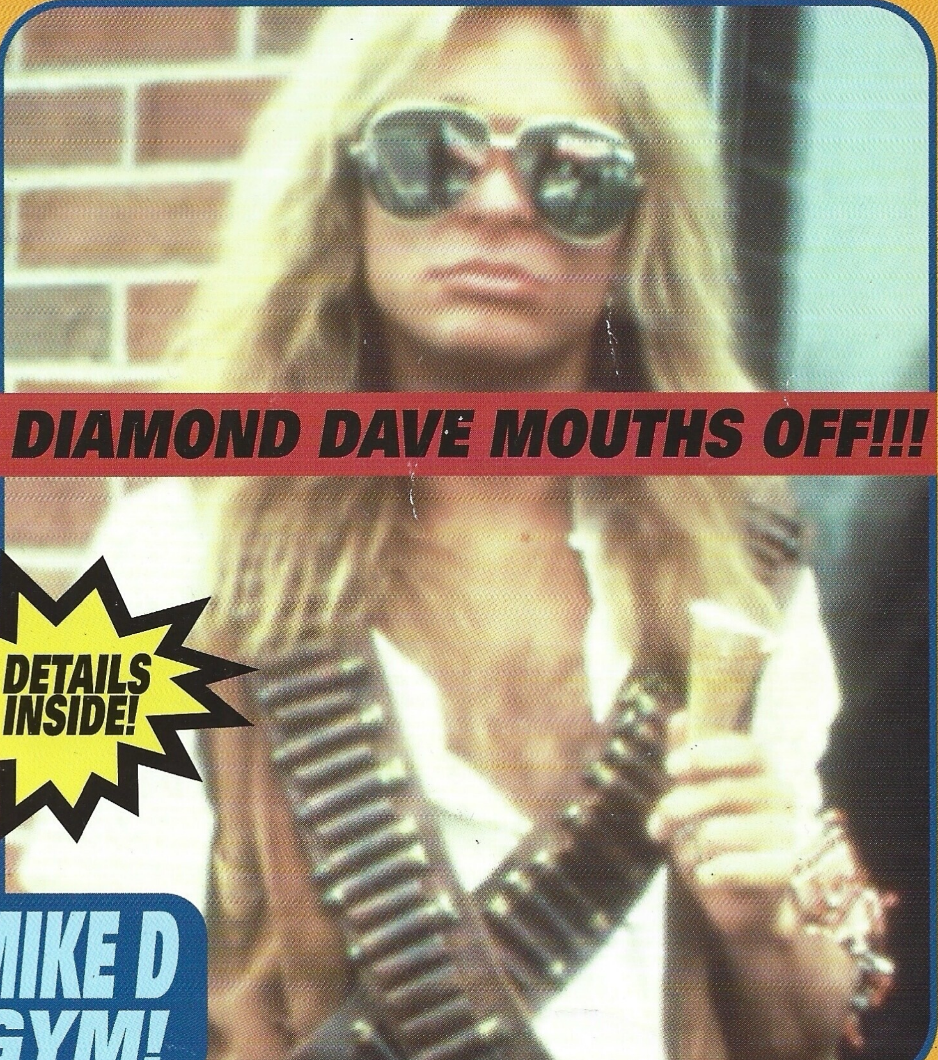
LETTERS TO CLEO VS. POPSMEAR POOL TOURNAMENT!



SEVEN INCHES OF PLEASURE WITH SUNSET THOMAS!

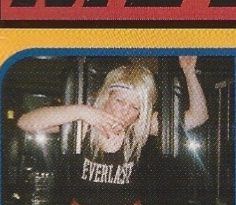


PSYCHIC TELLS ALL FOR CRYSTAL METHOD



DIAMOND DAVE MOUTHS OFF!!!

DETAILS INSIDE!



JOCKIN' MIKE D AT THE GYM!

ISSUE14.0
MARCH+APRIL98
$3.00 ISSN1085-0414

IN THE GOOD OL' USofA, COWBOY!

BANNED IN CANADA: PROM MOM REVEALED!

SPIKE LEE TACO BELL EXPLOSION

WARD UP!

WARD CLEAVER SOLVES THE WORLD'S PROBLEMS

OZZY OSBOURNE

"THE OZZMAN COMETH"

HIS GREATEST, LOUDEST, RAREST & NEWEST

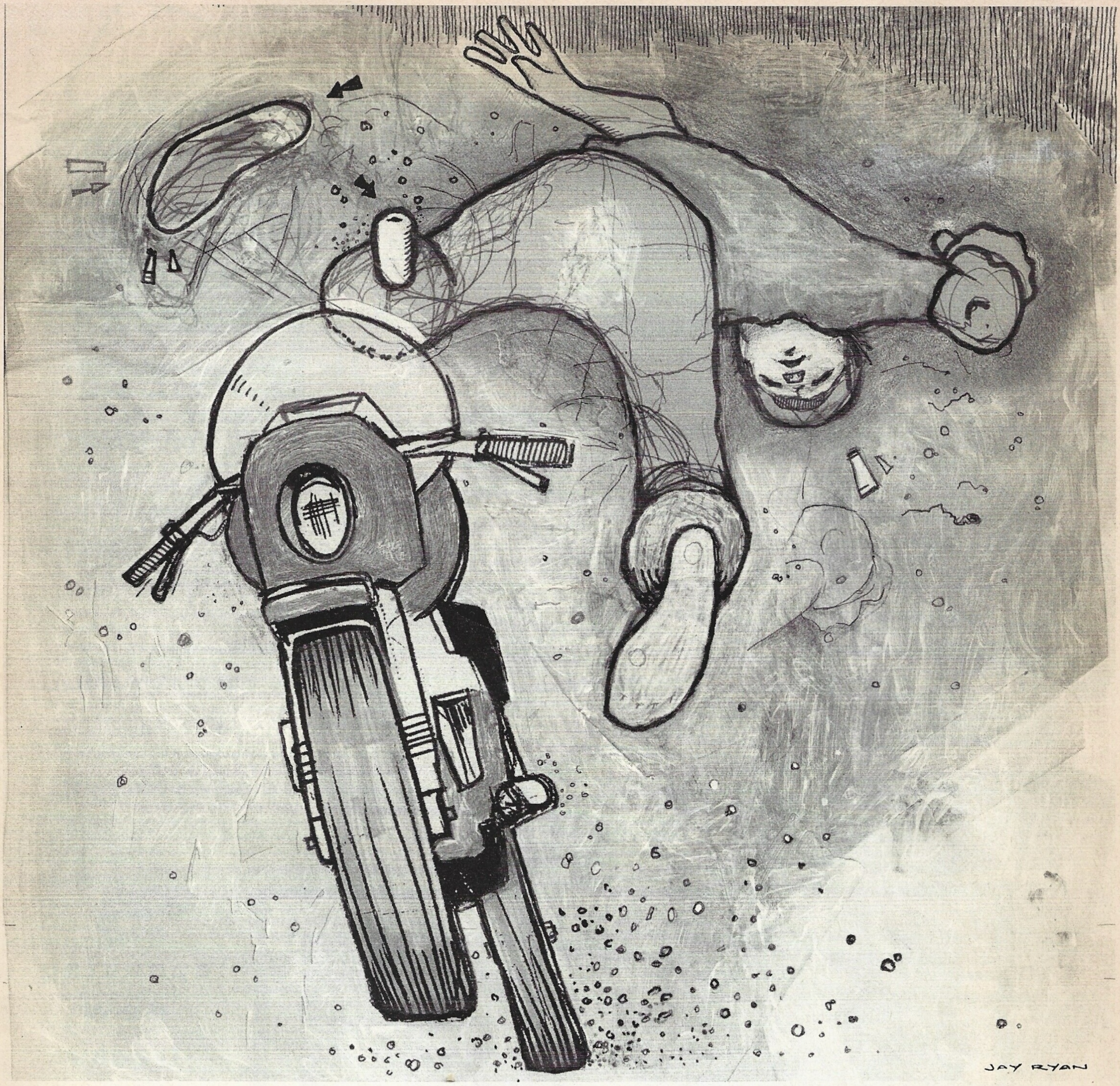
A NEW SPECIALLY PRICED, LIMITED EDITION DOUBLE CD FEATURING:

- † HIS GREATEST HITS
- † THE NEW SONG "BACK ON EARTH"
- † A CANDID OZZY INTERVIEW
- † CD EXTRA
- † FOUR PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED BLACK SABBATH BASEMENT TAPE RECORDINGS (WITH ALL THE ORIGINAL BAND MEMBERS)

EVERYTHING FROM OZ TO Z.

www.ozzynet.com www.epiccenter.com www.sony.com "EPIC" AND ≡ REG. U.S. PAT. & TM. OFF. MARCA REGISTRADA./© 1997 SONY MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT INC.

AVAILABLE AT CAMELOT MUSIC

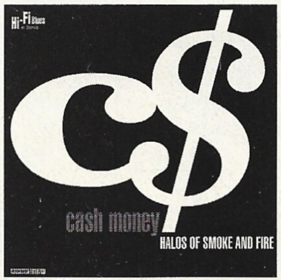


polvo
shapes

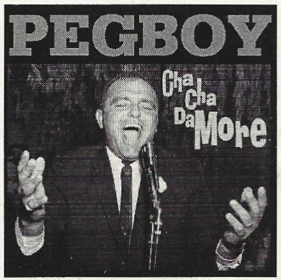
Polvo *shapes*
tg179 lp $10.00/cd $13.00

Don Caballero
Don Cab llero
Don Caballero
Don Caballero
Don Caballero
Don Caballero
Don Caballero
Don Caballero
Trey Dog's Acid

Don Caballero *Trey Dog's Acid*
tg181 seven inch $3.50


Hi-Fi
C$
cash money
HALOS OF SMOKE AND FIRE

Cash Money *Halos Of Smoke And Fire*
tg187 cd $13.00


PEGBOY
Cha Cha Da More

Pegboy *Cha-Cha Damore*
qs49 lp $10.00/cd $13.00

June Of 44 *Four Great Points*
qs54 lp $10.00/cd $13.00

Mail Order
P.O.Box 25520,
Chicago, Illinois 60625
Visa and Mastercard
orders please call
1(800) 3-TOUCH-U
[usa only].

TOUCH and GO RECORDS
1/4 STICK RECORDS

WARM UP WITH MOJO RECORDS...

ZOOT SUIT RIOT
The Swingin' Hits of the
CHERRY POPPIN' DADDIES
GOLDFINGER
HANG-UPS
REEL BIG FISH
keep your receipt
MOJO RECORDS

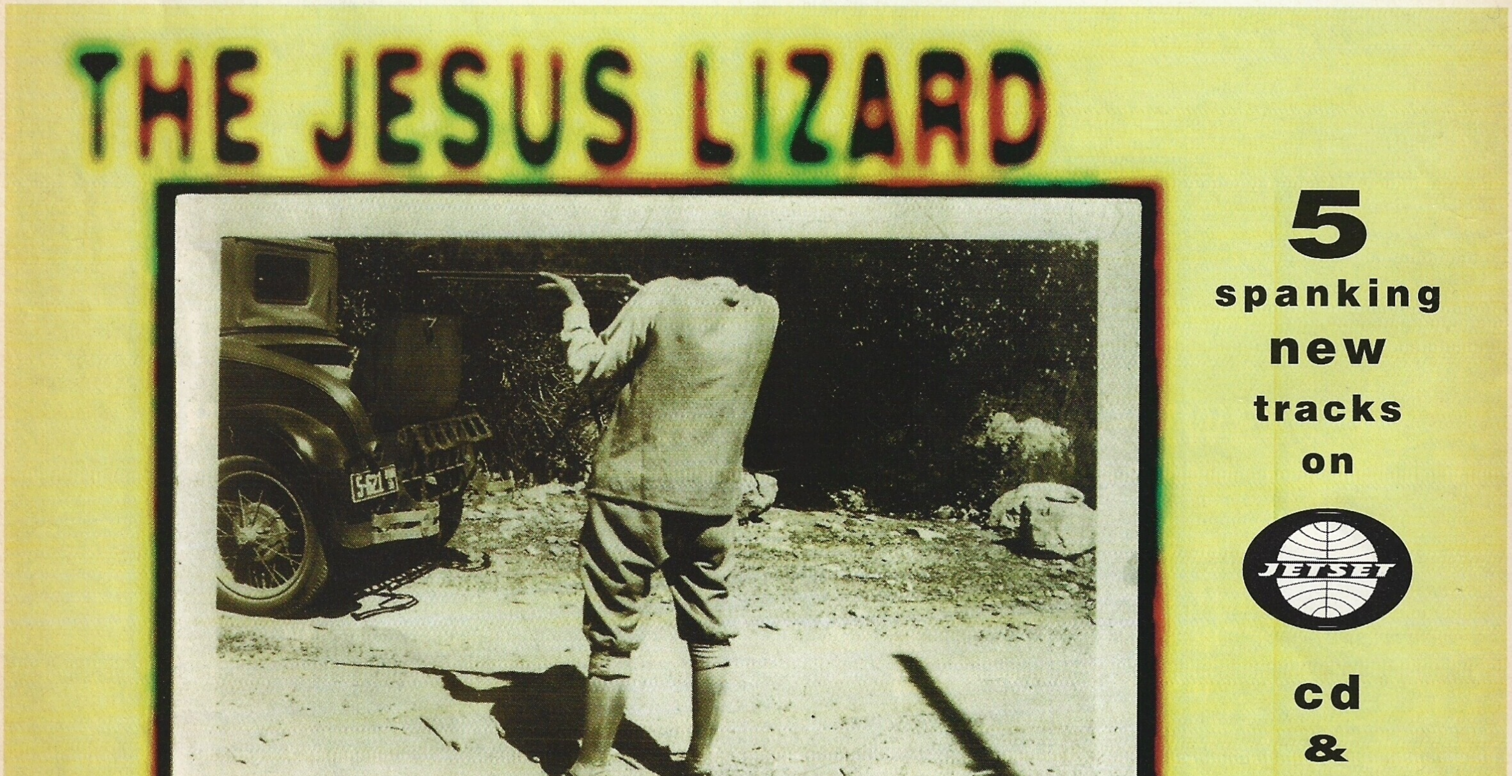
CHERRY POPPIN' DADDIES
ZOOT SUIT RIOT
featuring
"Zoot Suit Riot" &
"Brown Derby Jump"

GOLDFINGER
HANG-UPS
featuring the new single
"My Head"
On tour in February with Sugar Ray

REEL BIG FISH
KEEP YOUR RECEIPT
the almost, kinda, new
enhanced CD EP
Also available
Turn The Radio Off,
featuring
"She Has A Girlfriend Now"
and "Sell Out"

www.mojorecords.com

For a catalog, send $1 to: Mojo Records 1453 14th St., Box 284, Santa Monica, CA 90404



THE JESUS LIZARD

5
spanking
new
tracks
on

cd
&
10"
vinyl

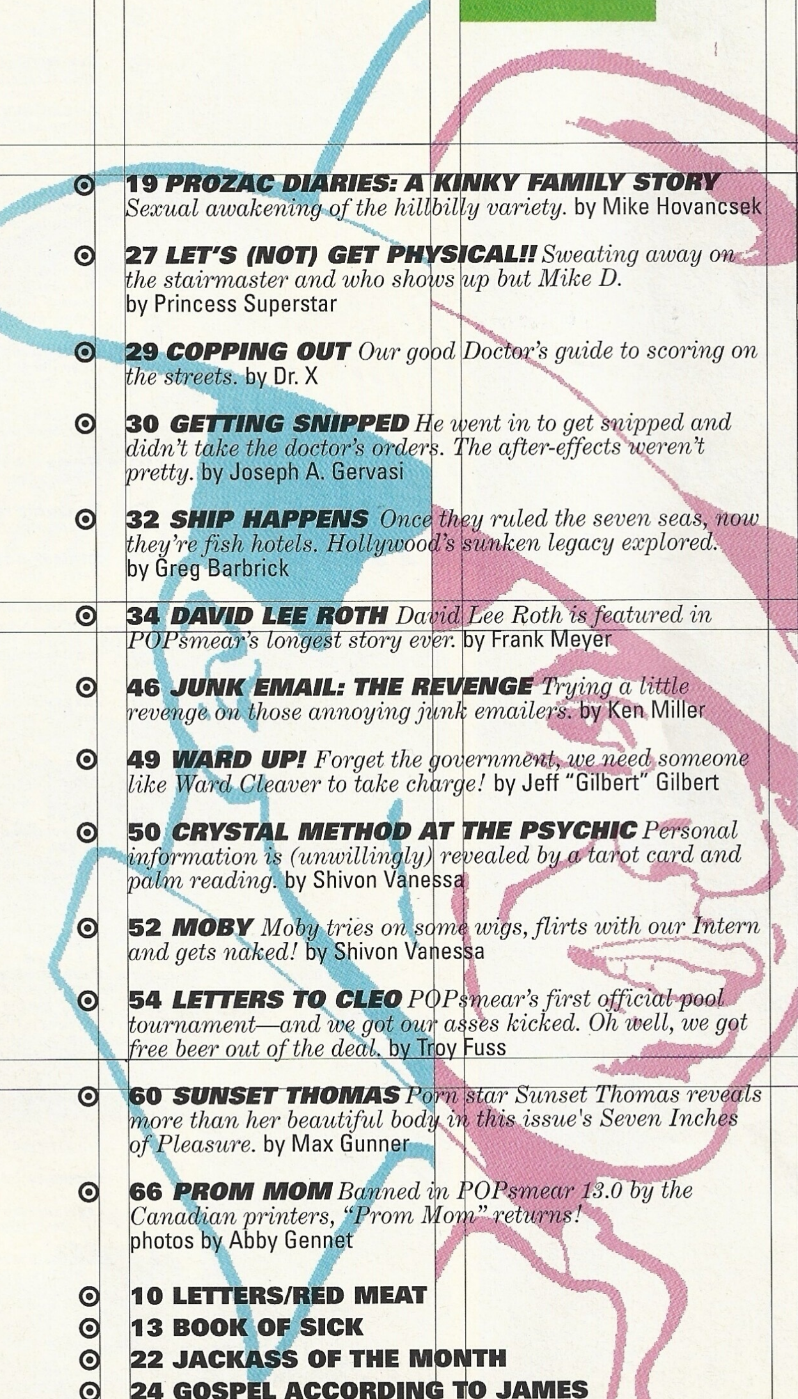
jetset records 67 vestry st suite 5c new york city 10013

Contents

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

ISSUE 14

issue 14.0
fourteen.0
march+april
1998



⊙ 19 ***PROZAC DIARIES: A KINKY FAMILY STORY*** *Sexual awakening of the hillbilly variety.* by Mike Hovancsek

⊙ 27 ***LET'S (NOT) GET PHYSICAL!!*** *Sweating away on the stairmaster and who shows up but Mike D.* by Princess Superstar

⊙ 29 ***COPPING OUT*** *Our good Doctor's guide to scoring on the streets.* by Dr. X

⊙ 30 ***GETTING SNIPPED*** *He went in to get snipped and didn't take the doctor's orders. The after-effects weren't pretty.* by Joseph A. Gervasi

⊙ 32 ***SHIP HAPPENS*** *Once they ruled the seven seas, now they're fish hotels. Hollywood's sunken legacy explored.* by Greg Barbrick

⊙ 34 ***DAVID LEE ROTH*** *David Lee Roth is featured in POPsmear's longest story ever.* by Frank Meyer

⊙ 46 ***JUNK EMAIL: THE REVENGE*** *Trying a little revenge on those annoying junk emailers.* by Ken Miller

⊙ 49 ***WARD UP!*** *Forget the government, we need someone like Ward Cleaver to take charge!* by Jeff "Gilbert" Gilbert

⊙ 50 ***CRYSTAL METHOD AT THE PSYCHIC*** *Personal information is (unwillingly) revealed by a tarot card and palm reading.* by Shivon Vanessa

⊙ 52 ***MOBY*** *Moby tries on some wigs, flirts with our Intern and gets naked!* by Shivon Vanessa

⊙ 54 ***LETTERS TO CLEO*** *POPsmear's first official pool tournament—and we got our asses kicked. Oh well, we got free beer out of the deal.* by Troy Fuss

⊙ 60 ***SUNSET THOMAS*** *Porn star Sunset Thomas reveals more than her beautiful body in this issue's Seven Inches of Pleasure.* by Max Gunner

⊙ 66 ***PROM MOM*** *Banned in POPsmear 13.0 by the Canadian printers, "Prom Mom" returns!* photos by Abby Gennet

⊙ **10 LETTERS/RED MEAT**
⊙ **13 BOOK OF SICK**
⊙ **22 JACKASS OF THE MONTH**
⊙ **24 GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JAMES**
⊙ **26 CELEBRITY ADDRESSES**
⊙ **56 REVIEWS**
⊙ **59 DR. CYNIC**

27

34

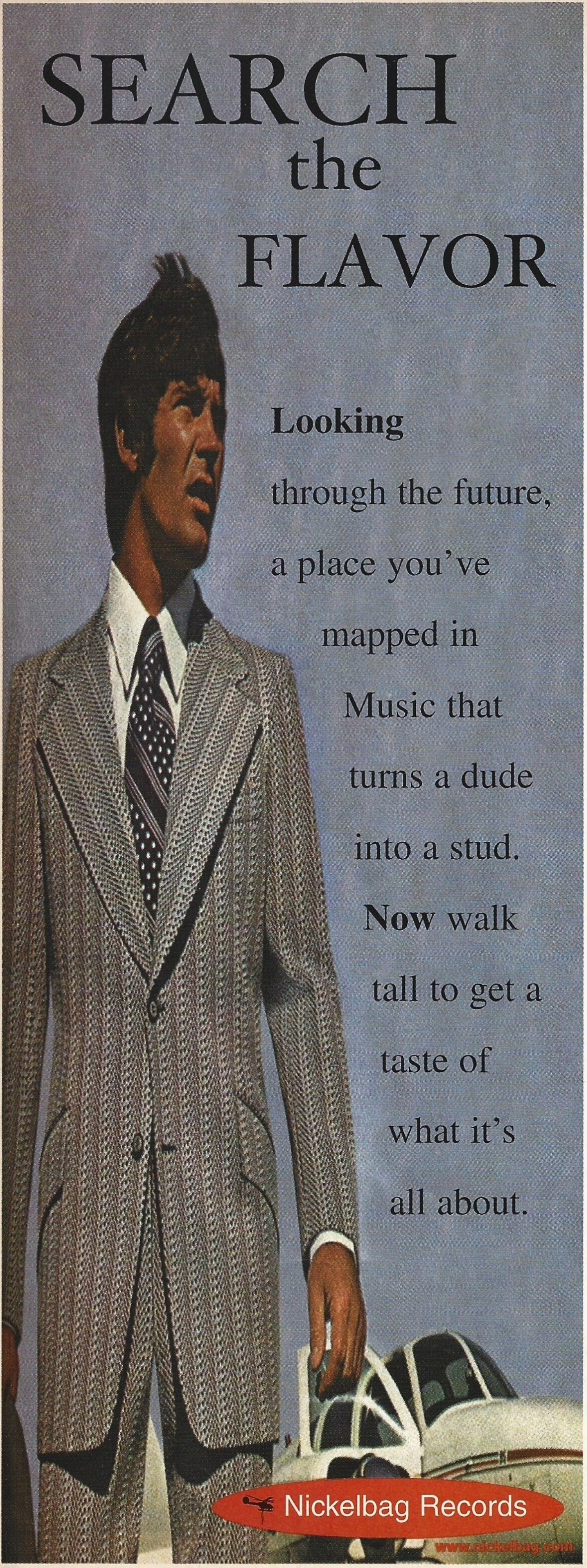
52

54

60

66

☎ **RESPOND TO POPSMEAR**
Call the **HotLine** at
212.271.5505x**71**



BLAME

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE
issue 140

Publisher
James

Editor
Troy Fuss

Art Director + Designer
Ryan McGinness

Associate Editor
Shivon Vanessa

Writers
Art Rambo, Christine James, Daniel James Logan, Dr. Cynic, Dr. X, Frank Meyer, Greg Barbrick, Jeff Gilbert, Joi Behrend, Joseph A. Gervasi, Ken Miller, Mary Burt, Max Gunner, Mike Hovancsek, Princess Superstar, R. Eirik Ott, Rev. Randall Tin-Ear, Rich Mackin, Stuart Jones, Verlaine

Photographers
Abby Gennet, Cathy Halgas, Luscious Lake, Rodolphe Baras, Tim Darwish

Artists
D. Kubert, Max Cannon, Michael Shapiro

Design Assistant
Bill Neumann

Design/Production
Allison Moryl, Eileen Connelly, Karen Chu

Digital Scans + Retouching
Peter Pabón

Production
Edward Sears, Peter Pabón

Advertising
Jamie Fraser, Laura Freed

Interns
Avital Sivan, Fiona Argyle, Grace Kim, Sabrina Milo

In Spirit
Petey More

Props
Amanda Cagan, Angry Thoreauan, Cathy Halgas, Eddie Anderson, Ed Sears, Elizabeth Gondek, Greg Mennis, Hoofsip, Ilana Simons, In Your Basement, KALIO, Lyndsey Parker, Mansplat, Nichole, Playtime, Sad Magazine, Scott Chernoff, Shouting At The Postman, Stephen Brown, Zeen

Distribution
Cowley Distributors, Desert Moon, IPD/Distacor, Last Gasp, Newbury Comics, Newsways, Parasol, Speed Impex, Ubiquity, Warner Periodicals; in NYC check Kim's, See Hear, Tower

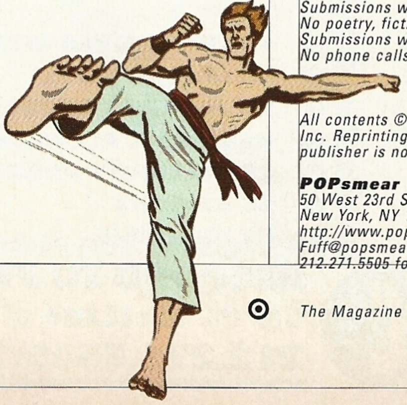
Subscriptions *$15/year (6 issues)*

Digital PrePress by SureShot, Inc., 212.271.6344

Printed by Transcontinental

Legal representation by Jacobson & Colfin, P.C./Smith, Buss & Jacobs

Submissions welcome.
No poetry, fiction or coffee culture.
Submissions will not be returned.
No phone calls.



All contents ©1998 Popsmear Publishing, Inc. Reprinting without permission of the publisher is not permitted.

POPsmear
50 West 23rd Street. 6th Floor
New York, NY 10010
http://www.popsmear.com
Fuff@popsmear.com
212.271.5505 fone, 212.271.5506 fax

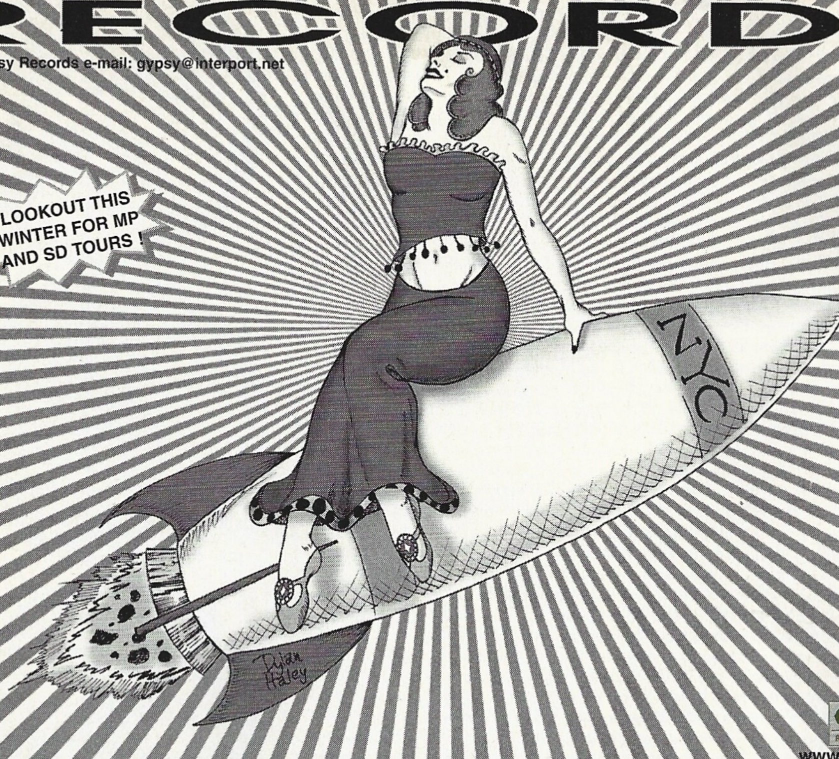
The Magazine That ***Glows*** *In The* ***Dark***

Printed in Canada

GYPSY RECORDS

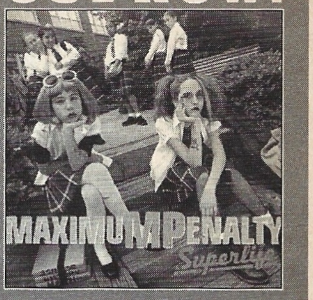
©1998 Gypsy Records e-mail: gypsy@interport.net

LOOKOUT THIS WINTER FOR MP AND SD TOURS !


NYC
Dylan Haley

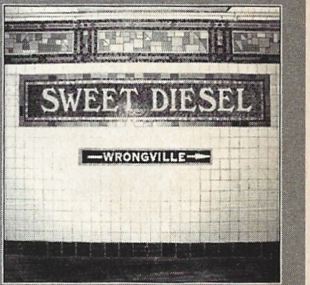
GYPSY RECORDS
www.gypsyrecords.com

OUT NOW!


MAXIMUM PENALTY
Superlife

Maximum Penalty
★ Superlife ★

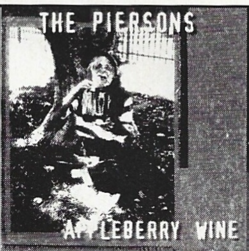
OUT NOW!

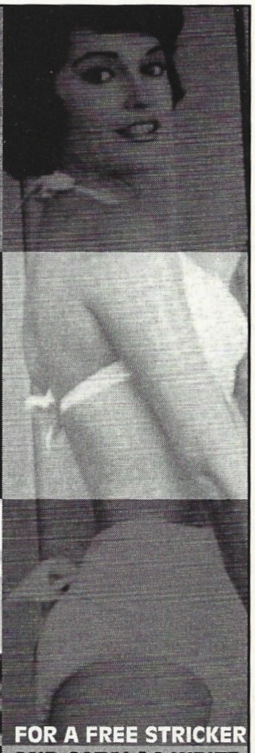

SWEET DIESEL
WRONGVILLE

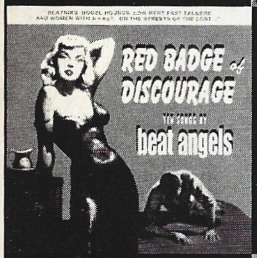
Sweet Diesel
★ Wrongville ★

Mail order through
GROUND ZERO DISTRIBUTION
1-888-HEY-PUNK ⋆ (1-888-439-7865)
e-mail: punker01@aol.com
⋆ ALSO AVAILABLE ⋆
THE GYPSY RECORDS CARAVAN 7" PACKAGE.
ALL RELEASES AVAILABLE AT YOUR
LOCAL INDIE RECORD STORE!

THE PIERSONS
APPLEBERRY WINE

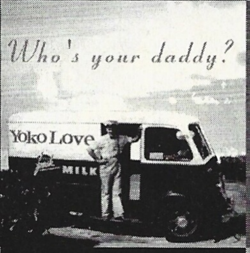

THE PIERSONS
APPLEBERRY WINE




RED BADGE of DISCOURAGE
beat angels

BEAT ANGELS
RED BADGE OF DISCOURAGE

YOKO LOVE
WHO'S YOUR DADDY?

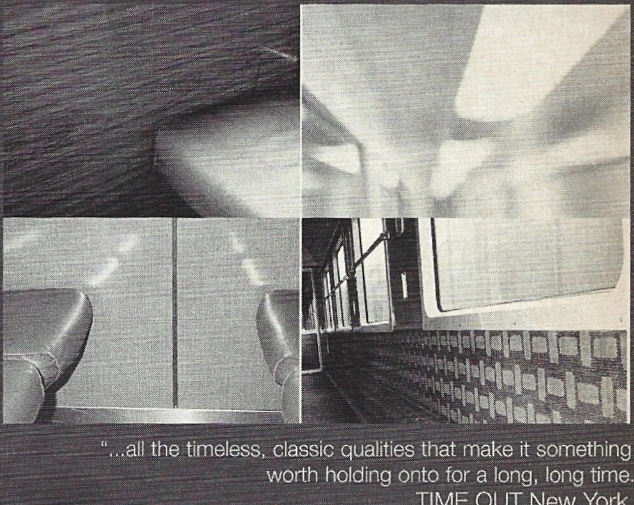

Who's your daddy?
Yoko Love
MILK

ALL AVAILABLE AT COOLER RECORD STORES EVERYWHERE OR MAIL ORDER THROUGH IMPACT MUSIC
1•800•899•DISC(3472)

FOR A FREE STRICKER AND CATALOG WRITE:
¡EPIPHANY! RECORDINGS
1303 W. 21st ST.
TEMPE, AZ. 85282
DEPT. PS
(602)804•0992
epiprec@getnet.com

---

autour de lucie



"...all the timeless, classic qualities that make it something worth holding onto for a long, long time."
TIME OUT New York

autour de lucie
the new album: *immobile*

TOWER RECORDS • VIDEO • BOOKS
☎ 1•800•ASK•TOWER
STORE LOCATIONS • HOURS • PHONE ORDERS
AOL KEYWORD: TOWER
www.towerrecords.com

NETTWERK
Nettwerk Records Inc
632 Broadway, Suite 301
New York, NY, 10012
www.nettwerk.com

POPsmear Issue 14.0 = 19[(march)+(april)]98

When we started running **Max Cannon**'s Red Meat strip (page 10), I said right here on this page that it was only a matter of time before a NYC weekly picked him up. The only surprise was that it was the Village Voice, not New York Press. While we can't run a strip every week, we can print up nifty postcards. Seven different styles for 14.0, collect them all! • We've been trying to run **Stuart Jones**' interview with Greg Norton of Hüsker Dü (page 15) for months. It wasn't that we didn't have the space, we just couldn't find a decent picture of Norton. Well, we finally found one. I think it's bigger than the interview. • **Mike Hovancsek** checks in with an expanded version of his Prozac Diaries (page 19). I don't know how much of it is true, but if he's making this shit up, he's got an even better imagination than I had thought. • When **R. Eirik Ott** went to Spike Lee's press conference at CSU-Chico, all he wanted to do was ask one intelligent question. Little did he know all hell would break loose. When not harassing celebrities, Ott is a traveling writer and spoken word performer disguised as a Chico journalism student. He has published several collections of writing, including the infamous Tongue Ballet in My Bunghole and the just-released Big Daddy's Makin' Biscuits. • If you're anything like us, going to the gym—if you go at all—is not a social event. It is necessary suffering. So imagine how **Princess Superstar** felt when she bumped into one of her heroes, Mike D, at the gym (page 27). Remember when gyms and rock stars did not mix? Yeah! Be sure to check out the new Princess Superstar CD, CEO, out now on A Big Rich Major Label. • **Dr. X** returns with his guide to street survival (page 29). We don't like to run this kind of thing, but times have changed in NYC and scoring just isn't as easy (or safe) as it used to be. Of course, maybe someone should tell Dr. X about home delivery. It's so much more convenient. • When 26 year old **Joseph A. Gervasi** decided he didn't want to have kids, he wasn't taking chances—he went in to get snipped (page 30). A common procedure, there shouldn't have been any problems. Not if he would have taken his doctor's orders and stayed home. Joseph is a freelance writer who sells weird films on video (horror, Hong Kong action, sexxx, art, punk and Japanimation) for a living. • Meet **Bill Neumann**, half man, half graphic designer, full-time whore. • We found **Greg Barbrick** and his 'Ship Happens' piece (page 32) in the wonderful Mansplat. Greg goes through the great shipwrecks of recent history, their big screen companions and, of course, applies the William Shatner factor to all of them. • I'd been trying for weeks to contact Annie Sprinkle to see if she would handle the David Lee Roth interview, but she was in Europe. In walks **Frank Meyer**. A few years back I'd read his account of Diamond Dave's Vegas days in Porkchops and Applesauce, and knew he was the man for the job (page 34). Frank is vocalist/guitarist in L.A.'s Streetwalkin' Cheetahs (check out Overdrive on Alive Records) and plays in Doorslammer and Bob Dorough's Schoolhouse Rock Band. He also writes liner notes for Bomp Records' Iguana Chronicles, a series of releases that document the music of Iggy & the Stooges. • You should remember **Jeff Gilbert** from 12.0's 'Superheroes Whose Asses You Could Easily Kick' article. He's back with 'Ward Up!', which suggests that Ward Cleaver could be just what the world needs right now (page 49). Jeff is the editor of Mansplat, which if you haven't figured out by now, is one of our favorite zines. He also writes the Beer and Loathing column for The Rocket in Seattle. • Moby's publicist suggested we bring some wigs to his house for the photo shoot, so **Fiona the Intern** called Cirque Postiche Wig Design and lined up a big box of wigs they had just used for the Studio 54 filming (page 52). They were beautiful! So we were off to Moby's—photographer **Abby Gennet**, **Shivon**, Fiona and myself. (It was a big box.) About three frames into the shoot, Moby says, 'Do you want me to take my clothes off? Get naked?' Everyone looks at me, and I say, 'Well, yeah, of course,' like it was part of the plan. Nude or no, the photos turned out fabulously. • You can imagine my delight when I happened upon Sunset Thomas in a 6th Avenue porn store a couple years ago. There were about 10 guys standing around inside the front door, staring across the room at Sunset, who was in the back of the store, alone. I walked back there, we chatted, took a picture and I left a happy boy. On the way out, this guy says, 'She's really hot, isn't she? How does she look up close?' I told him to get his ass back there and take a look. They were probably making her nervous anyway, just staring at her like she was on TV or something. Well you can stare at her all you want, she is **Max Gunner**'s Seven Inches of Pleasure (page 60). • If I'd had my selfish way, the last issue would never have been printed without the 'Prom Mom' photos—just out of principle (page 66). But unfortunately it doesn't work that way, so the issue was published without **Abby Gennet**'s back page photo spread. This issue we've switched printers, and 'Prom Mom' is here. Prepare yourself.—Fuss

Abby Gennet, agennet@aol.com; **Art Rambo**, rambo@popsmear.com; **Bill Neuman**, will@inch.com; **Daniel James Logan**, Zeen, POB 32274, Kansas City MO 64171, zeendk@aol.com, http://www.loop.com/~zeenzine; **Dr. Cynic**, 1427 E Polk #2, Phoenix AZ 85006; **Frank Meyer,** 803 N Fuller, Los Angeles CA 90046, framey@red-ant.com, http://members.aol.com/aytab/cheetah.html, www.indieweb.com/alive/index.html; **Greg Barbrick**, Mansplat, 2318 2nd Ave #591, Seattle WA 98121, mansplat@earthlink.net, http://home.earthlink.net/~mansplat/; **James**, james@popsmear.com; **Jeff Gilbert**, Mansplat, 2318 2nd Ave #591, Seattle WA 98121, mansplat@earthlink.net, http://home.earthlink.net/~mansplat/; **Joi Behrend**, Creatum Sinistra, 175 Fifth Ave #2136, New York NY 10010, sinistra@bway.net, http://www.bway.net/~sinistra; **Joseph A. Gervasi**, 142 Frankford Ave, Blackwood NJ 08012-3723, jag666@erols.com; **Ken Miller**, Shouting at the Postman, POB 246, Yardley PA 19067-8246, http://members.aol.com/satpostman; **Mary Burt**, Sad Magazine, 11693 San Vicente Blvd #515, Los Angeles CA 90049; **Max Cannon**, POB 41115, Tucson AZ 85717, meatbiz@redmeat.com, http://redmeat.com; **Mike Hovancsek**, 1889 Algonquin, Kent OH 44240; **Princess Superstar**, A Big Rich Major Label, 151 First Avenue #239, NYC 10003, Majorcash@aol.com, www.thegrid.net/princesssuperstar/index.html; **R. Eirik Ott**, POB 1467, Chico CA 95927-1467, poetryslam@hotmail.com, www.ecst.csuchico.edu/~thrust; **Rev. Randall Tin-Ear**, Angry Thoreauan, POB 3478, Hollywood CA 90078; **Rev. Richard J. Mackin**, Book of Letters, 1197 Commonwealth Ave #4, Allston MA 02134; **Ryan McGinness**, ryanmcg@interport.net; **Shivon Vanessa**, shivon@popsmear.com; **Stuart Jones**, In Your Basement, POB 700242, Plymouth MI 48170, FreeSuge@aol.com; **Troy Fuss**, fuss@popsmear.com

Frank Meyer

Abby Gennet

Jeff Gilbert

Bill Neumann

Joseph A. Gervasi

Fuss & Sunset

Contribute to POPsmear.

Respond to POPsmear. Call (212) 271-5505 x71.

New Rock Buffalo Daughter
bd
Featuring the single
"Great Five Lakes"
Available now on
Grand Royal
CD/DLP
GRAND ROYAL
℗ © 1998 Grand Royal Records

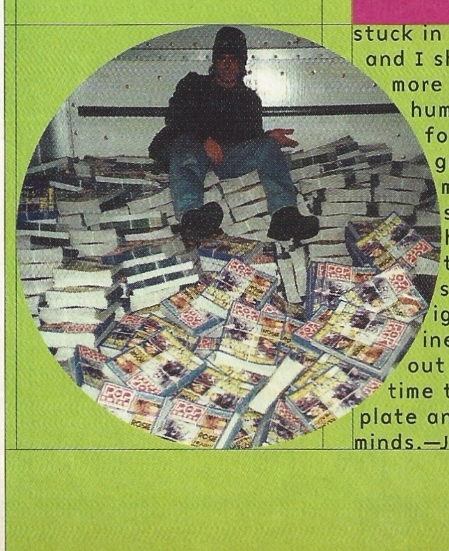
FROM THE PUBLISHER

I'm pretty excited about the future, as we just scored another great recruit for the POPsmear mafia. Jamie Fraser, formerly of the Beastie Boy's magazine Grand Royal, has signed on to handle ad sales and circulation. After that one nitwit guy we had selling ads for awhile, Jamie will not only bring a fresh breath of professionalism to this dirty little magazine, but also the claim to an LA office for POPsmear.

As my high school reunion approaches in April, I'm wondering, as people often do, what people have been up to. I'm sure many headed on to college, then graduate school, not so much as a stepping stone, but as a sidestepping stone to their future. I'm sure a few joined the long succession of slackers sitting on the worn wooden benches of America, polished by generations of idle asses. I'd like to think a few of them have gone crazy, as much of what crazy people have to say is hyper-intelligent. (Much is pure stupidity, but even that opens up new ideas.) It's the crazy people who extend the possible boundaries of thought, much the same way the ideas they come up with stretch the standards of normality. I have nothing against sanity, it's just that sanity requires agreement between people, and there just isn't enough of that to go around.

It is that loose boundary of sanity, and people's definition of the word, that led to what may well be one of the fruitiest pieces I've ever penned. But I think that these days, the brain is moving too fast for the heart and soul to keep up, and it is causing a great deal of weird responses in people, clouding their ability to know what the fuck they are talking about. I'm seeing it directly with what we do at POPsmear, and we're trying to define ourselves before we are defined by everyone else. We are breaking through the bullshit and reminding people what's wrong with media today: people who can't get the shit done have to realize that it's not the 50 ways they try to market the product. It's the product.

Yet with our printer's censorship and the current whitewashing of the newsstands by the religious right, those who really need some POPsmear in their lives will never see it. It's the redneck conservative retard and the uptown high society daddy's girl who need to see something like this to realize, "Hey, I am stuck in my little world and I should shoot for more because I am a human." Let's stop following demographics and niche marketing and standards of what has been done in the past. As a society, we are ignoring the inevitable future out of fear, and it's time to step up to the plate and open our minds.—James



"I would have made a good Pope."—Richard Nixon 9 YOU AREN'T HERE: POP 14

MALE SACK

Anal fixation

Dear Mr. Fuss:

In issue number 12 of POPsmear (the only issue I've seen) the last page was devoted to a man with a small penis and a penchant for licking buttholes writing about his small penis and penchant for licking buttholes.

It occurred to me that such writers have been "all the rage" these past fifteen or so years. Every magazine in the world employs dozens of writers with small penises who like to lick buttholes. The difference with POPsmear is that your writer actually admits that he has a small penis and likes licking buttholes. Kudos to you and your tiny-membered butthole-licking writer.

As for myself, my penis is large and I do not like to lick buttholes. Nor do I like to write about licking buttholes. I would have you know, however, that if necessary I could write butthole-licking articles with the butthole-licking best of them.

I have boxes full of fantastic literature I've written. But it sits in boxes. Had I been born in Europe two or three hundred years ago I would be at least as famous as Shakespeare by now. There would be libraries named in my honor. As it is, I was born into the United States in the last part of the Twentieth Century, in the worst soil I could ever have expected for the flowers of my genius to bloom in. They bloom, nonetheless. But I realize that my survival depends on meeting the competition head-on on its own terms. I am, therefore, currently at work on a story about my kitty-cat. She licks her own butthole. I hope that you will take an interest in it. Also, I might be willing to have the size of my penis surgically reduced if it were to help me land a decent writing job.

Sincerely,

Robert Phelps
Bloomfield Hills, MI

I don't think you really want to write for us. I think you just want to impress our readers with the fact that you claim to have a large penis. Send a picture with your resume.—James

> *"You don't do time and want to interview Moby."*

Love hate

From: VLORBIK@delphi.com
Date: Mon, 01 Dec 1997 18:28:01 -0500 (EST)
Subject: what f*** wrong you
To: fuss@popsmear.com

Thanks for the T-shirt. I'm too much of an old fart to go around in public with "fuck" written on my back. But it's sure as hell a nice gesture. Also I'm thrilled to know that T-shirts now come in little vacuum packs. I'm sure to know somebody who'll want the shirt itself. I still hate yr magazine.

Owen Thomas
The Ten Page News

Curtain call

Dear POPsmear:

Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain! The President of the United States has spoken!

Peace,

Andrew C. Williams
Rockville, MD

While I have no idea what the hell Andrew is talking about, we are honored to declare him our first winner of the Postcard of the Month contest. We'll be sending him a T-shirt (of our choice) for that kick-ass Space Ghost postcard. Happy wearing, weirdo!—Fuss

Tempting

Mon, 15 Dec 1997 16:11:15 -0500 (EST)
From: MeatMania@aol.com
To: puff@popsmear.com
Subject: $@@^&STUFF@^%(*&()@

Hey what's up,

Just picked up your kickass mag while I was in NYC this weekend (you shouldn't care what I was doing in NYC, but I'll tell ya anyway, 1. played a show with my band TEMPTRESS on Friday nite, and almost getting into a fight with jocks (our bass player got thrown out of the club!) 2. getting my ass reamed for $110 in NJ court for a traffic ticket 3. hanging out, fucking around and boozing and cruising with my girlfriend. There you have it, are U satisfied now? Anyway, this issue was killer.

I called that Mojave desert phone, to let everyone know, they changed the area code to (760). Now everyone who has time to waste can try it too! I let it ring like 12 times, no answer.

I guess there are 69 kandi korns inside of the Rosie Head. If I win, don't send it to me, just smash it and take pictures. Let Gwar throw it off the Empire State Building or something. Or let my band or just me smash it, I don't care, I really don't. I don't care!

Anyway, try 2 catch ya next issue. More porn, more naked chix! I'll try to get some of those picture sticker things made, k? C ya

Dave Meyer

PS-I enclosed a picture of my cat Meatloaf, because he rules! My bitch ex-girlfriend (different from XXX girlfriend, XXX are the good kind, like the one I have now!) stole him & they live in Nashville now. I miss my kitty kat!

Is there some sort of "cat theme" that I was unaware of? And I'm trying to get rid of my cat. Any takers?—James

Like a virgin

Date: Sun, 14 Dec 1997 10:15:49 -0500
From: SIDNEY <73740.2267@compuserve.com>
Subject: Magazine
To: Blind.Copy.Receiver@compuserve.com

I picked up your magazine the other day and found it fascinating. I have a book I bought with celebrity addresses I bought in a store if you are interested in addresses. Also maybe you can help me. By reading your magazine I got the idea you can. I am a 32 year old virgin male and I want to be cured. Do you know any girls who can help? You should start a personals section in your magazine. Please reply if you can help as I do not know when I will get your magazine again although I hope it will be soon. Thanks.

Sid
Flushing

> *"Had I been born in Europe two or three hundred years ago, I would be at least as famous as Shakespeare by now."*

Like a virgin (revisited)

Dear Shivon,

Troy Fuss via e-mail said you may be able to help me. Here is my problem:

I am 32 years of age and still a virgin. Sigh. Troy said I should send you a picture, but unfortunately I do not have one of myself and I do not want to cut any pictures. I can send you a copy of my work ID with just my face if you want. Here is a description of myself: 32 year old white male, 6 foot tall, between 173 and 180 lbs, 36 inch waist (I look thinner), short black hair and blue eyes. I am not the best looking guy in the world. Some say I am thin some say I am average. Obviously niceness does not count anymore, or I would not be a virgin. Anything you can do to cure me would be appreciated. If you can't, the wait will go on. I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours Truly,

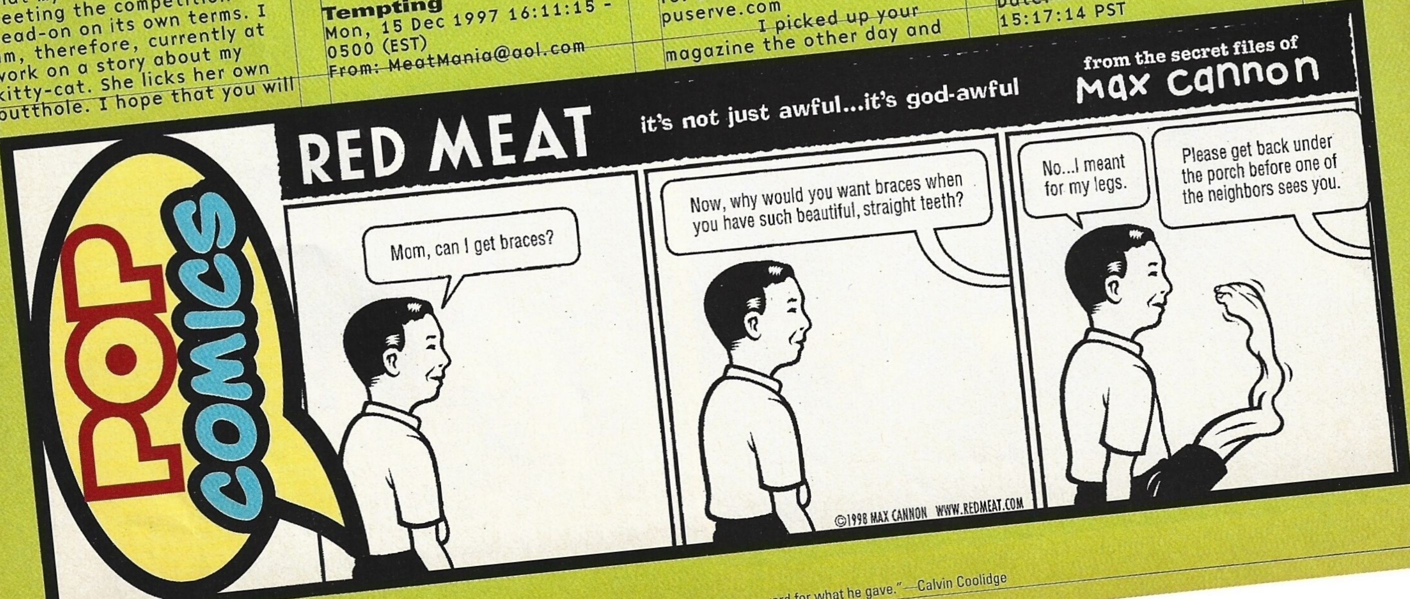
Sid
Flushing

Thanks a lot, Troy! I told you before, I don't take charity cases.—Shivon

(The following email was sent to us after Missy Galore, urban artist/terrorist, sent out a mass email which included our address. Confused? Join the club. But I think we got some props here...)

Stuffed mouths

From: "$ick $lick Dick" <sickadelic@hotmail.com>
To: gogalore@aol.com, JPOPSMEAR@aol.com
Date: Thu, 11 Dec 1997 15:17:14 PST


POP COMICS
RED MEAT
it's not just awful...it's god-awful
from the secret files of
Max Cannon
Mom, can I get braces?
Now, why would you want braces when you have such beautiful, straight teeth?
No...I meant for my legs.
Please get back under the porch before one of the neighbors sees you.
©1998 MAX CANNON WWW.REDMEAT.COM

Greetings from Laura Mackin and Godfrey Daniels at the Shady Dell

Hey Mis!

Well I noticed that you also sent your wacky weekend invite to a POPSMEAR address so I'm replying to both of you because...I was at my favorite whip-it store the other day on 8th street and picked up my first copy after seeing the promo on the cover for the "Day in the life with Palmela Handerson" video. I've already got a copy looking for me but I was glad to see someone was sick enough to offer such a prize to the general public. Good work. I've just taken my first read of the mag today and I now have the hope to live on. Actually Missy, I thought of you while I was reading it as a prime contender for verbal contributions. You know I got "nuttin' but love for ya baby." POPSMEAR person, let me know when the next sick t-shirt show is and if the Rosie contest is anything like the Price is Right then put me down for +1 on the highest bidder. If this is not in the rule book then I'll go with however many Parker (Rosie's head twin) can cram in his mouth. As far as coming to SPART, I'm there baby! Gotta run.

Tim

Oh, Wilbur

Uh...Your magazine sucks. You must be new at it. How many did you read before trying to copy them all???

Mr. Ed
609 Wilmington
Salt Lake City UT
84106

IT HAS MY EYES...

Postcard of the Month, from Andrew C. Williams

Uh...your name is retarded. How many TV shows did you watch before picking it?—James

Slumber party

Dear James and the POP Smear crew,

During my one week stay in New York City, I stumbled across the bar Max Fish, where I met you James, and you mentioned your magazine POP Smear. As I left I picked up a copy by the door, and that was that. I haven't been able to put the thing down. I love your magazine so much...I licked it, Yum Yum! Not only is every single article interesting and fun to read, but it's put together with such real and diverse views. Not to mention its great graphic style. Reading this magazine, was like something out of a Judy Blume book back in elementary school. The way I relate to POP Smear made me remember my Judy Blume book reading days twelve years ago.

So I decided to have a sleep over the other night. When Saturday night goes Retro it becomes the Judy Blume/Pop Smear slumber party!

It wasn't the kind with boys, where you make out with boys and sometimes take a lot of codeine and drink wine coolers. This was an all girl slumber and I just invited all my literary genius type girlfriends to reminisce Judy Blume and to see what they thought of POP Smear. The outcome was amazing. It really fulfilled our literary fantasies. By the end of the night we decided to do our own porn review of the films features in POP Smear #13 zero. So there we were all seven of my nuttiest friends (two of them with huge lovely tits...yum yum), watching "Cherry Poppers Summer Vacation," "Anal Virgins The College Years" and "Private Stories #20 No Mercy." What a slumber party it turned out to be...Hee Hee! My personal favourite was " Private Stories." (It's always been a secret fantasy of mine, to be naked in the woods and tied to a tree...with angry ants crawling on me...don't ask why.)

By the way I think the Poodlefart cartoon is adorably funny. My vote for the POPsmear T-shirt.... " I slept with the boss." My guess for the Rosie O'Donnell's fuck face is....333 candy corns...did I win? Well I really don't want a Maxi filled head...but you can send me a Frank Kozik poster and I'll be yours forever or until it falls of my wall.

James I had a sucky time today, calling and looking for a "NeoPrint sticker machine" near me. That being Ft. Lauderdale/Miami no luck! So I guess I will just have to wait til next month when I go back to New York. But the question is...can I wait that long without a Da Bomb stickers? I guess I will have to find out.

Talking music, I was pleased to hear in your Obligatory CD review how much you enjoyed "Death In Vegas" It hasn't left my CD player and you know what they say about people who like the same music... They also hate fat fucks sitting next to them on any airplane. By the way I'm in the process of making a sign for the Airline I work for—you know the " If you are fatter than" sign... what do you think? Let me know.

Nina Arias
Ft. Lauderdale

Shivon got an ant farm for Christmas and I hear they're pretty angry...
—James

Freelance spiter

Dear Sirs,

The other day I was thinking...I should get free CDs so I can keep abreast of the current music scene. Then I thought of how you don't review the stuff you get. Maybe I should review for you? I'm terribly to-the-point and impolite to boot. Example:

OASIS *Be Here Now*: These guys suck and it doesn't matter if anyone thinks that their being catchy makes their plagiarism any more forgivable, because you can damn well be sure that if I robbed these same fuckers' apartments and I sold their stereos to someone who reaped much pleasure, they'd still be pissed off. Criminals should be shot. PERIOD. (Hypocrites should be shot too.)

SMASHING PUMPKINS *Melancholy*.... This band might be great someday when it grows up. But for now I'll simply stick by the slogan, "Music for 12 year-olds by 12 year-olds."

Now send me some free CDs.

Peter Spice

Sure thing, Spice Boy. You know we might have sent you some CDs, just for fun, but you didn't include your address. Oh well.—Fuss

World of trouble

9/8 To Jim the Worchester Pol? ack
From: Don the Prejudiced from Somerville
Re: In Support of Revenge

I disagree with your advice, first because I exposed Seth's prejudice for Jews and against gentiles and you dumped on me for it. Secondly, I've done this all my life but totally since 8/1989 and it's impossible for me to relate to anyone. Third, you really have no audience as there are only a few leaders compared to martyrs and the stubborn and the leaders are the assholes even you complain about. But you put your finger on the problem in the land of the free (less). Nobody will speak up.

However, gospelly, you miss the entire message. We don't have to worry! When we accept life happenings as just IS instead of your senseless right and wrong (courtesy ye Jews) we find providence deals us exactly the hand we need (not want). So we don't need to do nuttin' except accept the gifts of a totally generous providence, then, but only then, do what we all know is necessary in our lives. Thus, Worchester, we need go back to the Spiritual IS as our REAL basis of REAL LIFE, and allow us all powerful providence give us what we need (not want).

Now, once we realize the total potential in Providence, AND we want to do your thing, we need to know empowerment comes from DUTY TO SELF, and NOT from duty to others. Now empowered, we can take on the world that comes at us.

With one of your feet in the corporate bucket of shit and the other where it should be, you may find it difficult to perceive spirituality as it IS spending so much time wiping off that one shoe. And I am only partially inspired. It took Max Stirner in 1843 to declare-WE ARE PERFECT ALL TOGETHER. A century later, it took Carl Rodgers to discover that, given a chance, people act in a positive manner. Even the Catholic Meister Eckhardt supposedly said, "God, rid me of God!" Thus, our main problem in the so-called world, after right and wrong, is corporate types like you.

Rev. Don
No Fault Church

This retard has been sending me letters like this since issue 2.0. I believe he was the first Asshole of the Month, in fact. I thought we had heard the last of him with his three page manifesto about the Gentile Defense group (inspired by my column about him), when he promised to rid the world of the Jew scum like me. My Roman Catholic great grandmother rolls in her grave.—James

Porn Free

So Yeh,

Your mag is really cool. Thanks for the comp copy, maybe I can do a funny porn strip or somethin' ? Here's my latest waste of money "The Raven" #9. I couldn't believe you did an interview with Alyssa Love. She is my favorite porn star (right now). I don't know why they don't feature her on those boxes by herself instead of a tiny picture. But then again, you can't jerk off to a box, right? Anyway, I think she is great, got to send her a copy of my book. Here's my check for a subgreat stuff!

Later,

Jeff Steen

You can't?—Shivon

Naked

Dear James,

When I received my first issue of Popsmear I'd somehow come under the

Obviously niceness does not count anymore, or I would not be a virgin.”

impression that this was
going to be a good, whole-
some, mature magazine with
values the likes of which
Hillary Clinton might condone.
Then I opened it up-page 51-
Vagina! Page 37-copyright
infringing replicas of Mattel’s
“Ken” doll stroking off in the
front seat of Barbie’s con-
vertible Vette (sans seat-
belts). Pages 58-59-two page
spread of Pamela and Tommy
Lee doing all sorts of fucking,
sucking and generally touch-
ing each other and them-
selves in manners which are
generally deemed inappropri-
ate. Page 62-a summation of
a pair of pornographic video
cassettes which are available
for purchase. What is all this
smut? Every time I take
another look at this periodi-
cal I find another piece of
objectionable material. I’ve
got a good mind to stop pick-
ing it up all together, and if
you think I’m going to pass
out subscription cards to my
friends and neighbors at our
next church social, well you
can just forget it.
You’re disgusting,

E. Ric Ruhalter
epruhalter@cbs.com

Otis I

Date: Tue, 16 Dec 1997
01:23:10 -0500
From: Andrew Ellis <mrhap-
py@macconnect.com>
To: puff@popsmear.com
Subject: my new life
To who ever reads this:
Your magazine is the
funniest, glossiest and best
written magazine I have had
the chance to read since
being paroled. I recently
wrote an interview for anoth-
er magafagzine. Last issue I
interviewed a music legend,
but that was boring as shit so
this issue I interviewed a hot
porn bitch. I was told that
there was not enough room
for that interview and that
they didn’t like the interview.
Fuck that shit, it may not
have been some Barbara
Walters shit but it was defi-
nitely entertaining. If my Pa
wasn’t on my back I would
have fucked someone’s shit
up. I would like to write for
your super classy educational
magazine. If you are inter-
ested I will fax you part of my
interview for you to check
out. If you find this letter
unfantastic and not worthy
of your consideration fuck
you and let someone else that
works at popsmear help me
out

Otis

ps. let
james see
this if he
is not too
busy
expanding
the reach
of his
truly vast
empire

pss mr.
ellis is a
born again
christian
and has allowed me to live
with his family till I get my
life back in order so don’t
email me anything too rude.

Otis II

To who ever reads this:
Your magazine is the
funniest, glossiest and best
written magazine I have had
the chance to read since
being paroled. I recently
wrote an interview for anoth-
er magafagzine. Last issue I
interviewed a music legend,
but that was boring as shit so
this issue I interviewed a hot
porn bitch. I was told that
there was not enough room
for that interview and that
they didn’t like the interview.
Fuck that shit, it may not
have been some Barbara
Walters shit but it was defi-
nitely entertaining. If my P0
wasn’t on my back I would
have fucked someone’s shit
up. I would like to write for
your super classy educational
magazine. If you are interest-
ed I will fax you part of my
interview for you to check
out. If you find this letter
unfantastic and not worthy of
your consideration fuck you
and let someone else that
works at POPsmear help me
out

Otis

Otis III

To the people it do concern,
I am writing to tell
you that you write the best
written, coolest, badass,
glossiest magazine out today.
Since I made parole, I tell
everyone that POPsmear is the
magazine to read. I myself am
also an excellent writer, as
you may have picked up on
already. I was writing for this
lesser fagazine, and I was
doing interviews for them. My
last interview was with this
hot adult porno honey and
they gave me this bullshit
about not having the room for
it, and it not turning out how
they thought it would. (Porn
interviews can’t go too many
different ways.) Anyway they
told me that I should do a
music related story for the
next issue. Fuck that, you
don’t do time and want to
interview Moby. Anyway, I’m
losing focus like my P0 says I
do. I would love to write for
your brilliant and worldly
paper journal. I have included
a sample of the interview for
you to check out. You can
connect me at the people’s
house that I am currently
staying with. My e-mail
address is: mrhappy@mac-
connect.com. I tried to e-mail
you, but I don’t think it
worked. I must go now.
I want to write for
you even if I get thrown back
in.
A loyal fan,

Otis

Pay to play

Dude:
Eric from Radical
here...Do we count as sub-
scribers? We would love to get
a copy of that Pam/Tommy
video so we can play it on the
VCR in our waiting room!

Eric
Radical Records, NYC

What do we need to do?

You need to pony up the cash. Comp list does not equal free videos, buddy boy!—James

And the winner is...

Hello James,
My name is Marty and
I still remember the day I
picked up issue one at Planet
X in College Park MD. Anyway,
I mailed in a few suggestions
for getting free stuff that
was included in issue 2 or 3 or
something, and thanks for
the credit (I got thanked!)
which was cool.
Although POPSMEAR
wasn’t the beginning of my
prize winning career, those
first few issues certainly
fueled my desire and helped
give me that “take no prison-
ers” attitude that I have
today. Since that first issue I
have won over 2,000 CD’s
from WHFS. I have also won
countless T-shirts, posters,
stickers, Concert tickets,
movie passes, a Cannondale
Mountain Bike, back stage
passes, a basketball and
hoop, cases of soda, food,
pizza, videotapes, internet
account, refrigerator mag-
nets (the entire front of my
full sized refrigerator is now
covered), computer games,
condoms and an on stage
appearance with the road
show of “Mortal Combat.” In
addition to winning stuff from
WHFS, I’ve also won stuff
from MTV, VH1, TNT, Tower
Records and other radio sta-
tions. Since I was getting all
these cool promo CD’s for
upcoming bands, I started
“Marty’s CD Review” Web
page. This was a way to pay
back the bands that con-
tributed to me getting free
stuff with a little promotion,
AND another way for me to
get even more free stuff.
So I am writing this
email for three reasons;
1. To congratulate you on how
far your magazine has come.
2. Thank you for the wonder-
ful influence your magazine
has had on my life.
3. To see if you would be
interested in me writing some-
thing for POPSMEAR.
So anyway, I really
am impressed with issue #13.
Let me know if you like any of
my story ideas and I will work
up a submission.

Marty

PS: my web page is
http://www.geocities.com/Sun
setStrip/Towers/5985/mar-
tin.html and I am kinda in the
process of updating it.

PPS: I don’t remember if it
was you or Petey, but one of
you two sent me a postcard
once when you heard me win
something on WHFS. If it was
you, thanks for the card too.
It’s a lot of fun to have peo-
ple comment later that they
heard you win something.

The world according to Randy

James Smear,
Your “Gospel” col-
umn is appropriately named.
It is truly inspiring. So let’s
do it. Let’s shoot some pool,
go bowling, do a drag
makeover. You name it, we’ll
do it. The name of our band is
“The Nerve.” Help us to live
up to our name. We love
PopSmear. I wear my
“PopSmear/What fuck wrong
you?” T-shirt all the time. I
wear it constantly until it
smells so bad that even I
can’t handle my own rancid
stench. Then I go to the
laundromat to wash just the
shirt and nothing else and I
start the process all over
again. I have lost friends
because of this. My family has
shunned me. Even my pet rats
won’t hang out with me. My
love of PopSmear has become
an obsession and an addic-
tion. It has made me an out-
cast.
Now my opinions
(you asked for them):
1. “What fuck wrong
you” is way better. “I slept
with the boss” sounds like a
generic bumper sticker.
2. Not that impor-
tant. “Litter Junks” is just
fine. What the fuck does
Litter Junks mean anyway?
3. The tabloid cover
doesn’t suck but it does seem
like a bit of a cop out. I like
the idea of a completely dif-
ferent cover each issue. I
used to look forward to it.
4. Yes, the
Poodlefart cartoon is funny.
I’m laughing as I write this.
Ha! Ha! Now give me a
Bloodhound Gang CD and give
away some free Nerve CDs the
next time you do this. One
more thing: You seem to be
the porn experts. What do you
know about Jenteal? I saw
her for the first time in
PopSmear 12.0. She’s a total
babe. Do you recommend any
of her movies or do you know
of any back issues of maga-
zines she has appeared in? I
prefer magazines. They leave
more to the imagination and I
like the articles.
PopSmear still rules!

Randy
The Nerve (another blatant plug for my band)
Brooklyn

Sure, Randy, we’ll do something with your band. But we’re going to let the readers name it. Anyone with ideas on what to do with Randy’s band, drop us a line or call the POPsmear hotline at 212.271.5505x71. And remember, since he’s willing to do anything, we’re holding out for something good.

Eternal hangover

Date: Thursday, December
18, 1997
From: NYWaste
Subj: Consider this
To: Nyhangover, J
POPSMEAR
December 17th, 1997
The New York
Hangover,

Photo: James

Who says work parties suck? Shivon at the POPsmear Xmas bash (modeling the tree ornament Nina Arias sent us).

“The strangest and most fantastic fact about negative emotions is that people actually worship them.”—P.D. Ouspensky

"It's always been a secret fantasy of mine, to be naked in the woods and tied to a tree …with angry ants crawling on me…"

Following our telephone conversations to Paula on December 13th & 16th, 1997.
I don't understand what it is you want.

I walked away from the Hangover leaving it entirely in your hands. Those that came to the New York Waste did so because they wanted to. The only content that carried over from the Hangover was that which was created by the people that came with me. You, the editors, recognized this by leaving that content out of the issues immediately following the split.

The papers have grown apart so much that they are widely different, and could not be confused with each other. We at The Waste believe that your paper should exist, are pleased to see it exist, and have no interest in "destroying it" or interfering with its production or distribution in any way.

By the very nature of our similar distribution systems, papers naturally get stacked on top of each other and mixed together, it happens to all papers distributed in this manner.

The papers are not competing for consumer dollars, the more there are out there, the better it is for each paper; advertisers will start to take this medium seriously by the very fact that there is a movement of this sort. Internecine squabbles are counter productive to any enterprise.

If anything is happening to your papers, it is not being done by anybody in this paper. It is in our interest as well as yours to work together to root out the source of these alleged problems. It would be enlightening to work out whose interests are being served by this apparent conflict, certainly neither papers.

Just like you, the Waste supports other papers of the genre, there is no reason not to support each other. We would both be stronger for this.

Understand that this 'war' (sic) is purely one sided and any 'victory' would be pyrrhic.

Have a Happy and Peaceful Holiday
Yours sincerely,
Lucky Lawler, Pres.
NYWaste
PO Box 20005
West Village Sta.
New York, NY 10014
Phone or Fax: (212) 243 7252
E-mail: NYWaste@aol.com
cc: jpopsmear@aol.com

The answers

James,

I am writing so I could help you and your cowackers settle your little disagreements.

POPsmear #13, Channel 9:

Question 1: Being a male and my boss is a tall poindexter-looking fellow; I think the T-shirt that reads "What fuck wrong you" is much better than that "I slept with the boss" dust rag.

Question 2:I think the name Litter Junks fits that section perfect. Because after all that is truly a bunch of worthless rubbish ass litter junk.

Question 3: I think the tabloid cover should be put to death because it makes your powerful pack a wallop mag look like one of them bullshit mags at checkout lines.

Question 4: I might be a dumbass, but I totally lack laughter when looking at the Poodlefart cartoon. The Cock Soup was pretty funny.

I hope I helped you. Keep up the good work and please print the article on loads of acid.

Total Respect,
Michael D'Armi
Philadelphia

PS: 666 Candy Corns in Rosie's Fat Ass Head!!!

Warp

Pop Smear-
This is sick! Just finished reading the latest issue and wanted to thank you for having the guts to print this beautifully warped material.
Johnny Brewton
Editor/Custodian
X-Ray

Blue light special

Hey Guys!
Cool magazine, really enjoyed it. Laughed my ass off! Your story about Kmart and the blue light special is true!! Working in the Rome Kmart for 4 years now, and making several thousand Blue Light Special announcements. The people would flock like zombies waiting for the specials. At Christmas time it was worse, every Friday night, every 15 minutes I was pushing around that damned blue light. But on a sad note (maybe it's a good thing) the blue light is not used anymore, talk about killing a tradition. It all has to do with some court preceding and the guy who came up with the idea. Now he wants copyright royalties. Oh well, what are you gonna do?
Keep up the great work,
Tim Jaynnes
Rome K-mart

Hey Hey Hey,

I'm writing you folks from inside the gray green walls of the Theodore Lacey Facility, which is a branch of the Orange County jail system. As you may have guessed, I reside here against my will , and yes, these charges were all drug-related. But I'm real sorry and it will never happen again. I promise.

The reason I'm writing this letter is a simple one-I'm bored shitless and stuck here until May and it's three days til Xmas and I'm not real happy with life right now. So, instead of going completely fuckin' nuts I'm trying to keep my mind, such as it is, occupied with activities, including card playing (spades), watching Spiderman on TV, and writing letters, and reading.

I read lots of zines, and find Popsmear to be among the most demented, humorous, bizarre, interesting and well-written of the lot. I was wondering if, since they don't allow us to have cash here, if I instead could send $4 or $5 in U.S. postage stamps instead.

Anyway, keep up the good work and merry fuckin Christmas.
Sincerley,
Brian K. Keatley
#1781247, baby

P.S. Sorry about the sloppy pencil scrawl. They don't allow us to have pens here either, only tiny golf pencils (so we don't go around stabbing each other), so deal with it. At least you didn't have to have "Red Death" for breakfast like we did.

You're right, no "Red Death" for breakfast here. Actually, I had a bagel, a banana and 16 ounces of fresh-squeezed orange juice. As for the stamps, considering your situation, send them on in.—Fuss

FROM THE PHONES:

(These were recorded on the POPsmear Response Line: 212-271-5505 x71)

"This is Randy from the Brooklyn band the Nerve. There's a reason why the Gospel According to James is called the Gospel According to James. Because it's fucking inspirational. Issue 13 is amazing. Like how obvious. We've been struggling with the press and the usual avenues of sending stuff in and hoping somebody reviews you, and hey, what a great idea this is. We'd be glad to come play pool with you or come to your office and have a crossdressing makeover or whatever the fuck you want us to do. You name the time and the place and we'll be there. Let's do something. My number is…. Let's have some fun. Bye."

Hey Randy: You emailed us, then you called us, why don't you write your fucking band's name with a skywriting plane over our office…?!!—James

"Hey, I'm calling about the latest issue of POPsmear, number 13. It's pretty good, you know, it's not exactly philosophical text, but we need more bubblegum, so that's all right. What I'm calling about is the porn reviews, the last one, Video Virgins, there's a girl on the cover of that tape, I swear man, she's not 18 years old, there's no way. That kid's about 14. It's all well and cool to be cynical New York and everybody's into porn now blah blah blah, but when you're advertising videos with girls on them that aren't even 18, that's kinda bullshit, I mean that kid she's obviously coked up and doing all that crap and probably from some hick town. And I like the idea that you guys are pushing the envelope, but maybe you need to be a little bit wiser sometimes. In the end everything's gotta be fair, right? That's it. Good luck with the magazine. I hope it continues being funny, but just doesn't get pointless and nasty."

"This is for voting. Shivon exhibit B definitely wins for the Keep on Trucking—A Tale of Two Pities. Shivon, this is your cousin Michael, I expect a POPsmear T-shirt in the mail. Thanks for the mag, I'm reading it right now. Bye."

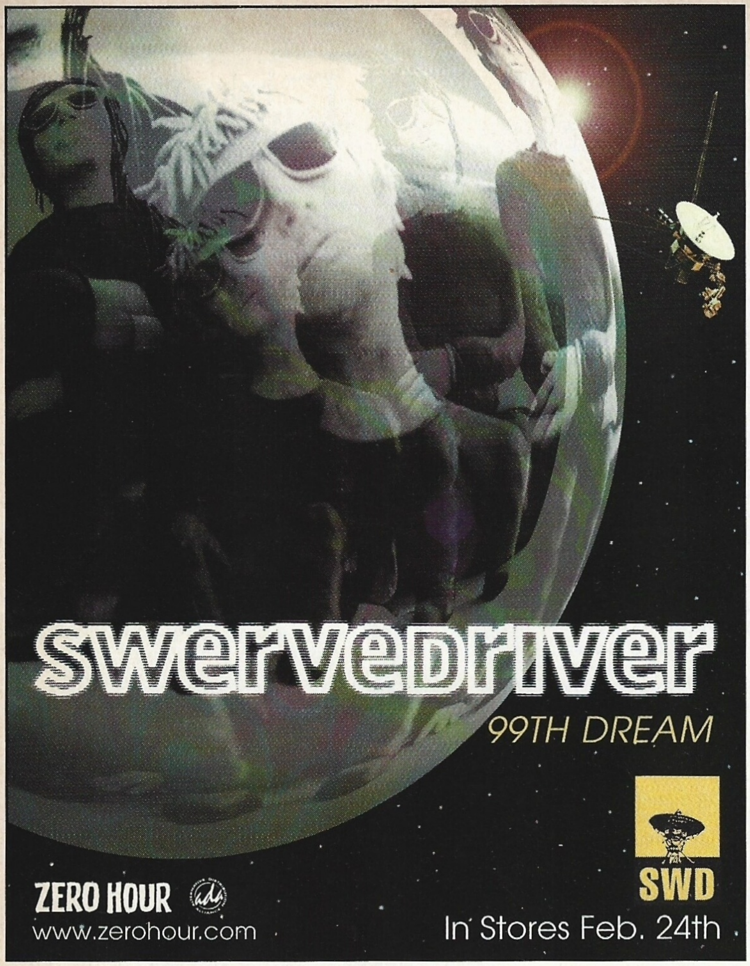
Shivon won by Landslide victory over Fruit Loop. I don't think he even got one vote.—James

"Hello. I forget if I have chastised you for this before, but I shall chastise you again. My name is John Doe, I'm the eventual mayor of New York City. I'm calling because for some reason you fucking idiots, ah, used my real name again, defeating the whole purpose of my existence. You shit heads [clears throat]. Secondly, why does James insist on putting his face in every fucking issue? Disgusting! He should have a little modesty. (belch). Excuse me while I belch [belch]. Excuse me while I belch again (beeelcheeww scoffs). So have a happy holiday, I know I won't. Fuck you." from Christopher Brodeur, aka John Doe

Ladies and Gentlemen, you saw it here first: The Shortest Answering Machine Message Ever Left By Chris Brodeur.—James

take me home sweet jesus
book of sick
larry 44

"Duct tape is like The Force: it has a light side, a dark side, and it holds the universe together."—unknown


swervedriver
99TH DREAM
SWD
ZERO HOUR
www.zerohour.com
In Stores Feb. 24th

Dammit!! Where am I? Who has my pants? And can someone explain this stuff on my hands? Why isn't anyone answering me? I know it was you Hanrahan, you dirty bastard. Stop looking at my ass! Someone give me my pants!!
WE WON'T STEAL YOUR PANTS
CHECK OUT:
WWW.NGRECORDS.COM
AND E-MAIL US FOR A
FREE CD SAMPLER AND
OTHER COOL FREE THINGS!
Ng RECORDS
BMG

Litter Junks

International Junk Food of the Month Club

An interesting (and more tasty) alternative to the "fruit of the month club" has arrived! And, this is not just any old junk food they send out, but different snacks from all over the planet. We got Niki (jackfruit chips), Stroop Wafels, PolliMilk, and other treats whose names were written in Japanese characters or something else we couldn't pronounce. The catalog has a variety of different packages to choose from and you can send anywhere from 1 to 4 lbs of candy once every month, or just once. They have a great selection of snacks I've never seen, and I would have liked to enjoy more of them. If only the people in the office would have kept their snacky selves out of my treats.... Give them a call at 888.SNACK U4EA (888.762.2584) for more info.—Shivon

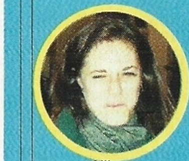
Photo: Shivon Vanessa

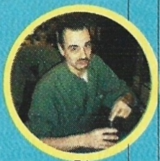
Bite Me!
POPsmear Liquor Board

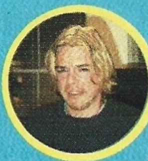
Bite is a "tangy" 30 proof sour apple liqueur from Austria. The press release says that it's great served with gummi worms for a "sweet and sour" effect. Since we are open to trying new things (hello, free alcohol), we decided to have a POPsmear Taste Test. We are providing you with some quotes and photos of each person's response to Bite. A picture is worth a thousand words and we'd rather use the pictures than write a thousand word review of the stuff.—Shivon

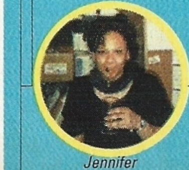
IMPORTED
Bite
SOUR APPLE LIQUEUR

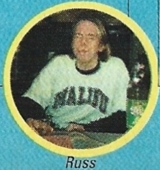
"I didn't think it was going to be that bad...at first."—Fuss, ***"It's actually not that bad. Actually, it's pretty good."***—Russ, ***"I don't want to! Don't make me do it!"***—Allison

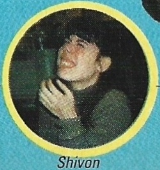

Allison

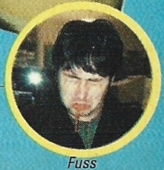

Ed


James


Jennifer


Russ


Shivon


Fuss

A one on one interview with Greg Norton of Hüsker Dü:

Stuart: Hello Greg.
Greg: Hi Stuart.

Publicist: We just have one more request—you can ask him anything. Just don't ask about his mustache.

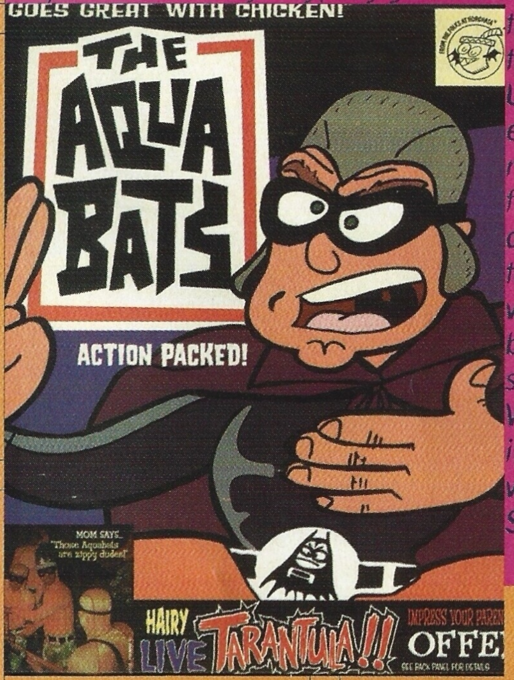
Stuart: This interview is over.
Greg: Damn.

GREG NORTON
GRANT HART
BOB MOULD
Photo Credit: Daniel Corrigan
HÜSKER DÜ
WARNER BROS.

Interview By Stuart Jones

THE AQUABATS

Now this is how to get our attention! The Aquabats' publicist knows what's up—sending us this great looking box filled with surprises. Inside the box there were a few press releases about the band, a sticker, a promo shot of the band, some crayons, an Aquabats coloring book (endorsed by the magic chicken) and, oh yeah, an Aquabats CD. I have no idea how the disc sounds, but they sure do know how to spend their money. Hey, they got us to write about them didn't they? Unfortunately, you regular folk will only get the CD when you buy it in stores. Well, check it out anyway.—Shivon

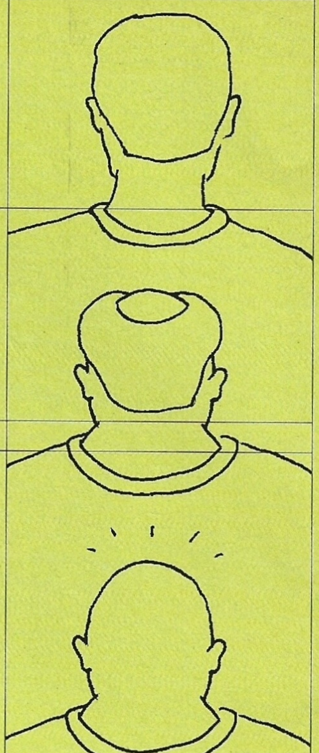

GOES GREAT WITH CHICKEN!
THE AQUA BATS
ACTION PACKED!
MOM SAYS... "Those Aquabats are zippy dudes!"
HAIRY LIVE TARANTULA!!
IMPRESS YOUR PAREN
OFFE
SEE BACK PANEL FOR DETAILS

When the boss is away...

While James was tanning himself on the beaches of Puerto Rico, I noticed something in the newspaper: PORTRAIT CAKES. Accurate, delicious edibles from any photo. We missed the bossman so much that we begged Ilana, "the cake lady," to make a cake of James' face. Before she even said yes, I had found the perfect picture of James. And, yes the cake is accurate. And tasty, too. Ilana does not tell lies. When the cake came in, the staff had a little party at James' desk, as if he wasn't even gone. Actually, it could have only happened without him around. Now we just have to get this issue to press before James sees this page. Call Ilana and get someone you love a tasty portrait treat (212.982.9251).—Shivon

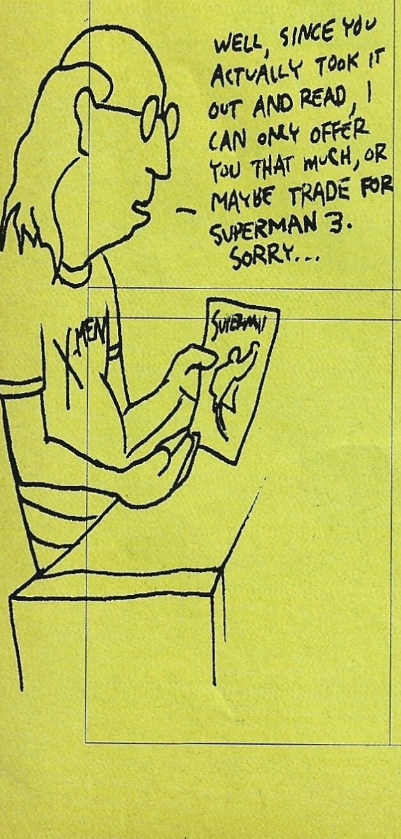
POPsmear Spice

Photo: Shivon Vanessa



Going ... going ... gone

Dealing With Hair Loss


WELL, SINCE YOU ACTUALLY TOOK IT OUT AND READ, I CAN ONLY OFFER YOU THAT MUCH, OR MAYBE TRADE FOR SUPERMAN 3. SORRY...
X-MEN
SUPERMAN

Hair. The fiber that makes the world go round. It has built empires, it has made history. Softer than silk and more precious than gold. From Genghis Khan to Neil Armstrong, all great men have one thing in common: hair.

Then one day you go to get your hair cut, and when the barber spins you around to see the back, you see something you've never seen before in your life...the back of your head. Pretty soon you see that scar on the front of your head that you got when you were three but have never seen before. The next thing you know you're walking into 7-11 when you look up to see the security camera monitor giving you a bird's eye view of your vacant lot.

You're on the A train to shineville and there's no turning back. If you're like me, you're lucky in a way because you've known your whole life that you'd be bald one day. Somehow you make yourself believe it'll happen later than sooner.

For some guys, it's cruel revenge. Those guys who have made women feel self-conscious by talking to their breasts now have people talking to their foreheads.

You can't wish it back, or buy it back, or pray it back. You just gotta learn to live without it. You're probably like me and you've never had a "good" hair-day anyway. Here are my 10 tips for those of you getting cold heads:

1 Find a girl with a bald father. Everyone knows that most women are just looking for someone to replace their father (who never spent enough time with them). They'll see that shiny head as a sign of authority and you're on your way.

2 It's just an old wive's tale that hats make you bald, so wear one. If hats made you bald, it wouldn't happen only to men, and it would surely happen to baseball players.

3 DO NOT spend money on ANYTHING that says it can help. You're dealing with a couple million years of evolution, not a broken VCR.

4 Wear platform shoes. The higher your head, the better.

5 Some people think shaving all the way is the best idea. Do this ONLY if you are sure you have a good head. Captain Stubing is much better than Gorbachev (think about it).

6 I only have one thing to say about the combover: have some dignity for Christ's sake.

7 Try not to get fat. That's TWO points against you.

8 Do not grow long hair on the back of your head. It confuses people too much and makes them hate you. Do this only if you're over 30 and still working in a comic book store.

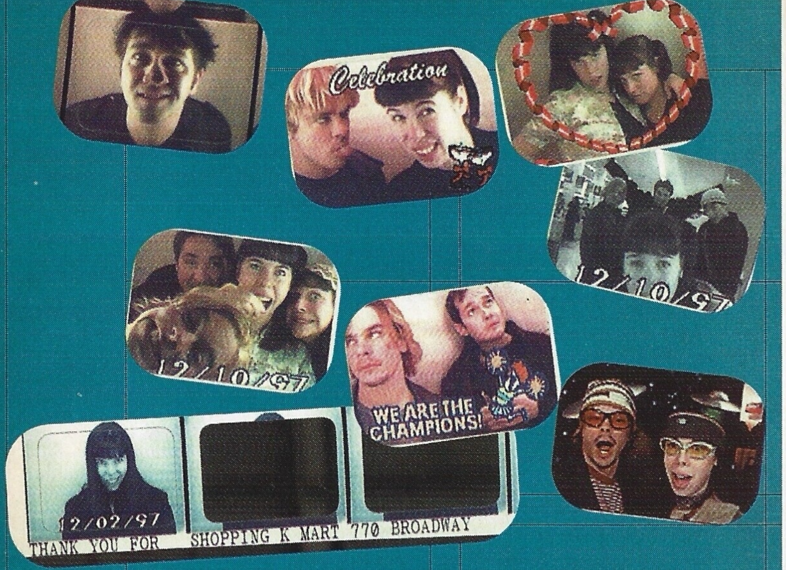
9 Be good to the friends you still have.

10 Be proud.

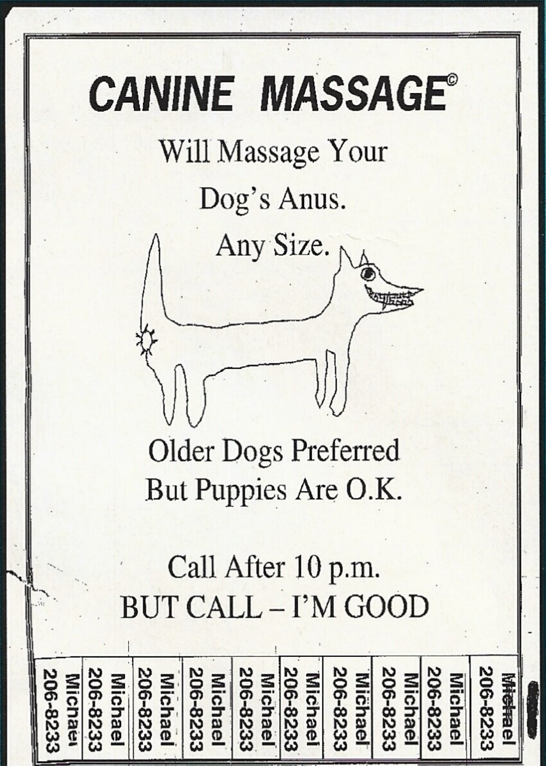
That's about it. I hope that was of some help. If you're not follically impaired, and you're just reading this to mock bald people, go check your comb, your days are numbered my friend.

[Since the writing of this piece, Mr. Logan's girlfriend and cat have left him.]

—BY DANIEL JAMES LOGAN (DRAWINGS & MORAL SUPPORT FROM D. KUBERT)


Celebration
12/10/97
12/10/97
WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS!
12/02/97
THANK YOU FOR SHOPPING K MART 770 BROADWAY

~~Lost and~~ Found



CANINE MASSAGE©

Will Massage Your
Dog's Anus.
Any Size.

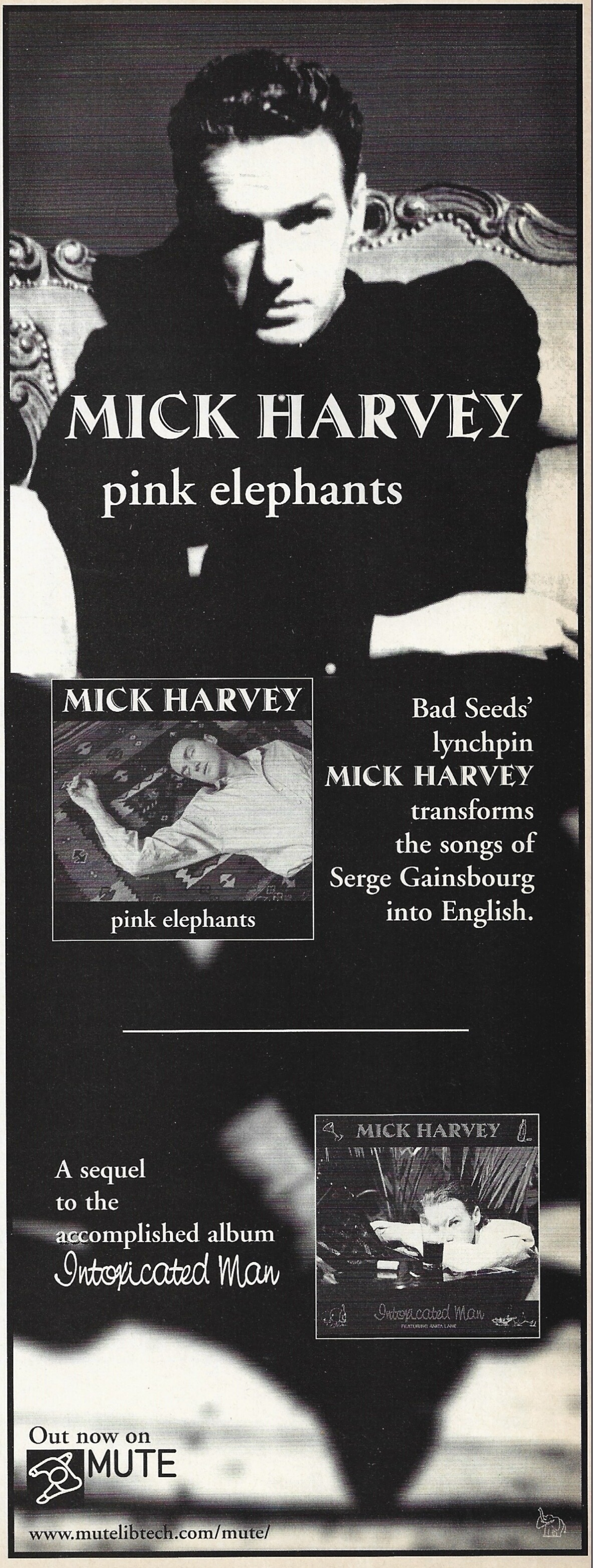
Older Dogs Preferred
But Puppies Are O.K.

Call After 10 p.m.
BUT CALL – I'M GOOD

Michael 206-8233
Michael 206-8233
Michael 206-8233
Michael 206-8233
Michael 206-8233
Michael 206-8233
Michael 206-8233
Michael 206-8233
Michael 206-8233
Michael 206-8233

BLEECKER & LaGUARDIA

Send us the photos, letters and anything else interesting you find. If we publish it we'll send you a POPsmear T-shirt!


MICK HARVEY
pink elephants

MICK HARVEY
pink elephants

Bad Seeds' lynchpin MICK HARVEY transforms the songs of Serge Gainsbourg into English.

A sequel to the accomplished album *Intoxicated Man*

MICK HARVEY
Intoxicated Man
FEATURING ANITA LANE

Out now on
MUTE

www.mutelibtech.com/mute/

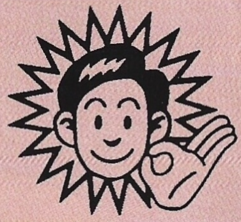
a logic problem.

By Mary Burt, Sad Magazine

The world is a pretty depressing place. In fact, right now, at least one person that you know is probably crying. We're not concerned with them, though. What we're concerned with are five imaginary people with five imaginary reasons to be depressed who console themselves by buying five imaginary records by very real performers or bands. (In a few of these cases, I sincerely wish that the performers were imaginary.) *Your goal is to determine which person purchased which record, why they were depressed and what phrase they used to express their sadness. There is no overlap.*

The answer sheet for this problem is at the bottom of the page. We have also provided a handy worksheet to help you solve the problems and mark down the clues as you gather them from the list of clues to the right of the worksheet. There are no tricks in these clues. In other words, if the clue says "he" did something, it refers to one of the male names on the list. This should indicate to you that sex difference is just one way to separate the clues on your worksheet. Good luck.

answers worksheet

	Broke up	No Respect	Unloved	Nagged	High School	Alanis Morissette	Metallica	Nine Inch Nails	Offspring	Sebadoh	Devastated	Isolated	Overwhelmed	Paralyzed	Vengeful
Kurt															
Vincent															
Savannah															
Sylvia															
Herve															
Devastated															
Isolated															
Overwhelmed															
Paralyzed															
Vengeful															
Alanis Morissette															
Metallica															
Nine Inch Nails															
Offspring															
Sebadoh															

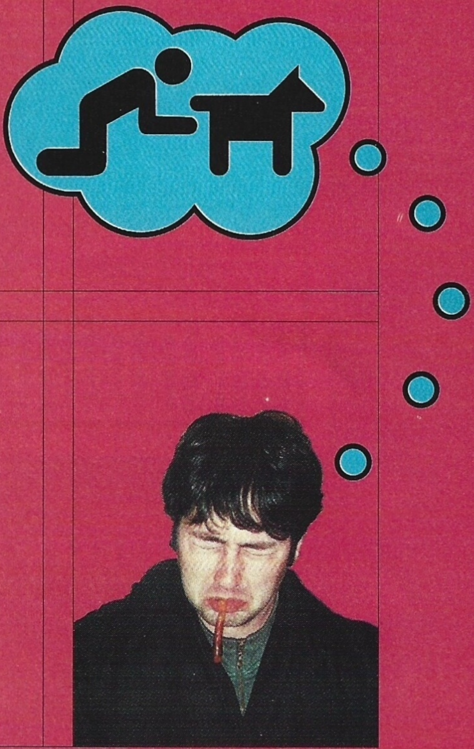
1. The person who says he's overwhelmed isn't the female who says that she feels isolated and didn't purchase the Metallica album.

2. Though Sylvia feels that high school's a drag, she didn't agree with the person who recently broke up and listens solely to Sebadoh that she's devastated about.

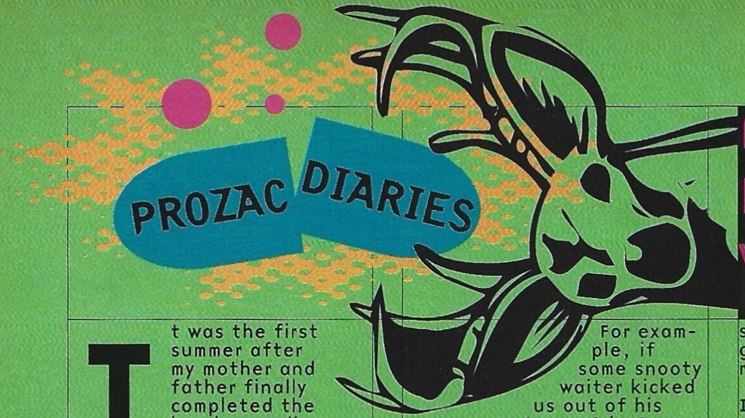
3. Herve, who doesn't claim to feel unloved, bought a copy of Alanis Morissette's album at the same store where Vincent told the female clerk that he feels paralyzed. He bought the new Offspring record at her recommendation.

4. Kurt feels nagged, but he refuses to say, "Someday, I'll show them."

5. The person who gets no respect is not a female.



NAME	*REASON*	*EXPRESSION*	*MUSIC CHOSEN*



A Kinky Story about Divorce and American Wildlife

By Mike Hovancsek

It was the first summer after my mother and father finally completed the legal wrangling that goes into a successful divorce. I must have been eleven or twelve at the time. My mother had already gotten a head start in the race to become our favorite parent. As the non-custodial parent, she got my brother and me for the weekends, when going to amusement parks and eating in fast food restaurants took priority over homework and chores. Being very shallow people, these gestures went a long way to win our hearts.

Every Monday my brother and I were easily singled out as children of newly divorced parents. Like all the other kids in our situation, Barry and I would begin our weeks, marked with the faded rubber "Admit" stamps on the backs of our hands that broadcasted our amusement park activities to the world. It was the familiar, shameful stigma of freshly divorced children.

Barry and I used to share knowing looks with all the other blue, red, and green handed children who walked the school hallways every Monday, like branded cattle in a county fair. It was painfully clear that we all had parents who were desperately trying to replace family harmony with bumper cars, county fairs, and tractor pulls.

Dad, eager to leave his own colored brands on his children, took a couple weeks off from work so he could take us camping in the deeply wooded foothills of Pennsylvania. Being young and having not yet experienced the joys of sleeping on rocks and tree roots, I was thrilled at the notion of going on a family camping adventure. Although my idea of "roughing it" meant trying to live without cable TV for a few hours, I sensed that I was about to attain a nirvana-like state of happiness by eating roots and bulbs in the forest with my animal friends.

Over the previous two years, my family had stockpiled a great wealth of camping supplies. We were beginning to look like one of those backward militia groups that tend to develop in areas where chromosomal abnormalities run rampant. If things continued uninterrupted, it would only have been a matter of time before we would have begun exacting our revenge on society for all the injustices we had to suffer.

For example, if some snooty waiter kicked us out of his restaurant just because we took off our pants during the main course, we would know it was time to start the revolution.

We packed enough camping gear to hole ourselves up in the wilderness for the rest of our lives. This seemed pretty excessive, especially considering the fact that our camping skills were only keen enough to keep us alive for a day or two before we would end up dead from starvation, exposure, or some sort of accident involving dehydrated fruit. Any prolonged camping trip would, no doubt, lead to a park ranger making a grisly discovery in the woods that would ultimately lead to the ownership of thousands of dollars worth of used camping supplies.

The advantages of my father's trip into the wilderness were twofold. Not only would it give him the opportunity to kick his ex-wife's ass in the "favorite parent" debacle, it would also enable him to check on a rental property that he owned in the isolated backwoods of Pennsylvania.

Dad had rented the house to a band of former cave dwellers who were smart enough to know that he lived too far away and was too busy with his failing marriage to demand lawn work, maintenance, or other basic forms of human behavior from them.

Newly divorced, Dad was eager to launch a surprise attack on his tenants. He was convinced that the only way to see what was going on in the house was to secretly observe them in their natural habitat the way Jane Goodall first observed her gorillas. God only knew what horrors would be revealed to us as we observed the living habits of the Pennsylvanian Red Necked Hill Warbler.

So off we went to meet our destiny; off to find the mud and mosquito paradise that had provided shelter to newly divorced white people for so many generations before us. The road was our path to freedom, independence, and all the other ideals that our forefathers had died to protect. (Well, they weren't our forefathers but they must have belonged to someone. Our forefathers never died for anything except booze, fatty foods, and swarthy women.)

After a few hours on the sweltering freeway, packed tightly into the family station wagon like too many guppies in a jelly jar, I had a realization:

I hated my brother. I really, really hated my brother.

It was something that I had always suspected but, being compressed into such a tight space with him for hours on end, I became keenly aware of the awesome intensity of my hatred for him.

Barry devoted most of his time to spitting cheese crackers at me and flicking my ear lobes at random intervals like a demon in one of the darker circles of Dante's Inferno. Conversation in the car was reduced to a debate about who punched who first, all of which was moderated by a stream of empty threats that my father hurled at us over his shoulder from the steering wheel.

By our third hour on the road, my father's vision of family bliss started to boil over and give off a foul odor. It was beginning to look like the Manson family had better values than the three of us were expressing at that moment. It was a dismal situation. We were basically living out a scene from "The Grapes of Wrath" except, of course, our situation was infinitely more futile.

This trip was nothing like the outings we went on with Mom. I found myself pining away for the days spent with her, going to amusement parks and ordering greasy food from pimply teenagers in paper hats. Those were the elements that led to happy recreational moments in American history.

The road stretched for miles and miles in front of us like an asphalt trail of tears. Over time, our relentless bickering slowly reduced itself to a drone of indecipherable whining. The monotony continued to grind on until God, in all his wisdom, decided to intervene: Out of the blue, a deer ran in front of our car, the look of death flashing in its eyes as my father slammed down on the break, too late to avoid a collision.

The expression of sheer terror on the doomed animal's face was mirrored in my father's expression as, for a few seconds, they both saw their lives being hopelessly rearranged by the laws of physics and natural selection. At the very moment the deer's life passed before its eyes, visions of body shops and raised insurance premiums flashed before my father's eyes. For the deer, this was pretty much where the story ended. For us, it was just the beginning.

The horrible collision of flesh and metal shook us with the kind of solidness that startles a person awake at night. It was pretty traumatic. When Dad promised to give us an experience with nature, we had no idea that this would involve actually ramming our station wagon into it at seventy miles an hour.

The deer became partially lodged into the grill of our car like an extremely expensive-and rather macabre-souvenir. This wasn't the kind of memento we wanted to bring home from our vacation. Judging from our previous trips, it seemed that we only liked souvenirs if they were made out of colorful plastic and had clever sayings like "Greetings from Miami, Florida!" emblazoned across them. Hunks of driftwood with plastic birds glued to them and tissue box holders made out of sea shells also occupied a special place in our hearts. Smashed wildlife, on the other hand, seemed a bit tacky to us. I mean, it didn't have a clock embedded into its side, fake palm trees inserted into various parts of its anatomy, or anything else that would appeal to our Midwestern knickknack aesthetic.

Barry and I breathed a sigh of relief when Dad pulled over to the side of the road. Up to that moment, we were sure he was going to leave our newly acquired hood ornament on the car for the remainder of the trip as a warning to other wildlife that might be tempted to cross our path.

Dad got out to inspect the damage. The dead deer stared blankly at him from the radiator, a geyser of antifreeze shooting high into the air from under its body. Acting as if he was accustomed to encountering wildlife embedded into the grill of his car, Dad pried the dead animal free from the crinkled metal and gingerly placed it in the back seat, where it promptly began oozing bodily fluids onto all our camping supplies in an act of post-mortem revenge.

With the three of us pressed into the front seat and the deer busy relieving itself in the back, we continued down the road like a modern tribe of hunters, returning from a kill. The car limped and lurched along the freeway, a cacophony of scraping metal and hissing steam. The smell of friction and hot antifreeze mingled charmingly with the smell of fresh death in the back seat as the windshield wipers sloshed green coolant out of our view. We looked like the head float in an Appalachian street parade.

Dad fired up the heater to keep the engine cool. Since we couldn't open the windows without getting burned with boiling antifreeze, we were forced to drive our portable sauna down the road at twenty miles an hour, sweating like porn stars every inch of the way.

Still optimistic, we thought we could get to a service station before the car reached a point of collapse. Unfortunately, our luck was only slightly better than that of our deer friend. A mile down the road, the car started squealing like a wounded pig as, one by one, all the lights on the dashboard began to ignite. The festive red "service engine soon," "oil," and "temp" lights lit up like Christmas on the Las Vegas strip. It was quite a stirring sight, really. My brother and I responded to this new development with yet another tidal wave of enthusiastic whining.

Dad set off on foot to the next exit, instructing my brother and me to remain in the car where we could ward off any potential deer thieves who might happen to turn up in his absence. Yes, it was our job to defend our vehicle from the assortment of deviants and communists who obviously longed to have a dead animal of their own to cart around in the summer heat. Looking back, I suspect that Dad's real motivation for leaving us behind had nothing to do with the safety of our precious cargo. More than likely, he was just trying to get the hell away from us before he was overcome with the urge to hack us into little pieces with his Coleman collapsible camping shovel.

An ordinary man with a broken-down car would have called for a tow truck. As a battery of psychological tests would one day prove, however, my father was no ordinary man. Always the innovator, he opted to call the people who were renting the house from him, confident that they had nothing better to do than to tow us to a service station.

Dad was actually correct in his hunch; the hill people did want to tow us to a service station. As it turned out, there was very little to do in that part of the country so things like watching television, setting fires, and towing cars tended to instill the inhabitants with a near-orgasmic sense of pleasure.

Waiting for help to arrive,my brother continued to amuse himself by once again spitting chewed cheese crackers at me while my father gently caressed the dented front end of our car like an amputee mulling over the loss of a limb. Always a good sport, I passed the time by emitting the kind of tortured whining sounds that are usually reserved for severe burn victims. I was even annoying myself at that point.

Two agonizing hours later, Billy The Muscular Hill Boy showed up with a truck and a rope to save us from ourselves. If we had just taken the time to hang ourselves with that fucking rope this tale would have reached a quick, satisfying ending. Unfortunately, things didn't work out that smoothly.

To our relief, Billy looked like the kind of person who actually lives underneath cars; the greasy black smears on his face, hands, and coveralls looking very much at home on his body. At no other point in history did poor hygiene bring such a profound feeling of relief to a group of people.

Billy did the obligatory male ritual of opening our hood and frowning at the engine, as if the car could be persuaded to cooperate if it was presented with the proper facial contortions. He furrowed his brow, turned the corners of his mouth, and even squinted a bit but, somehow, all this effort failed to produce life from our wounded vehicle.

While he was lashing our station wagon to the back fender of his truck, Billy told my father that he had a friend who owned a garage in the area. Dad offered to give him our deer in exchange for temporary housing. Like a jeweler making a critical appraisal, Billy opened the door and looked in at our unhappy animal friend. "You got yourselves a deal!" he said, looking as if he had just pulled a fast one over on us.

> **We were quickly learning that the worst thing about dealing with retarded people is being outsmarted by them.**

As you can see, the days of roadside bartering were still alive and well in America at that time. I began to wonder if Billy would be willing to let us beat him to death and take his truck if we offered him a deer and a raccoon in trade.

We towed the car to a garage that looked as if it had been abandoned some time around the end of World War Two. Billy's friend, Raleigh, came slinking out of the black abyss of grease and outdated auto parts like a spider with a juicy new fly trapped in its web.

Raleigh looked like a deflated version of Billy. Weighing in at ninety pounds, he didn't look like an actual person as much as he looked like the wrapper someone had just peeled off of a person. He flashed his broken, rotting teeth at our desperation as we approached. Judging by his enthusiasm, we began to suspect that he had spent most of his life waiting for the very moment we would bring our helplessness to his garage.

"How much do you think it will cost to get this thing fixed?" my father asked like a doomed man asking a doctor how many months he had left to live.

"How much you got?" Raleigh replied with a perverted, backwoods laugh.

Judging by the giddy, conspiratorial looks he shot to Billy, Raleigh was a man who was about to get very rich off of some extremely stupid suburbanites. To put it mildly, he had just won the backwoods lottery and we were the big jackpot.

Raleigh was definitely going to charge us a couple of arms and legs for whatever repairs he did (he was from the Jeffrey Dahmer school of auto mechanics). Once again, my father's paycheck was in the hands of a man who never owned a bar of soap in his entire life. It was a bad, bad feeling to have to depend on someone like Raleigh. We were quickly learning that the worst thing about dealing with retarded people is being outsmarted by them.

We unloaded the deer from our car and sped away in Billy's truck, wondering if we were ever going to see our station wagon again. It wouldn't be long, however, before our thoughts would turn to more pressing matters. When your house is on fire you don't need to be organizing the closets, you know what I mean?

Billy took us to the house that would be our home for the duration of our automotive depantsing. It was the first time Dad had seen the place since he rented it to the hill people. He was having a difficult time ~~restraining himself from let~~ting out a pained wail when he saw the massive pile of garbage that stretched from room to room like an avenging blob in a B grade horror flick.

Billy cleared a patch of garbage off the linoleum floor, announcing that it was going to be our sleeping quarters for the duration of our stay. The floor wasn't going to be as comfortable as rocks and roots but it seemed like it would be tolerable for a few days. I imagined that we would eventually get used to waking up with those linoleum flower patterns imprinted on the sides of our heads. People can get used to anything. I mean, if Aaron Neville can get used to that fist-sized growth on his face, there is no obstacle too big.

Once we were settled in, Billy introduced us to one of the people who shared the house with him. Aunt Ida was an extremely large woman who did her part to reduce my father's rental home into a giant storage bin for fast food wrappers and dirty laundry.

Ida was the kind of woman who was mostly preoccupied with finding places to sit. She would have been perfectly happy in a death camp or in an asylum as long as there were a couple of chairs that could support her massive frame.

You would think this lifestyle choice would be very limiting, but Ida somehow managed to pack an impressive sixteen hours of television into her day. It is entirely possible that her daughter was conceived during the great power outage of '67, when televisions all over Appalachia went black for an entire afternoon. Normally when society is shaken by that kind of crisis, the population is forced to choose between looting stores and engaging in depraved sexual acts. However, since nobody actually owned anything of value in the backwoods, sexual intercourse became the only form of amusement available to Ida and the husband she had at the time. This is how Carrey, the other inhabitant in my father's rental house, was conceived.

Unfortunately, Carrey was out visiting her father in another county when we arrived so there wasn't anyone around for me to hang out with during our stay. This left me with nothing to do unless I wanted to squeeze onto the poor, sagging couch with Ida to watch the "Price is Right," "Happy Days," and "Alice." In that sad little house, it was actu-

HERE: 20 "I'm living so far beyond my income that we may almost be said to be living apart."—E.E. Cummings

ally easier to resist temptation than it was to find it.

A few days into our stay, it was becoming obvious that we were trapped in a bizarre Appalachian sensory deprivation experiment. In a brave attempt to accommodate his guests, Billy offered to take us hunting. This didn't interest me at all. After experiencing the thrill of killing animals with a Chevy station wagon, hunting with a puny little shotgun seemed somewhat anticlimactic to me. Besides, having already seen the anal rape scene in Deliverance, I was a little worried about being alone in the woods with a shotgun-toting mountain boy.

Barry and my father, however, decided that blowing holes into America's wildlife was just the thing they needed to pump a little excitement into our floundering vacation. They seemed to be completely unaware of the danger of being forced into backwoods bitchhood by our muscle bound host. I told them to be sure Billy didn't pack any night gowns or lipstick with his hunting supplies but they told me I was being silly. It occurred to me that they would feel differently about my paranoia when Billy started waving his rifle around and calling them "Mary" and "Staci."

My brother and father piled into Billy's pickup truck and shrank into the horizon, Bob Seger blaring at them from a crusty old 8-track player. Was I ever going to see them alive again?

I spent the following couple of minutes practicing the horrified faces and pained vocalizations I was going to make if the police asked me to identify their remains. Initially, I considered raising one eyebrow and chirping, "Great Caesar's Ghost!" I also thought about batting my eyelashes and purring, "So, which of you nice officers is going to give me a ride back to Ohio?" Eventually I settled on a pale, wide-eyed stare, accompanied by a mournful "Dear God! Noooooo!!" It seemed like I could pull this off with sincerity if I rehearsed it enough in private.

When Dad promised to give us an experience with nature, we had no idea that this would involve actually ramming our station wagon into it at seventy miles an hour.

With Barry and Dad out risking rape and murder in the woods, there was very little for me to do around the house. I tried to keep myself amused by beating my head against a wall and singing the Brady Bunch theme song over and over again but it got boring pretty quickly. All my worries dissipated, however, when Carrey returned from her visit with her father.

Carrey was an extremely cute girl. I couldn't believe that any orifice on Ida's massive body could possibly have produced anything that adorable. I mean, forget about making a silk purse from a sow's ear, this was more like making a Ferrari from a huge bloated, TV-watching pig-demon.

Carrey looked at me with all the enthusiasm of a castaway who spots a rescue ship on the horizon. I was probably the first non-relative male she had seen in months. It was a good thing my brother was out killing animals in the woods or she would have chosen him over me. Suddenly, I was beginning to hope that Billy was out in the woods, digging shallow graves for my brother and father because, frankly, I didn't need the competition.

Carrey walked right up to me and introduced herself, shaking my hand with a desperate, hungry grasp. Even though I knew that my only likable attribute was having a different last name than her, I felt a sense of accomplishment at having won her attention.

In an instant, the family vacation started to show some real promise. The thought of being alone with a cute girl was a dream come true. I mean, sure, Aunt Ida was home, but her supervision was limited to a twenty foot radius around the television viewing area. Neglect never felt more rewarding.

Carrey asked me if I wanted to go for a walk. Of course, she could have asked me if I wanted to be clubbed in the head with a log and I would have agreed. I was willing to go to great lengths to please her at that moment. Ecstatic, the two of us walked together through the woods, holding hands and making a pathetic, pre-teen attempt at conversation.

"So... Do you like...stuff?"

"Yeah"

"Me too!"

Carrey smelled so nice. You know that new car smell? Carrey had that new girl smell, like she just came from the factory and hadn't had a lot of guys riding her yet. Mmmmmmm...

After an hour or so of awkward conversation, Carrey let me put my tongue in her mouth. I had no idea what I was doing. Using a bit of guess work, I allowed my tongue to flop around inside her mouth like an amphibious invader in a warm, mysterious, feminine cavern. Thrilled with this newfound intimacy, my heart started to jump around in my chest like a drunk in the back of a riot wagon. This was more fun than digging a latrine in the woods, and nearly half as sweaty.

Before I met my little backwoods angel the most intimate experience I'd had with a female was when Marcie Barnhart hit me with one of those plastic T-ball bats during gym class. "Wait until Marcie Barnhart hears about this," I thought to myself with a triumphant, internal laugh.

This trip was turning into the best vacation I had ever been on in my entire life. I didn't want it to ever end. For the first time, I realized how fortunate I was to come from a broken home. Hell, no two parent household could possibly guarantee this kind of negligent supervision. If Mom was on this vacation I would have been off shucking corn somewhere instead of licking my new friend in the woods.

When Carrey and I returned to the house, there was a lot of excitement awaiting us. Billy, Barry, and Dad had returned from their hunting trip and were anxious to share the good news with me. While I was out exploring Carrey's dental work, Raleigh called to announce that he had managed to repair the car.

"We're going home," Dad beamed, "Isn't it wonderful?"

I felt the bitterness burn in my stomach as I thought about how fucking ironic my life had become. I had just spent the previous three days wishing I was home. Now I got my wish and I felt worse than ever. My grief was quickly erased, however, when Dad said:

"I'm glad we're leaving. I didn't want my sons to spend any time with that Carrey kid. He's just so feminine, he could pass for a girl."

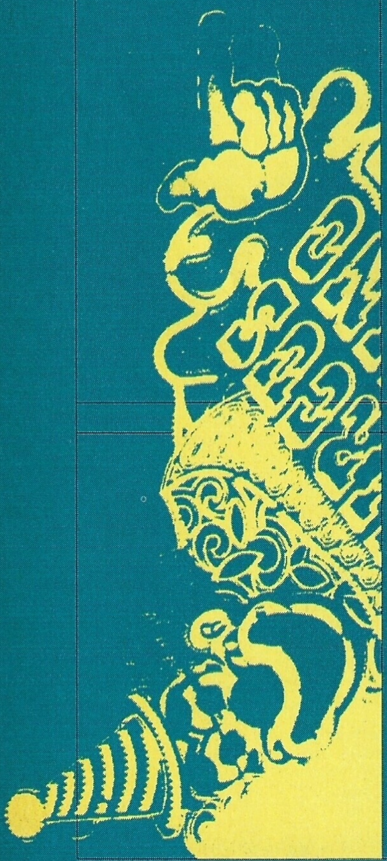
"Live and learn," that's what I always say.

JACKASS OF THE MONTH

Can You Admit To Your Faults?

by James

> As the magazine gets bigger, more and more stories about people I know (and their embarrassing behavior) are popping up.



The true Jackass comes out in people when they perceive some type of threat and are incapable of dealing with it logically. As this magazine, and this column in particular, makes a case for a no-bullshit and no-compromise way of living and working, those who aren't up to the challenge are beginning to react in peculiar ways. This seems to be endemic of most people's attitude: when their behavior is shown to be stupid, they insist that they are not at fault and take it all too personally.

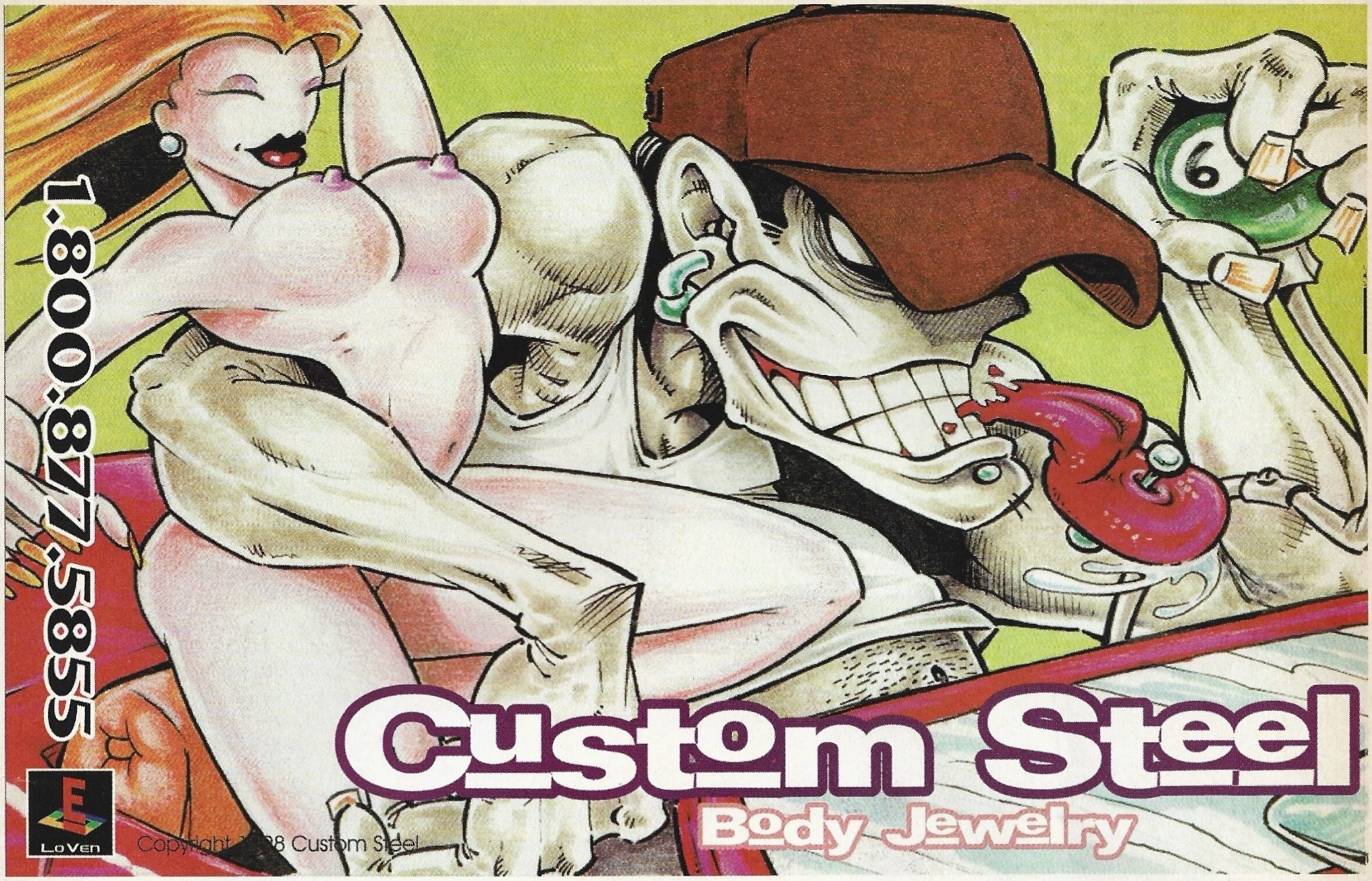
As far as POPsmear goes, we are attempting to remove all the pretense that surrounds our daily lives, both within the pages of the magazine and through our interactions with others. There are two components to the execution of this mission. The first is innocuous, yet tends to confuse people sometimes. We don't write about things because other people think they are hip, we write about them because we think they're funny or interesting. Being the '90s culture kids we are, inevitably our interests will sometimes cross over with Details magazine's "hippest new whatever" type pieces, but never for the purpose of impressing our readers with our insider knowledge of what is cool. This does not bode well for the various demographic and psychographic categories that are required to be covered for newsstand coverage, but as I've said before, we publish a magazine that we would want to read.

More importantly is the honesty and call-to-action factor. We do not endorse haphazard work ethics, trend-chasing magazines, unoriginal media or lack of common sense. Additionally, we loathe those who cannot admit when they have missed the mark, as all of us do on a regular basis. If you do not know the standards, then you should be doing something else. If you fail to meet those standards, admit it and try to better yourself. I would be happy to tell you what sucked within every issue we've published, and would be happy to tell you about things that I have fucked up, should you decide to call me out. But expect to hear about when I recognized, admitted, and improved (or tried to improve) the next time around.

This point comes into personal play more and more with the expansion of the POPsmear empire. As the magazine gets bigger, more and more stories about people I know (and their embarrassing behavior) are popping up. You hear it happen every day on the Howard Stern show: someone calls in all pissed off saying they've been a huge fan of the show for years, but complaining that Howard just went "too far" this time. You Jackass—he always goes too far. Now what is your personal problem with his newest antic? Maybe you need to examine yourself and decide what it is that makes it bother you so much. And now readers and associates of POPsmear, whose behavior graces these very pages, are taking it all too personally.

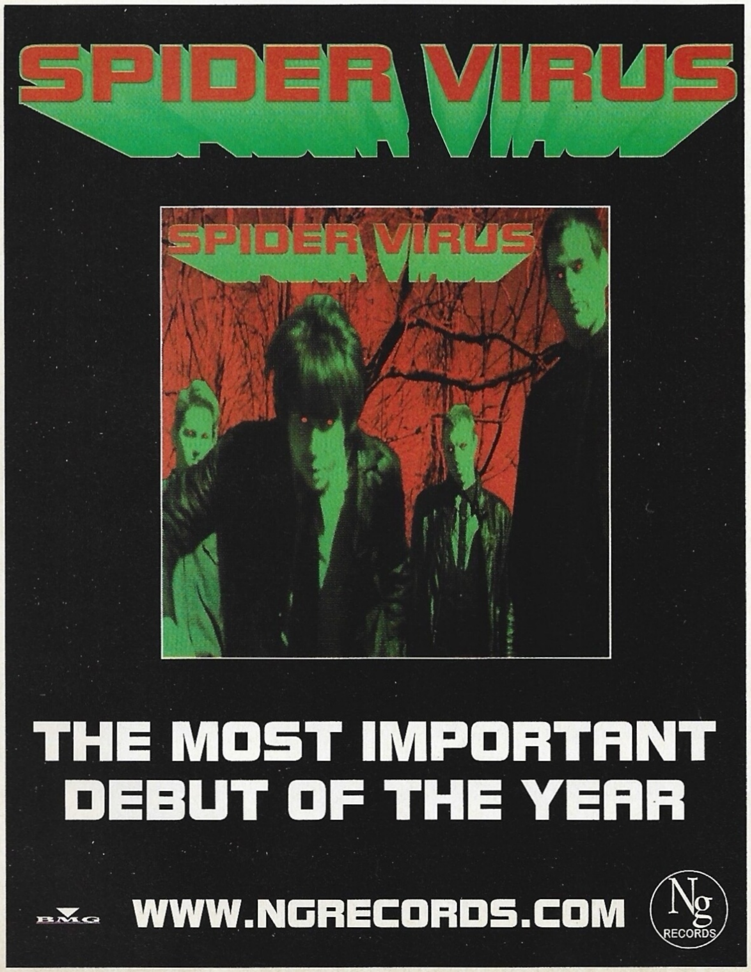
Don't get mad at me for saying you owe me money for services rendered. American Express agreed by supporting the charges. Don't say I'm not your friend for complaining about your lack of professionalism. The company that hired you then fired you for the very same reason. Don't ignore me because I said you produce a piece of shit product. You've admitted it before and I haven't found anyone who disagrees. Don't corner me at a party and bitch about the story about your friend, misquoting the article and continuing to proclaim his innocence. He just admitted to Shivon five minutes ago that he was wrong after all. Only Jimmy Pop, who I called lazy and bloated and fired from his writing position as back page columnist for sending in crappy articles, freely admitted to fucking up and has put together what sounds like a killer piece for issue 15.0. He holds high standards for his work, knows when he doesn't meet them, and doesn't take it personally when it's pointed out. He just gets the shit done.

The reason I complain about this so much is that this behavior is indicative of the problems within our society. People who refuse to perform at a higher caliber and who can't take responsibility for their actions just make it more difficult to get anything accomplished. I'm sick of picking up your slack, and it is my hope that it makes people think a little more about what they do when there are readers watching them... ⊙

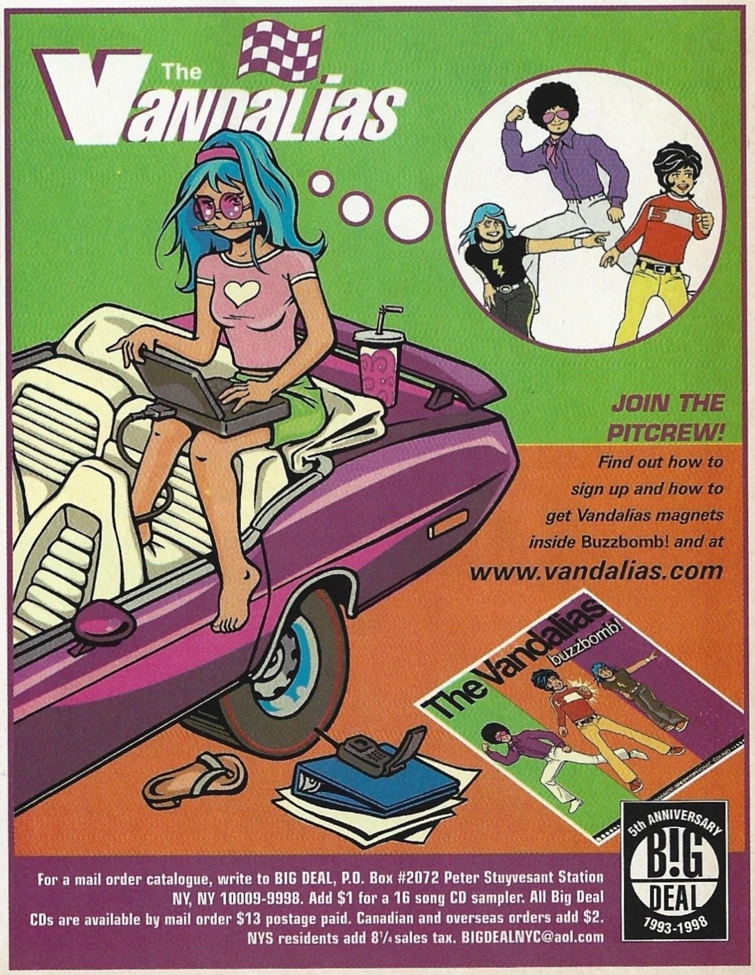


1.800.877.5855
Custom Steel
Body Jewelry
LoVen

Copyright 1998 Custom Steel



SPIDER VIRUS
SPIDER VIRUS
THE MOST IMPORTANT DEBUT OF THE YEAR
WWW.NGRECORDS.COM
Ng RECORDS
BMG



The Vandalias
JOIN THE PITCREW!
The Vandalias
buzzbomb!
5th ANNIVERSARY
B!G DEAL
1993-1998

Find out how to sign up and how to get Vandalias magnets inside Buzzbomb! and at www.vandalias.com

For a mail order catalogue, write to BIG DEAL, P.O. Box #2072 Peter Stuyvesant Station NY, NY 10009-9998. Add $1 for a 16 song CD sampler. All Big Deal CDs are available by mail order $13 postage paid. Canadian and overseas orders add $2. NYS residents add 8¼ sales tax. BIGDEALNYC@aol.com

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JAMES

An Interview with James by James

James: Why are you on vacation by yourself and spending most of the days locked in your hotel room, working on your laptop?
James: I'd say the number one reason is the monotonous distraction of living in New York City. It's high holiday party season in the downtown (and likely the uptown) world these days, and I'm just plain sick of being so attracted to it. It has created an uncomfortable feeling within me, and I can't seem to shake it. I maintain to myself that it is mostly other people that put this feeling in me, but admit that my own thoughts are stirring it up as well. There are certain things that I want for myself that I'm not sure I can pull them all off at the same time, so I need to step away and clear my head.

Why are you becoming everything you despise: repetitive, closed-minded and undereducated?
I want to be well-rounded, yet I am glued to a "scene" that I cannot seem to escape. I repeat my behavior night after night: go out, drink and socialize until the very end of the evening. Although I know that I want to experience different things, I'd sooner choose a bar than a class or a seminar or a movie. I think that I want to stay home and play a game of cards or Monopoly, but someone else is on line 2 telling me about the open bar party. (You know—the one someone has every night of the week.) I want to learn new things, but I somehow refuse to take that dance lesson or join that boxing gym I've had a free membership to since February—of last year.

Why should you talk to me if it's not going to help your business or yourself?
My ability to interact with other people is becoming dulled. The more I envelop myself in this entertainment and business lifestyle, the more closed-minded I become. Due to 18 hour workdays and a marathon social schedule, I am less tolerant and generally tired of everything. The only thing that drives me is building a company and a magazine and "feeling good." For me to work in the office all night long is simple—for me to carry on a conversation is belaboring. My past ideal of learning about a variety of things has been replaced by only learning about the extreme, and frankly I think I'm a little sick of extreme anything. Yet, if it's not big or bad or far-reaching or grandiose, then I couldn't give a shit. Show me a brilliant idea, an amazing company, scathing gossip, a true innovation—or don't waste my time. One thing I do know is that this attitude excludes 99% of the general population's conversations. That is The Gospel According to James when it has gone too far...

But why should you care? Shouldn't everyone try to ramp up a bit? Don't people respond with intense vigor to the Gospel?
Fuck yeah! But my problem is that I fall prey to the other people around me who tell me that this is unhealthy. They tell me that I am getting too far into it, that I am removing myself from the general population with my closed-minded attitude. Then I worry, am I losing my edge by getting too much of an edge? Will I eventually not care about anyone or anything that does not directly benefit me? Is there more to life than excelling to the extreme at one thing? If people didn't explain this to me, and I continued to immerse myself in the propaganda I am always reading trumpeting large scale financial and historical success, then I would ignore everything else and think I was doing just fine. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, people close to me have put the idea in my head that this may be unhealthy.

So much smoke has been blown up my ass, and apparently I believe it, that I'm beginning to wonder who would be around if I fell.

But do you care? Shouldn't you follow what you believe to be right?
This attitude of mine is beginning to destroy my ability to be intimate. I cannot get close enough to anyone nor let them get too close to me. I'll bet this is now making me paranoid. Who would I be if I wasn't James from POPsmear? So much smoke has been blown up my ass, and apparently I believe it, that I'm beginning to wonder who would be around if I fell. Maybe the selfish motive of this confessional is merely to make myself feel as if I am being intimate by writing all of this. Of course, I am alone in a hotel in the middle of the night, surrounded by an island of people whose language I don't speak. By choice. Do you know what I'm all about as a person, beyond POPsmear, or could you even care less as long as the damn magazine is funny?

Are you really connecting here, or is this yet another piece of propaganda designed to make you appear "open" in our minds?
No comment.

But aren't you on the way to achieving the American dream?
Everyone would like to be rich, some just don't make it a priority or refuse to make that much effort toward achieving it. The number of people who buy the *Enquirer* alone makes the case that people love a celebrity. And in this day and age, any company that's fast, technologically bleeding edge, and successful is worshiped by Wall Street and the general populace alike. Anyone out there not familiar with Bill Gates? Now tell me who won the Nobel Peace Prize in the past three years. So what's the big deal? I'm a young, self-made businessman with a successful company and a bad-reputation magazine. Now why are you jockin' me?

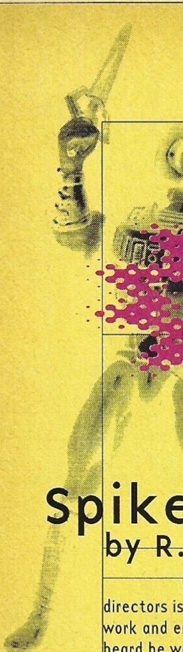
So why are you letting it get to you?
(as he looks out over the beach...) For a society full of star fuckers, we sure can be judgmental with anyone who we know in person. I try to lead by example, I try to promote success, I try to make a large impact, yet all people want now is a small impact. They want to hear about extreme success, but they don't want to live with it. The reality of what goes on behind the media figure is long hours of not "being there," a calculated disengagement, and a larger vision which clouds out any and all irrelevant occurrences not pertaining to the greater mission. And with my inner desire for well-roundedness, I now face a conflict of interest that is compounded by those individuals pointing out my lack thereof. I am not an extraordinary human being. Like some, I can only seem to pull off one or the other. Not only does that lack of extraordinariness keep me from doing both, it also keeps me from choosing one or the other with all of my heart. Hence the conflict I now face.

But you have fallen for the myth. You have bought into the media-driven definition of success.
In my desire to shake off my utterly white middle class upbringing, I have traded my original journey of self expression and world exploration for a narrowly defined definition of success: money, hipness and media attention. Rather than explore the truly challenging, the utterly different, I have followed in the footsteps of so many of today's media hipsters: cool music, celebrity, underground (yet utterly media-coopted) culture, and the worship of all that is fast, perverted and hip. I don't know shit about gardening. My foray into the art world stops when there are no drinks at the opening. The suburbs are forever off limits. I wouldn't be caught dead in a white T-shirt with a touristy theme or a baseball cap without a good explanation that would include irony and parody. Any organized religion has been written off completely.

You are the most closed-minded judgmental open-minded non-judgmental person I could imagine.
And the amazing thing to me is that I am not even close to the apex of all of these ways of living. I am by no means a celebrity of any sort. What little money I have does not count as a blip in the top 2% of wealthy Americans. This magazine is by no means a raging success by media standards.

So why have you already caved in to these ways of doing things?
My rallying cry for hard work as proof of strength has left one gaping hole in the Gospel: work is not hard for me. Balance is hard. Temperance is hard. Intimacy is hard. But shit, with so much attention being paid to the work, why should I bother with anything else?

Whatever makes you happy, James.
I think this interview is over. ⊙



CELEBRITY ADDRESSES

Spike's Punch

by R. Eirik Ott

One of my all time favorite directors is Spike Lee. I totally respect his work and enjoy his movies a lot. So when I heard he was coming to speak at Chico State University, where I worked on the student newspaper, I begged, pleaded and moaned until I was assigned to cover the press conference he was holding before the speech to the students.

I put a lot of thought into the question I was going to ask. I didn't want it to be some lame question like, "So, what do you think of Chico?" or "What's your advice to young filmmakers?" I figured there would be plenty of those types, plus others from little mister smarty pants guys trying to show their coolness by asking obscure questions that no one cares about.

I wanted to ask a meaty question that really spurred a debate about Spike's position and stature as a great filmmaker, as a man who is respected by many people, and I wanted the other reporters in the audience to wish they had asked it.

I talked to a couple of people in the newsroom and came up with the idea to ask Spike about what process he used to decide which products to endorse. I mean he's a pitchman for all kinds of things, from Nike to Macintosh to Taco Bell. This last one really got me. I am really anti fast food anyway, and why, I wondered, was Spike hawking tacos? Wasn't Taco Bell owned by Pepsi and didn't Pepsi refuse to pull out of South Africa during Apartheid? And what about Nike? Doesn't Nike have some sort of connection to Asian sweatshops and child labor or something? I wanted to know if these rumors were true and if Spike did any sort of research into these companies before he decided to endorse them, or if the decision he made was based solely on the money they paid.

I figured it was a legitimate question, especially with the amount of respect Spike has garnered. I mean, I love the guy's work and totally respect what he has to say and the manner in which he chooses to say it. But I kept wondering...why Taco Bell?

With this line of questioning in mind, I went to the press conference and joined in the progress. The first thing I noticed was that the room was packed with all white reporters. The third thing I noticed was that Spike already looked more than a bit bored by the softball questions.

He was asked about everything BUT his films, it seemed, with everyone wondering about his opinion on the O.J. Simpson verdict and the Million Man March. He eventually asked, "Hey, has anyone seen my films?" He laughed, but you could tell he was frustrated.

So 30 minutes go by and I still haven't garnered the courage to ask my question. I just have no idea how I should phrase it. Should I lead with the Taco Bell thing? Should I mention the thing I heard on NPR about how black people have twice the rate of heart disease than the majority of the population? Should I mention sweatshops? Should I just pack it up and go home?

Suddenly Spike looked right at me and my half-raised hand and nodded his head to say I could ask him a question. I was like fuck, fuck, fuck, what do I say....

"Um, I have heard that African-Americans are twice as likely to contract heart disease as other Americans. In light of this fact, how do you justify lending your image to Taco Bell..."

Oh man, I sounded like I was trying to back him into a corner or something! I tried to stop myself, I tried to rephrase what I was saying because I didn't like the way it sounded...I tried to back peddle and ask something about Pepsi or Macintosh or....

But Spike jumped on me.

"How'd the fucking Rolling Stones get fucking Budweiser to sponsor their fucking tour? Do people die on the fucking highways because of drunk driving? What kind of question is that?"

To my horror, Spike Lee, one of my favorite directors, stood up on the crutches he was using because of a hurt knee and hobbled toward me, shouting obscenities and staring me straight in the eye as the entire room watched.

!@#$%!?3!***#@$!!?

And took pictures.

"This fucking double standard, motherfucking white performers, white entertainers can endorse any fucking product in the world. One black man wants to do something and I have to bear the fucking weight of the entire race."

He got within a few feet of me, shouting at me on his crutches then left the room in a huff. After a stunned silence, someone said, "Thank you, that'll be all the questions for tonight."

The photographer I was with came over shaking his head and smiling and said, "Wow, that was great."

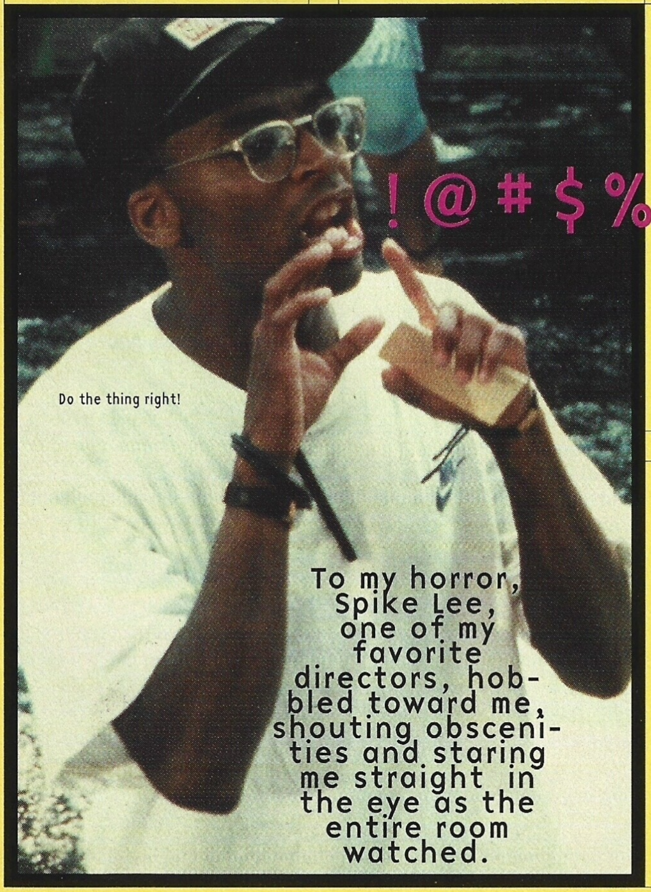
Yeah right. Me pissing off Spike Lee was the lead story on the 11 o'clock news on every TV station in town that night, and on the front page of the local newspaper the next morning. The weekly paper did a piece too, as did the Sacramento Bee and the San Francisco Chronicle.

For the next few weeks the student newspaper was bombarded with letters to the editor. "Stupid question was a big embarrassment;" "Reporter's question was appalling;" "Reporter's question was silly, ignorant." Basically they all said my question was, as one put it, "soaked in racial and/or political something or another." Most also blamed me for the entire press conference being a disaster, as if I had forced every reporter in town to ask lame questions.

I felt really embarrassed and hated that I was known as "that Spike Lee guy" for the next year or so, but I still think it was a good question. Poorly worded, yes, but I think the intent was honest and fair and a damn good question. I wish he had answered it even if he found it distasteful and offensive. I mean, he had some really strong points about the position of black entertainers in this country. I just wish he hadn't blown up on me. I would've preferred to learn more about why he got so mad.

And even though I took down the huge Clockers banner in my room, I still dig Spike Lee and his movies. It's too bad that now he thinks I suck.

But, then again, how many people can say they've been bitched out by their favorite director? ◎



Do the thing right!

To my horror, Spike Lee, one of my favorite directors, hobbled toward me, shouting obscenities and staring me straight in the eye as the entire room watched.

Cyndi Lauper
640 Lee Road #116
Wayne PA 19087

David Schwimmer
1330 Londonderry Place
Los Angeles CA 90069

Suzanne Somers
8899 Beverly Blvd #713
Los Angeles CA 90048

Nina Blackwood
23705 Vanowen St #111
West Hills CA 91307

Eric Stoltz
4116 W Magnolia Blvd #101
Burbank CA 91505

Chuck Woolery
4444 Woodley Ave
Encino CA 91436

Spike Lee
583 Broadway 10th Fl
New York NY 10012

Marisa Tomei
120 W 45th St #3600
New York NY 10036

John Cusack
301 W 57th St #45C
New York NY 10019

Pat Benatar
5721 Bonsail Rd
Malibu CA 90265

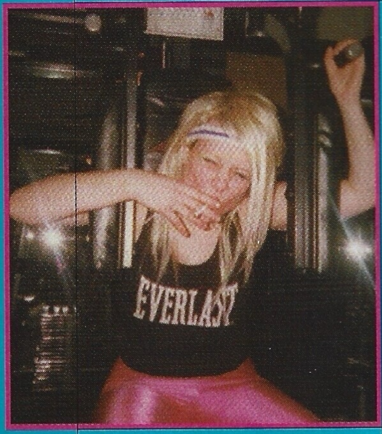
Harry Connick Jr
260 Brookline St #200
Cambridge MA 02139

Dan Cortese
15250 Ventura Blvd #900
Sherman Oaks CA 91403

You Gotta Fight for Your Right to the Stairmaster!

by Princess Superstar, Photos by Luscious Lake

I am staring at this really skinny guy in the X-large T-shirt. His eyes are closed and his legs are crossed. Funny, I think, people at the NY Health & Racquet Club don't usually wear X-large T-shirts. Usually it's old guys in "Advil 5K Run" T-shirts, or else old ladies wearing leotards and shiny tights and legwarmers, one of my favorite looks (and I am not being sarcastic). Hmmm, I think, that guy looks like Mike D. But that guy is doing yoga. NO WAY that's Mike D doing yoga!! Well, my friends, that's Mike D doing yoga. His legs are crossed and he's doing this funny breathing thing. "Rock the Bells" is going really loud in my walkman (I'm doing leglifts, really attractive) and I turn up the music even louder. STOP IT, MIKE D!! C'MON, SING ABOUT DOIN' DUST! PLEASE! I send a mental message, but I think he is too far gone.



All I can think about is being 16 and seeing the Beastie Boys dumping champagne on sluts in cages . Maybe if I had a sack 'o White Castles and some Brass Monkey I could wave it all under his nose and he would become Mike D again. Oh god what is this world coming to?

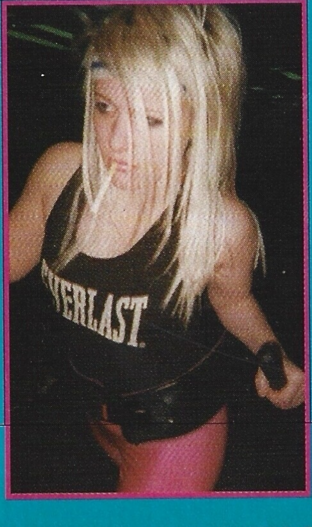
I joined The NY Health & Racquet Club last year after scoring an $80 membership through my job. I was particularly excited about this club as opposed to, say, Crunch, because while Crunch had all the good-looking actors/advertising execs/waitresses/whatevers with thongs up their asses, MY new club only had old boring people with money. This meant I could go to the gym reeking of cigarette smoke, half asleep and wearing a ripped T-shirt (that also served as a nightgown the night before), and not have to worry about a thing. I'm sorry but when you're jumpin' around in aerobics class doing moves you wouldn't be caught dead doing even in the privacy of your own home (for those of you in the know, one word: grapevine!) the last thing you want is people you know watching you through that little glass window. And conversely, the last thing you want to see is people you know doing that shit. So imagine the absolute horror of seeing a respected idol, one who has enjoyed the fine reputation of bein' baaaaad, doing something as pussy as yoga?

You would think it couldn't get any worse, but then Mike D walked onto the treadmill next to mine. My ass was bouncing up and down from the impact of running on the treadmill—like bouncing in 10 different directions. My hair was really dirty, and it doesn't get oily, you know? It gets dry and split and looks like a blonde Buckwheat. My eyes were puffy from lack of sleep. On top of that, and definitely worst of all, I was doing that annoying thing of mouthing the words to the song in my walkman and staring at every aspect of my person in the mirror while I was running. The song you may ask? FUCKING "Sure Shot." Yeah, I was wishing to just die right there and then. Aha, gentle reader, but then Mike D started up the treadmill. And I haven't been able to listen to "Sure Shot" since. It wasn't like he was a bad runner or anything, but watching the great Mike D's spindly legs running really fast in oversized shorts like a 12 year old in PE class just kinda ruined the whole hallowed concept of the Beastie Boys.

THEN, Mike D ventured into the exercise room where I was stretching. Could I not get any peace? And, playing in my walkman was "Hold It Now, Hit It." I had a 90 minute hiphop mix tape with only two Beastie Boys songs and some marvelous god decided that they should play precisely when I am watching one of my favorite rock stars doing weird jerky arm stretches in the mirror. I suppose the overwhelmingness of it all compelled me to open my mouth. It came out almost in slow motion... "Hey, I'm listening to you right now!" As soon as it came out, I was transported to those good old days of high school—perennial dorkdom. GODDAMN it, what was wrong with me? "I suppose it's better than me listening to it," he smiled back. "Uh-huhh huuhh," my laugh was like Beavis', as I thought about how I listen to my band's music sometimes when I exercise—you know, to make sure the mixes are OK. (James, here is where you insert, "yeah, right.") "Oh," I said, "I suppose that could be embarrassing." Boy was I cool. So now I felt like the biggest asshole in front of a rock star that was doing weird jerky arm stretches in the mirror. MIKE D, GET THE HELL OUT OF MY GYM!!

Mike D, Get the hell out of my gym!!

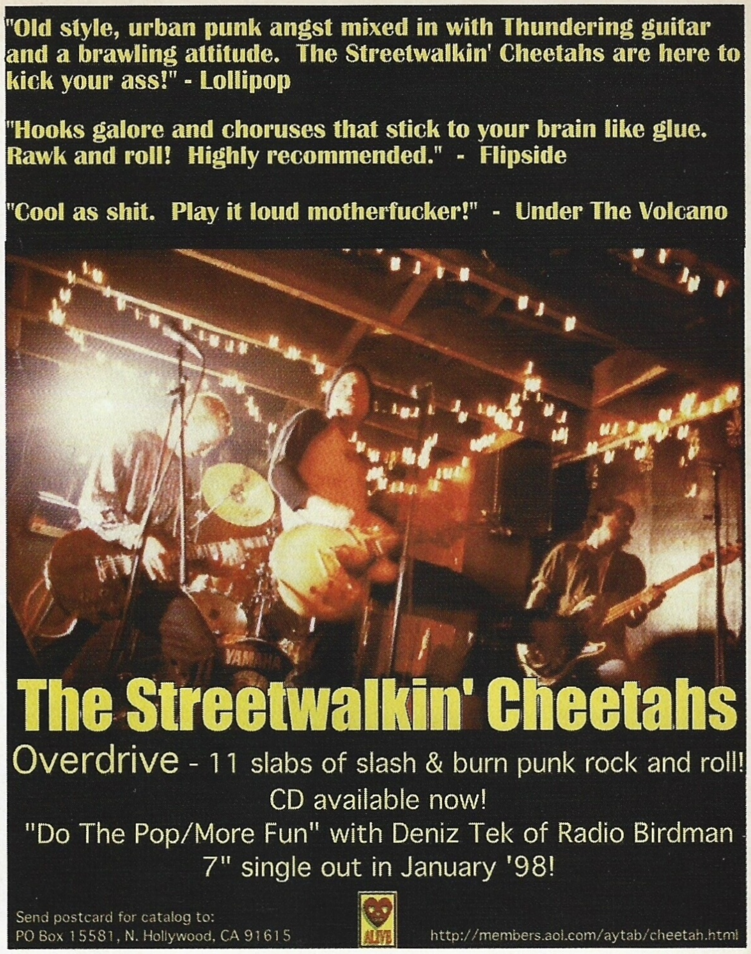
Just a little end note: The next blow came when I was on the ass machine. The one where you have to lift your leg really far behind your butt—well let's just say it's not very pretty. And sure enough, in walks Russell Simmons, the drummer from the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, one of my most favorite drummers. He had on sweatpants, an oversize T-shirt and an oversize belly and was looking around at the equipment, obviously new to the gym. I must now silently pray that Russell Simmons will not be in my step class. Who's next—Iggy, my punk rock idol? Oh wait, I think he belongs to Crunch. ◎



EAT SHIT

MAN'S RUIN RECORDS

GET OUR SORRY-ASSED
CATALOG FOR $1 SASE:
MAN'S RUIN RECORDS
610 22ND STREET #302
SF CA 94107 USA. WE GOT
KOZIK SHITE TOO...



"Old style, urban punk angst mixed in with Thundering guitar and a brawling attitude. The Streetwalkin' Cheetahs are here to kick your ass!" - Lollipop

"Hooks galore and choruses that stick to your brain like glue. Rawk and roll! Highly recommended." - Flipside

"Cool as shit. Play it loud motherfucker!" - Under The Volcano

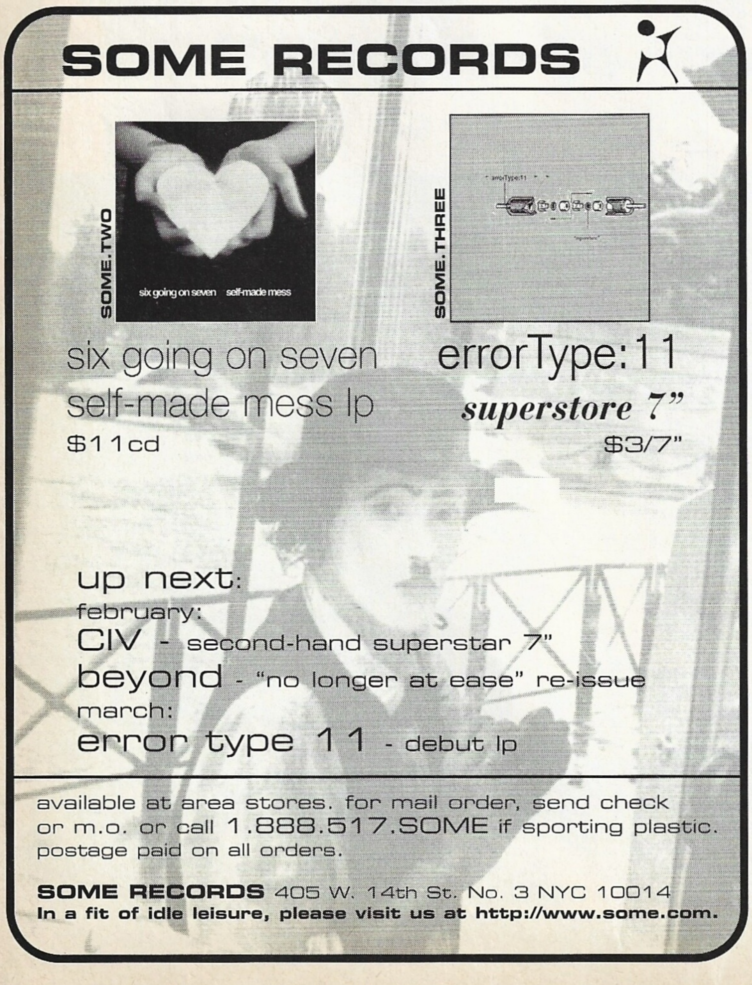
The Streetwalkin' Cheetahs

Overdrive - 11 slabs of slash & burn punk rock and roll!
CD available now!
"Do The Pop/More Fun" with Deniz Tek of Radio Birdman
7" single out in January '98!

Send postcard for catalog to:
PO Box 15581, N. Hollywood, CA 91615

ALIVE

http://members.aol.com/aytab/cheetah.html



SOME RECORDS

SOME.TWO
six going on seven self-made mess

SOME.THREE

six going on seven
self-made mess lp
$11cd

errorType:11
superstore 7"
$3/7"

up next:
february:
CIV - second-hand superstar 7"
beyond - "no longer at ease" re-issue
march:
error type 11 - debut lp

available at area stores. for mail order, send check or m.o. or call 1.888.517.SOME if sporting plastic. postage paid on all orders.

SOME RECORDS 405 W. 14th St. No. 3 NYC 10014
In a fit of idle leisure, please visit us at http://www.some.com.

Tell Us What
You Think...

CALL THE
POPSMEAR
HOTLINE

212-271-5505 X71

Dr. X

When NYC's clean streets send Dr. X to the mean streets, it's time for

The POPsmear Guide to Copping Out (on the Street)

I got my voter registration card in the mail last summer (all hail the Motor Voter Act, the biggest capitulation to Gen X slackers yet) just in time to be a part of the biggest landslide in New York politics in recent memory. I had a hard enough time deciding who I was going to vote for, and all these Big Issues everyone keeps talking about just leave me cold. Schools? I really don't care what they do with those kids all day, as long as they keep them off the streets so they can't mug me. Police brutality? I'm a white guy with a Policemen's Benevolent Association card. It's the least of my worries. Crime? I'm six-one, two hundred pounds, I have expensive locks on my doors and I'm licensed to carry firearms. I tend not to get fucked with.

The only thing that really affects me directly is this Quality of Life Crusade, and the most noticeable positive change it has made in my life is that I no longer have to contend with the squeegee guys. (Someday soon, mark my words, when the squeegee guys are banished for good, people are going to wax nostalgically about the days when you could get your windshield cleaned for a quarter faster than you could get a bagel in Midtown.) And even that campaign has its down side. It was nice to know there was someone so reviled, so persona-non-grata that I could attack them without fear of retribution, someone I could use to vent my frustrations, someone upon whom I could unleash a vitriolic stream of profanity and even follow up with a bip from a nightstick if that's what I felt like. Now I have to contain myself.

And let's not forget that Rudy took away all the porn shops. Some days, an hour spent watching a live sex show was just what the doctor ordered. Just going through the stacks of spank mags on copraphilia, bestiality or pedophilia made me feel that no matter how twisted I thought my fantasies were, they were almost wholesome compared to that shit.

But the thing I'll never forgive Rudy for is taking away my drugs. O Seventh Street Vietnam vet with your delicious bag-in-a-bag, why hast thou forsaken me? 126th Street is out, Washington Street dried up, and all you're going to get out of Washington Square Park is laundry detergent and peat moss. Now, I gotta chase Flaco to Hunt's Point or Jamaica or East New York. I mean, what the fuck? I just wanna get high. Is that a fucking crime? I'm sure many of you overpaid, understimulated downtown types are in the same boat, forced to venture into neighborhoods you never in your life thought you'd go just to cop. They should give out merit badges for being able to score in this environment.

With that in mind, I give to you a glossary of terms you might need in your travels. You're going to be a stranger in a strange land, and if you want to feed your head, you are going to have to speak the lingo. Plus, if you ever decide to give up your job and do what you really want to do, which is being a gangsta rap star, you can combine these words into random phrases and become a lyrical genius.

Bid: time in jail; ex: I caught a bid 'cause I was boosting with a jammi.
Bing: solitary confinement; ex: Raheem got caught with a fat pack in Rikers and now he's doing a bing.
Blue top: a vial of crack; also called red top, black top, etc., depending on which distributor it comes from.
Boosting: shoplifting, usually done to support a habit
The bulls: the police; also called 88, popo and, of course, 5-0
Bundle: ten dime bags of heroin
Butter: good stuff; ex: That shit was so butter, man, it made my dick hum.
Catch a vic: rob someone; ex: I have to catch a vic before I can cop. rel: do a jack move
Chasing the dragon: smoking heroin on tin foil; snorting cocaine and heroin together. (Good for those who want to pull a Belushi but haven't figured out how to get a needle exchange card.)
Chef: Someone who "cooks" cocaine into crack. ex: Leroy did a bid at Rikers, but he came out a mad chef.
Chef Boy-Ar-Dee: a maestro "chef"
Cheeba: marijuana
Chickenhead: blowjob from a hooker
Clickem: A cigarette or joint dipped in embalming fluid and smoked; gives much the same high as PCP.
Coolie: A cigarette that has cocaine mixed in with the tobacco. Knock-off crack for the sophisticated homey.
Cop: the act of buying drugs illegally
Copman: the guy who sells you drugs
Cop spot: where you buy drugs; ex: The bulls came down on my cop spot and now I have to go to Hunt's Point.
Dopefiend move, crackhead move: Doing something stupid and selfish and thinking you're fooling everyone, but you are in fact fooling no one. ex: Borrowing money from a friend to cop but telling him it's for your mom's medicine.
Dopesick: Withdrawing from narcotics. ex: I was so dopesick I resorted to drinking spitback.
Duji: heroin; rel: boy
Fat pack: a bundle of drugs, usually heroin packets
Flaco: The ubiquitous copman, but usually reserved for a seller of crack.
Game: Taking someone for a fool. ex: That punk tried to give me game with that "give me a yard and I'll be back with a fat pack." Done pushed his cap back.
Garbagehead: One who takes any drug put in front of them.
Gank 'em: to rob someone. ex: Let's go gank 'em. He's got mad loot.
G-money: a lot of cash; rel: mad loot
The horrors: withdrawing from alcohol, aka delirium tremens
Hydro: hydroponically grown marijuana; can be used to exaggerate how good regular pot is
It's on: Ready to fight. When you hear this, pull out your jammi or leave quickly.
Jammi: a gun
Jums: crack
Kababa Pink or Creme White Concord: brands of wine that are usually drank while smoking marijuana
The lady: cocaine; rel: girl
Landscaping: Looking for drugs in places like behind the refrigerator or under the rug, while you're jonesing, that in your right mind you know would never produce any product. rel: ghostbusting
On a mission: to do drugs without sleeping until the money runs out
Peeps: People on the street who watch a dealer's back. ex: Yo, peeps, 88, 88. rel: fam
Pound: five dollars; A dove is twenty and a yard is one hundred.
Push his cap back: to shoot one in the head
Quill: a drinking straw cut at an angle and used as a coke spoon
Radioactive: high on crack
Rocks: jail; ex: He got sent to the rocks.
Shorty: either a prostitute or a half-pint of liquor
Skunk: prostitute
Spaceball: a combination of marijuana, crack and PCP
Spitback: Methadone from the clinic that one appears to swallow but turns around and spits back into a cup. It is then sold to junkies needing a cheap fix to ward off the jones.
Stacking: carrying a lot of money
Sucking the glass dick: smoking crack; rel: hitting the pipe
Tossing the salad: Fucking a man in the ass and then following it up with what is usually referred to as feltching; usually done in jail. Some prefer jelly, some prefer syrup. I prefer syrup.
Toys: the paraphernalia used for shooting up; rel: gimmicks
Trees: marijuana
Zootie: PCP

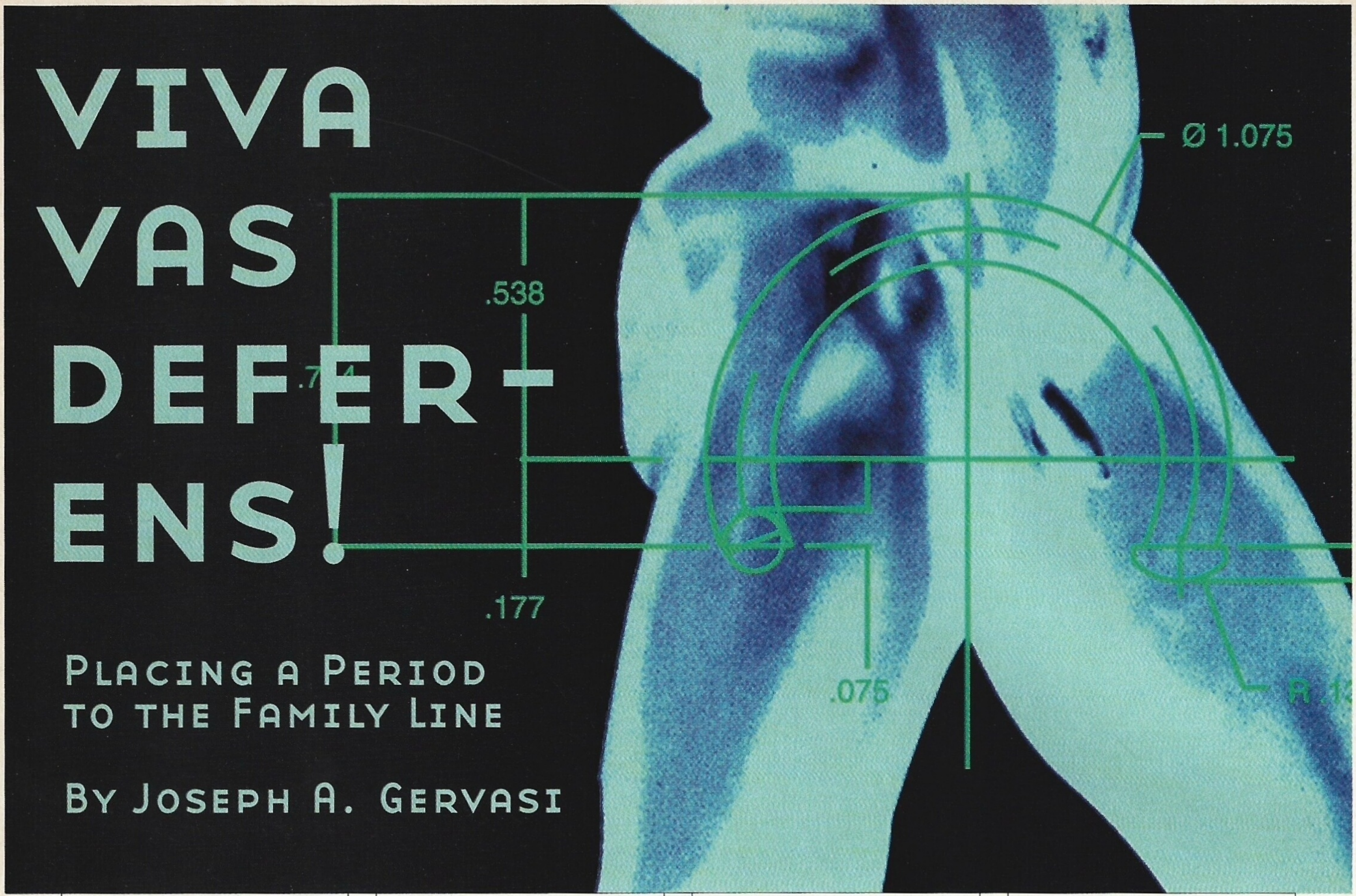
Now that you have the lingo down, here's a couple more tips for scoring among the natives. Flaco's busiest time for crack is from around three to six in the morning, and from about 10 pm to 2 am for heroin. During these times, he is more likely to step on product or sell you a short bag, because he can. So, as with any traveling, plan ahead and fly off-peak. You'll be sure to save. Also, never show Flaco how much you're holding. Take all the money out of your wallet except the drug money and put it in another pocket. If one of Flaco's boys sees you open a wallet with five hundred bucks, you might go from customer to victim very quickly.

One final tip: if this crusade thing goes much further, or if you decide you've gotten mugged one too many times while copping, and you decide sniffing, shooting, or smoking is no longer an option, you'll need a non-chemical substitute for the unnatural neurotransmitter soup of days gone by. Recent PET-scan studies have shown that the following activities alter the brain's functioning in a fashion similar to both cocaine or heroin: reading James Joyce's The Dead or anything by Tom McGuane, going to a Baptist church in Harlem, fucking, pushing on your eyeballs really hard, 16 or more hours of continuous Home Shopping Channel viewing, fasting for longer than one week and watching Ren and Stimpy. If you come up with other things that make you wonder, "was I fucked up, or did just I hold my breath too long?" write us at POPsmear and we will pass them on. And then we can all be happy little munchkins.

VIVA VAS DEFERENS!

PLACING A PERIOD TO THE FAMILY LINE

BY JOSEPH A. GERVASI



Between my legs hangs a object. The object is the size and shape of a baseball. The object is swollen purple-black. This object is my scrotum.

My sack feels like Mr. Ed landed a firm hoof on it with all of his pent-up anger over residual checks never received. In agony I crawl away from the talking bastard and fret over the plum so ripe it looks like it's about to split apart. Who do I have to blame for this? No, not Mr. Ed—me.

I elected to get a vasectomy because it was the natural realization of many of my beliefs. I have, for many years, held the firm belief that humans should not procreate. One need look no further than the clear once-wooded areas making way for cookie-cutter housing developments filled with empty-headed humans to see where I'm coming from. We can pat ourselves on the back for unbreathable air, genocide of flora and fauna, ozone layer depletion, oil spills, and frenzied consumerism. Look into your neighbor's face and feel the absolute stupidity they cherish as their finest God-given gift. This is your race, and given your own self-destructive, careless way of living, you ain't looking so good yourself.

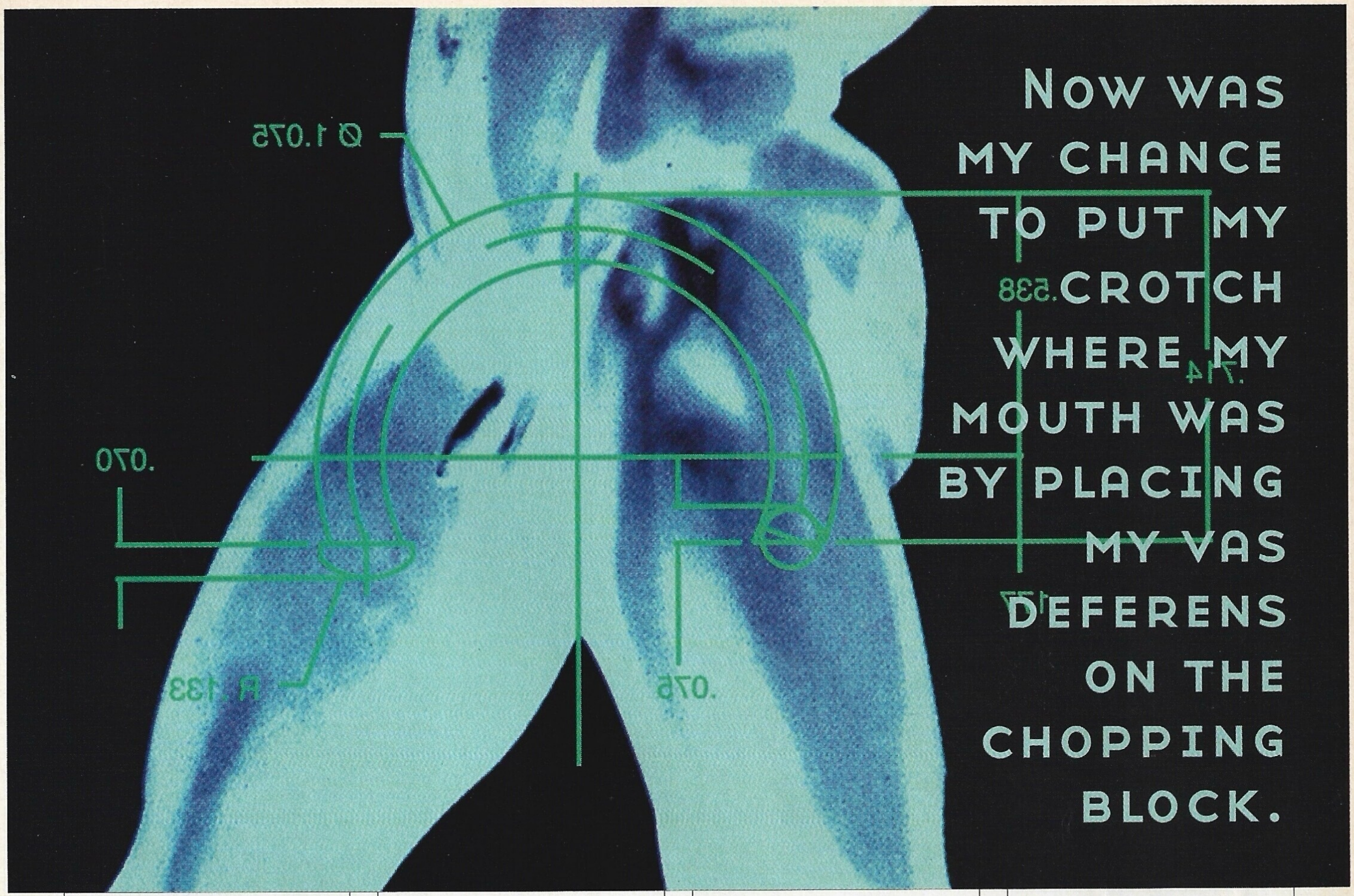
Knowing that my genes are not worth the jungle juice they came in on, and that as a father I would inspire greatness like Hitler inspired conversion to Judaism, I decided to put a period to the end of the Gervasi line. Sure, the sun won't be as bright in a future world devoid of little Gervasi-lings, but at least the little bastards don't have to worry about dangerous ultra-violet rays.

Now was my chance to put my crotch where my mouth was by placing my vas deferens on the chopping block. I couldn't find a private urologist who would perform the procedure on one so young, white, and without children. I think they thought I wanted a license to fuck indiscriminately without fear of impregnating my partner(s).

I thank sweet baby Jesus everyday for Planned Parenthood, one of the finest institutions in our country. I talked to a counselor there, explaining very rationally my multitudinous reasons for wanting to undergo the procedure. She stressed that the operation could not be "undone" later in life. It was this permanency that appealed to me the most. Like the tattoos I wear, it's the fact that the procedure is for life (like so few other things that I could invest money in) that made me feel like I was doing the right thing. Satisfied that I was sane, the counselor gave me the thumbs up. My sperm shooting days were numbered.

I must admit I was somewhat nervous in the weeks leading up to the procedure. It wasn't so much the pain I feared, but the thought that the sensation of orgasm might not be the same or that the *ex post facto* feelings would be pure agony.

On the day of the procedure, I shaved my balls for the first (and hopefully last) time. The act of putting a razor over the jewels was stressful enough, but knowing that my scrotum would be cut open in a few hours made it hard (*ahem!*) for me to jerk out the sperm sample I needed to bring with me. Once I did get my juice into a baby food jar (no irony intended), I labeled it: "Warning: Sperm Enclosed" and drew the little guys over the label. The nurse seemed to like that.



NOW WAS MY CHANCE TO PUT MY CROTCH WHERE MY MOUTH WAS BY PLACING MY VAS DEFERENS ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK.

At Planned Parenthood, I was subjected to Jim Carrey's antics in *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*, which was certainly a fate worse than castration. At length, I went through with the procedure with virtually no pain (except for the sight of the doctor bringing the needle bearing the general anesthetic down to my scrotum). A small incision was made in the center of my scrotum. There a chunk of the vas deferens was chopped out, sewn up, and cauterized (I could smell my burning sperm-tube as I lay upon the table). The incision was so small that no stitches were necessary. The doctor told me I was the youngest person he had ever performed a vasectomy on, as well as the only one who didn't squirm or complain about the pain.

Once I hobbled home, I spent three hours with an ice pack on and off my scrotum. I felt minor discomfort, but no great pain. With a dressing over my nuts, I had no idea what was brewing down there.

I woke up the next morning to find the aforementioned bruised baseball between my legs. As shocking as it was to see it there, I expected something like that to turn up, as the counselor and doctor told me some swelling and discomfort was to be expected.

My balls and I laid low that day, as per the doctor's orders. The next day, however, was a horror film convention that I go to twice a year, and even though I was told to take it easy for three days after the operation, I went ahead and walked around there all day. Big mistake.

Since my hacky sack was so huge, I had to walk funny. In changing my gait to that of a gorilla (or most gangstas), I must have pulled a muscle in my groin. On the day after the convention, my agony was so intense I could not walk, stand or even sit. Like a cheap whore, I would spend the next few days on my back with my legs spread. Unfortunately, I had no crack to take my mind of the testicles of agony.

I think I have the groin problem licked. By taking three hot baths a day, walking as little as possible, and taking *mucho* Ibuprofen, the pain has dulled to a faint throb, the discoloration has faded, and the swelling is going down. After over a week of not ejaculating, I had to, uh, make sure the pipes still worked properly. It was with great satisfaction that I shot one of my last sperm-containing loads across my belly. All systems go!

I hesitated in writing this for I feared I might scare off others interested in undergoing the procedure. After much deliberation, I decided to go with it, as there were too many cheap laughs to be had on my behalf (not to mention a few bad puns along the way).

In all seriousness, though, if I had done as I was told, I wouldn't have had these problems. I could have been in and out, sat about for a few days and gotten back on my feet with only some swelling and discoloration to deal with. A week later I'd be as good as new (which isn't saying much).

Don't let my self-induced pain discourage you, men. Procreation is not assurance of immortality, it's assurance of the earth's—as well as all of the non-human life forms that live on it—mortality. Keep it in your pants, in a sheath or lay it on the table. Anyway you choose: you father, we lose.

SHIP HAPPENS

by Greg Barbrick

Loose lips don't sink ships, drunken captains do. These professional ass-kissers spend their entire lives sucking up to corporate bigwigs until they are finally rewarded with the big chair. Then all hell breaks loose. The yuppie captains suddenly think they are the manliest of men, modern day Bluebeards or something. Fake machismo oozes as they head to the galley shouting, "Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum!" After two shots they see an iceberg and decide to ram it, killing themselves and most of the passengers. What a bunch of candy-asses! You know why you have never heard of pirate shipwrecks? Because real pirates can handle their liquor! They wouldn't waste their time trying to outsmart icebergs and rocks the size of North America. They were too busy raping and pillaging. Like everything else in life, shipwrecks can be reduced to the Shat factor. If William Shatner had been captain of the Titanic or the Poseidon, things would have been a lot different. With that in mind, *POPsmear* salutes the original disaster flicks.

> Shat would have done the right thing here by feeding Richard Dreyfuss to the shark, saving the world from a bottomless pit of crappy movies.

THE ORCA

Salty sea dog Captain Quint meets his match with Dick Dreyfuss and a fella we have come to know and love as Jaws. Mr. Holland and the town sheriff hire the Orca to take on this killer shark, and Quinto gets a kick out of making them puke out in the ocean. I think he is drunk on past buggery, because he sure is an ass. Eventually they find Sharky, and things don't go well for Quint. Jaws starts ripping up the boat, and in the best scene in the movie he munches the captain down like a Big Mac. Dreyfuss is worried. The ship is sinking, and he is filming *The Goodbye Girl* in two weeks. Risking it all in a shark cage made out of cardboard, Big Dick goes into the drink, drops the poison hook, then pollutes the ocean with his own piss when Tooth Tooth comes a-knockin'. Topside, Chief Brody manages to blow up our finned hero and fish guts fill the screen, preparing Dreyfuss for those nauseating love scenes he will soon be filming with Marsha Mason.

Year: 1975
Captain: Quint
Movie: *Jaws*
Shat Factor: Shat would have done the right thing here by feeding Richard Dreyfuss to the shark, saving the world from a bottomless pit of crappy movies.

S.S. MINNOW

This is the strangest shipwreck ever. What was a little trout boat doing out in the middle of the ocean in the first place? And what kind of karmic debt did Skipper Jonas Grumby owe to be saddled with a first mate like Gilligan? They and five of the weirdest passengers known to man set out on a three hour tour from Hawaii. The weather started getting rough, and the tiny ship was tossed. The ship set ground on an uncharted desert isle, where it remained for 15 years! We have all wondered why the Professor could fashion a nuclear reactor out of a coconut but couldn't patch a boat. But my question is how did guys like Don Rickles and singing sensations the Mosquitoes find them? And what about sex? Even the married Howells slept in separate (but equal) beds. Granted, if my wife looked like Lovey I would probably need my space, but this was Jim Backus for crying out loud. We all have a pretty good idea of why the Skipper and Gilligan slept in the same hut, but what about the Professor? He had it made. He could get naughty with Ginger, and nice with Mary Ann. He was so smart he was able to make the rhythm method work for a lifetime. Either that or he fashioned condoms out of bananas. In any case, I wish I was him.

Year: 1964
Captain: Jonas Grumby
Movies: *Rescue From Gilligan's Island, Castaways On Gilligan's Island, The Harlem Globetrotters On Gilligan's Island*
Shat Factor: With The Shat as Captain, the only thing on the Minnow going down would have been Ginger on him.

JUBILEE-SOUTHERN CROSS

Greed, lust, pirates, a two-timing bimbo and John Wayne drunk on the whole combination, plus a little sherry. Could you ask for anything more out of a Cecil B. DeMille picture? Why of course you could! In the classic *Reap The Wild Wind* we get all of this fun, plus two shipwrecks and a giant squid! In typical kitchen sink fashion, DeMille piles everything he can into this flick, the plot of which could be summarized in one sentence: Duke Wayne loses it over a chick, then deliberately sinks his own ship. But who cares about the story, we're here for the wrecks and the giant squid—and they do not disappoint. The squid is straight out of HR Pufnstuf, and puts up a mean battle with Bad Capt. Wayne and Good Ray Milland (surprisingly sober after *The Lost Weekend*). When Octopussy inks ol' Rooster Cogburn, it is one of the greatest money shots of all time.

Year: 1840
Captain: John Wayne
Movie: *Reap The Wild Wind*
Shat Factor: Ludicrous. Could you imagine Kirk smashing the Enterprise into some planet because Yeoman Rand told him to buzz off? The Shat Factor here is simple, pass on this role and let McQ make an ass out of himself.

THE POSEIDON

In the case of the Poseidon, Captain Leslie Nielsen was drunk on wimpiness. The new owner of the ship wouldn't let anything as silly as a giant reef just below the surface of the ocean spoil his plans, so he orders our hero to proceed through at top speed. Nielsen

gazes intently at his shoes and mumbles, "You irresponsible bastard." Then he does what he was told. Before you can say "Part Deux," the ship is wrecked, and it is up to Sir Gene Hackman to get everyone to safety. The great thing about the Poseidon was that it capsized, so everything is upside-down. Only the true believers who follow Gene are saved—and not even all of them. Roddy "Cornelius" McDowell loses it on a ladder, and Shelly "I Did 'Em All" Winters cashes in after one too many swims around the caviar dish.
Year: 1972
Captain: Leslie Nielsen
Movie: *The Poseidon Adventure*
Shat Factor: When Irwin Allen says that Shelly Winters is part of the project, our hero takes a leave of absence.

EXXON VALDEZ
It's hammered time! Captain Joseph Hazelwood likes to drink, I mean he really likes to drink. He's skippering this boat the size of Manhattan through icebergs and sea caves in Alaska, and he gets so loaded he goes into his quarters to pass out. The dude got a rude awakening when his equally wasted crew cracked up their large play-toy. In the past, Capt. Hazyvision always got off with a little slap on the wrist—at the time of the wreck his driver's license was revoked for drunk driving—for the third time! But his car didn't happen to be carrying 50 million gallons of oil at the time like his boat was. After a few hundred thousand oiled ducks, seals, fish and birds washed up on the beaches, Captain Drunk was fired.
Year: 1989
Captain: Joseph Hazelwood
Movie: *Dead Ahead*
Shat Factor: Are you kidding? William Shatner can outdrink any living thing, man or beast. He consumed gallons of Romulan Ale and never passed out. Besides, what does it matter when you have Samurai Sulu at the helm?

THE TITANIC
The most famous of all shipwrecks, and deservedly so. In this case Captain Smith wasn't drunk on alcohol, he was drunk on power. His ship was the most prestigious ship in the world, on its maiden voyage. His wealthy passengers were the cream of English society, at least on the upper decks. The lower decks were for "the rabble," middle class Joe's whose ticket cost about six month's pay. While mingling with the beautiful people Smith starts sporting wood about how important he is and ignores all warnings of trouble ahead. Nothing will stop his boat from reaching New York on schedule. But there was this iceberg about the size of Antarctica that had different plans. It ripped a gash in the belly of the Titanic about as big as Rhode Island, and all of a sudden the trip wasn't so much fun anymore. When everyone realized what was happening, panic set in—and class warfare broke out. The upper decks were evacuated first, filling the lifeboats. The rabble were left to fend for themselves in the freezing north Atlantic Ocean. They didn't do so well.
Year: 1912
Captain: Smith
Movie: *A Night To Remember*; *Titanic!*
Shat Factor: "Damned if I'll risk the lives of my crew for a pleasure cruise to the North Pole. Sulu, plot a course due south, like to Brazil."

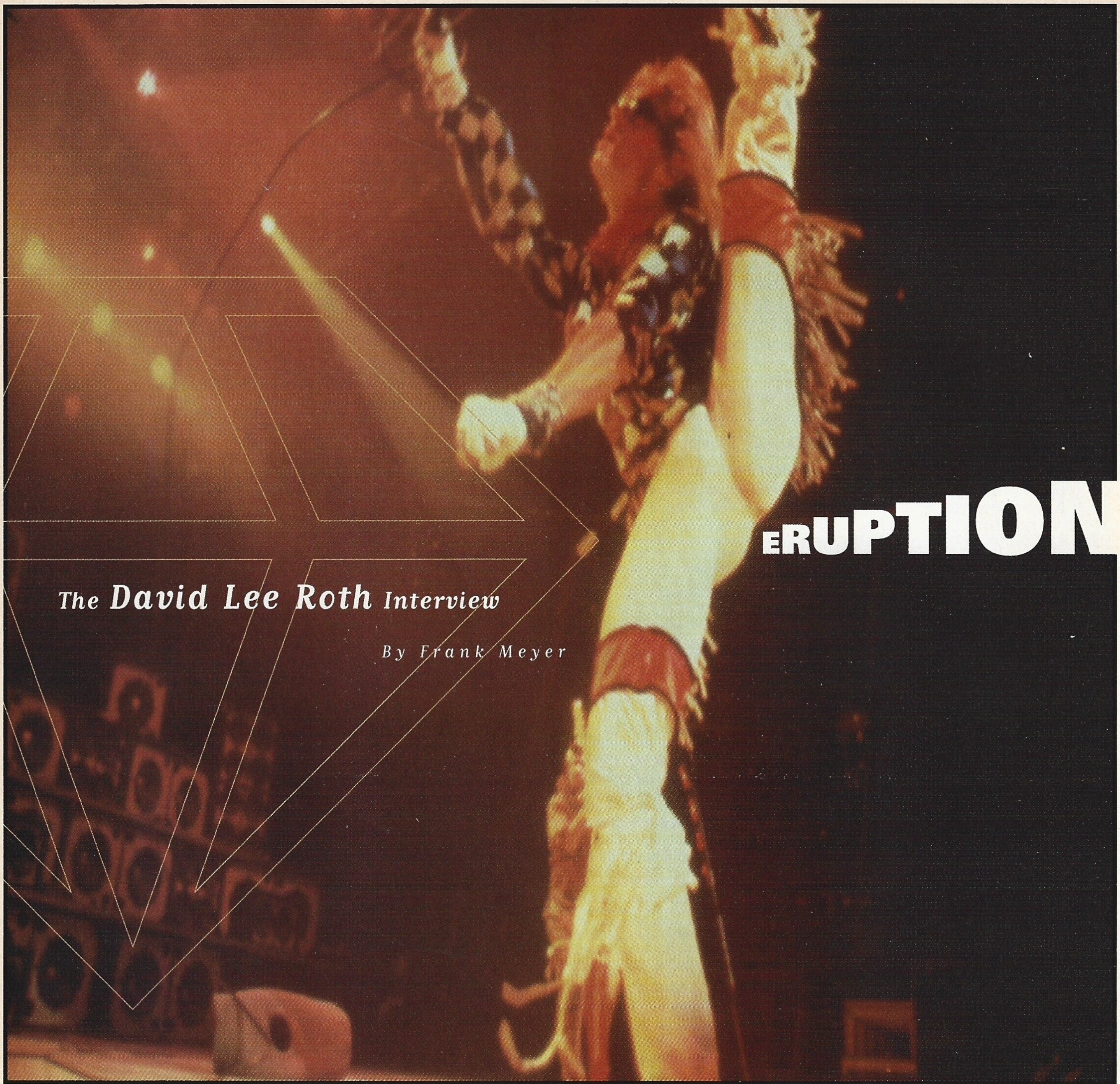
THE PEQUOD
"Better to lie down with a sober cannibal than a drunken Christian," says Ishmael—and he's right. The classic Moby Dick is a story of obsession and insanity on the high seas like no other. Captain Ahab is truly nuts and Gregory Peck is so convincing as him, he made me want to go out whaling. Ahab is possibly the one man who could kick Kirk's ass. I mean, who would you root for? A bunch of granola-heads out to save the whales in *Star Trek IV*, or the grizzled Ahab, who sports a peg-leg carved out of whale bone, and devotes his entire life to killing the biggest one of all. It's great when Moby smashes up the Pequod, because in the movie version it looks like the ship is being flushed down the toilet as it goes down. When the dead Ahab, strapped to the whale, seems to motion the crew to follow him, and they do, you know you have found the essence of this story: they're all drunken Christians.
Year: 1840
Captain: Ahab
Movie: *Moby Dick*
Shat Factor: Not even the Shat could become this politically incorrect. We nominate Ahab to become grand poobah of Starfleet.

GHOST
Captain Wolf Larsen was the meanest son of a bitch San Francisco had ever seen, at least until Bill Graham came along. It's too bad Larsen wasn't around in the Sixties to keelhaul those damned hippies, but he didn't make it. He was a salty old pirate whose ship, the Ghost, was hunted down like a rabid dog. His own brother did him in, but not before some fine cruelty took place on board this ship from Hell. First they rammed a weenie ferryboat that was in their way. That move brought an infusion of new blood, a writer and a wench. Then they took their new recruits on a cruise they would never forget. The writer was some namby-pamby ass who probably suffered through much friggin' in the riggin', but the chick was a beautiful escaped con, just the thing for this boat. The fact that she wound up on a deserted island with one of the other jailbirds was perfect, their story could have been called *The Black and Blue Lagoon.*
Year: 1900
Captain: Wolf Larsen
Movie: *The Sea Wolf*
Shat Factor: One chick, 40 men and Edward G. Robinson as Captain. Why didn't the big E wind up with her? Simple, he forgot his tried and true date bait, a grapefruit to smash into her face. Shat would have replicated a dozen and used them all.

THE ARGO
The Greeks had it all figured out a long time ago, and I ain't talking about how to spice up a marriage once the missionary position becomes old hat. No, these fellows did something unheard of in shipwreck lore—they actually repaired their freaking ship! When they meet up with Greek god Talos, a great big Godzilla-sized bronze statue, who beats the shit out of them and their boat, Jason does the only thing he can. He asks his Goddess Hera—who has a thing for white mortal trash—what to do. She points out Talos' Achilles' heel, which in this case bleeds hot, molten bronze. The big guy falls, and the Argonauts then set about fixing their ship, which will eventually take them to find the Golden Fleece. Jason meets Medea, who betrays her own people out of lust for him, and leads him to his prize. Of course he still has to kill the seven headed Hydra, and wage a sword battle against skeletons, but hey, it's love dammit!
Year: 500 BC
Captain: Jason
Movie: *Jason And The Argonauts*
Shat Factor: The blueprint for *Star Trek*. There was no enemy too powerful for Kirk that did not have an Achilles heel in the form of a traitorous woman, who always helped the Shat. He was Jason in outer space, and he wouldn't have changed a thing.

THE DORF
The legendary Tim Conway gives it his all as Dorf, the thinking man's Gump. In this hour-long romp aboard his fishing boat, Dorf teaches valuable lessons on life, love and yes, even fishing. When he hooks the seat of his pants with a fishing lure, hilarity ensues. Similar wackiness erupts when he drops his keys into the lake. But the grand finale of Timmy the C accidentally wrecking his floating palace ranks among the finest moments in filmed entertainment. Fans of Rue McClanahan take note—Dorf kinda looks like her.
Year: 1990
Captain: Dorf
Movie: *Dorf Goes Fishing*
Shat Factor: I get wet just thinking about an actor of the Shat's caliber portraying Dorf. But even if he wouldn't go for the Dorf part, how about *Shat Goes Fishing*? Or maybe *Shat On Golf*? He could even do a potty-training video for the little ones: *Shitting With Shat.*

"It is not necessary to change. Survival is not mandatory."—W. Edwards Deming 33 YOU AREN'T HERE POP 14



ERUPTION

The David Lee Roth Interview

By Frank Meyer

'Diamond' David Lee Roth: the very utterance of his name conjures up images of a blond-maned, spandex-clad rock warrior, strutting the world's stage in buttless chaps, a strategically ripped '84 tour shirt, a legion of scarves and bandanas, with a bottle of Jack Daniels in one hand, a fully hootered babe in the other, and a herd of sunglass-wearing midgets by his side.

A couple of years ago, when Dave was strutting his stuff in Las Vegas, I heard destiny calling. Being in a band myself, it seemed obvious that it was my duty to attend as many shows as possible to learn the finer points of showmanship from the master frontman himself. So I packed my bags, quit my day job, and headed to the glitterdome that is Las Vegas with the hopes of picking up just a smidgen of what Dave had to offer. As far as I was concerned, this was a high point in his career (and mine). Here was a man who was born to play Vegas.

But the critics were not so kind. Basically, everyone and their mother was slamming Dave. Those bastards! Why couldn't they understand his genius!?!

After an unfortunate career-halting performance on **The Tonight Show**—where Mr. coke whore himself, Robin Williams, even had the audacity to hurl a barb or two his way—Dave was hitting a low point. Or at least that's what those commies in the media would have had you believe! I thought Dave was rockin'! So I did what any artist does in the face of desperate times. I put pen to paper! I wrote, along with another Roth-supporting scribe, a glowing review of Dave from his show-stopping performance at the MGM Grand and hailed him as the true King that he is! Within a month of hitting the streets, we received a call from The Great One's manager, Eddie Anderson, praising us on our work and commending us on sticking with Dave in a time of need. Two years later, this proved to be my E ticket to glory.

Knowing that Dave had a new greatest hits album on the way, appropriately titled **The Best**, and a new tell-all book, **Crazy From The Heat**, I decided to approach **Popsmear** about doing an interview with The Man on behalf of their fine magazine. Before I could finish a sentence, editor at large Troy Fuss hollered, 'Hell yes, you little puke, you get the interview and you've got yourself a cover story.' He proceeded to update me on the fine etiquette of the **Popsmear** interviewing procedure, ending with a firm, 'Don't fuck it up, Meyer!'

With Troy's inspiring words echoing in my brain, I decided to go about it the 'official' way. After a call to Dave's publicist, I was told I could get a phone interview for half an hour. Yes! It couldn't get any better than this! But wait, fair reader, because this little dreamer was about to embark on a lot more than what we in the industry call a 'phoner.' Not two days passed before I was summoned to Lord Eddie Anderson's Hollywood condominium and told, due to the previous article from the Vegas era, I was being granted an in-person interview with the 'Full Bug' himself at a local strip joint. Wow! My heart raced, my eyes palpitated, my groin shifted...er, I mean...well, you understand. Anyway, after a barrage of phone calls, and date/time changes, I was told it would be on a Friday night, we would meet at the Sunset Marquee Hotel for drinks, then head to the world famous gentleman's club Crazy Girls for tits! Wow! Booze and dames with Diamond Dave. Fuck yeah! I was stoked!

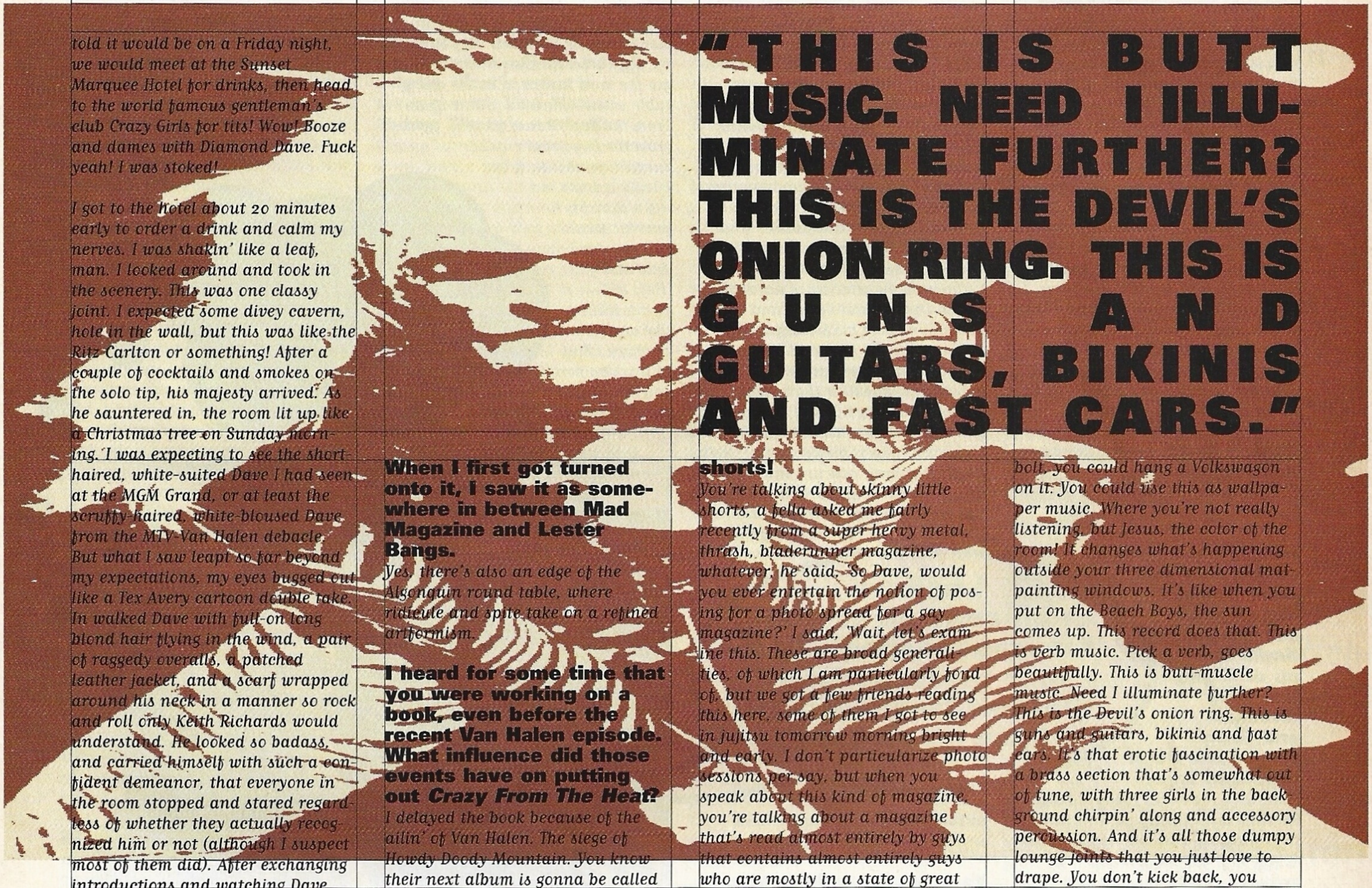
I got to the hotel about 20 minutes early to order a drink and calm my nerves. I was shakin' like a leaf, man. I looked around and took in the scenery. This was one classy joint. I expected some divey cavern, hole in the wall, but this was like the Ritz Carlton or something! After a couple of cocktails and smokes on the solo tip, his majesty arrived. As he sauntered in, the room lit up like a Christmas tree on Sunday morning. I was expecting to see the short-haired, white-suited Dave I had seen at the MGM Grand, or at least the scruffy-haired, white-bloused Dave from the MTV-Van Halen debacle. But what I saw leapt so far beyond my expectations, my eyes bugged out like a Tex Avery cartoon double take. In walked Dave with full-on long blond hair flying in the wind, a pair of raggedy overalls, a patched leather jacket, and a scarf wrapped around his neck in a manner so rock and roll only Keith Richards would understand. He looked so badass, and carried himself with such a confident demeanor, that everyone in the room stopped and stared regardless of whether they actually recognized him or not (although I suspect most of them did). After exchanging introductions and watching Dave signal Eddie to slip his driver a hundred spot, we hit the couch for the much anticipated showdown. It went like this...

So where ya livin' these days, Dave?
I ping pong between wherever, whatever is required for what I do as an artist. For example, if I want the legal firm to move with all the lightning speed of a glacier, I come to Los Angeles. If I would like to order super size number two Happy Meals with a cheeseburger and small fries, but I'd prefer to receive it long after my clothing's gone out of style, I go to Florida. And if I want to make fun of everybody who goes to either of these places, well, I go to New York. New York City is the critical capital of merriness in the entire United States, that's why I adore being part of it. My first time was in the Fifties, and I was jetsetted into the nerve center of a gangland stronghold, as per my bohemian aunt and uncle, and developed the fine art of ridicule. I was in New York when I picked up **Popsmear**, probably a month before all of this came to be. And I said the same as when I discovered Howard Stern in the back of a Pakistani taxi...well, the taxi wasn't from Pakistan, but the pilot was. So, evidently, was the hydraulic system! Nevertheless, I determined instantly I had to be part of this!

When I first got turned onto it, I saw it as somewhere in between Mad Magazine and Lester Bangs.
Yes, there's also an edge of the Algonquin round table, where ridicule and spite take on a refined artformism.

I heard for some time that you were working on a book, even before the recent Van Halen episode. What influence did those events have on putting out *Crazy From The Heat*?
I delayed the book because of the ailin' of Van Halen. The siege of Howdy Doody Mountain. You know their next album is gonna be called *Oh, You Miss Him Too?* Either that or they're gonna have to figure out an acronym for 'Oops, we fucked up the last decade!' The book was entirely done and had been proofread and edited many months before the debacle to follow. The only new chapter is 'Reunion Blues,' and what a smear of daytime psychology blowfish shit across my beautiful pristine graffiti wall. People say, 'How long did it take you to write this book, Dave?' Well, 42 fuckin' years! Thanks for nothing, Ed! We're not exactly talking Von Dutch here in terms of racing stripes! I do feel, however, that the only person who could possibly play me effectively, should they design to manufacture a movie based on this book, would be Jim Brown! A little spin there, but that's why you hire me.

At one point I heard that Henry Rollins' company was going to put out the book.
Yes, Henry was involved and we were going to do it with his book company under all of his auspiciousness, but Henry got caught up in the Dreamworks schism. He had a whole new record and the whole push from the brand new company and he went out to conquer the whole world and then some—and barefoot!



"THIS IS BUTT MUSIC. NEED I ILLUMINATE FURTHER? THIS IS THE DEVIL'S ONION RING. THIS IS GUNS AND GUITARS, BIKINIS AND FAST CARS."

Wearing skinny little shorts!
You're talking about skinny little shorts, a fella asked me fairly recently from a super heavy metal, thrash, bladerunner magazine, whatever, he said, 'So Dave, would you ever entertain the notion of posing for a photo spread for a gay magazine?' I said, 'Wait, let's examine this. These are broad generalities, of which I am particularly fond of, but we got a few friends reading this here, some of them I got to see in jujitsu tomorrow morning bright and early. I don't particularize photo sessions per say, but when you speak about this kind of magazine, you're talking about a magazine that's read almost entirely by guys that contains almost entirely guys who are mostly in a state of great undress, right?' He said, 'Yes.' I said, 'Well doesn't that describe your magazine?' Ha Ha! I know how to get out of anything.

When you put together your greatest hits record you obviously included all of the actual singles and hits, but how do you decide what other tracks to put on?
I remember shoplifting records at a very early age and always having to lift the tone arm over the ballad and the one about the relationship and so on. I don't wanna listen to the song about tuning the car, I wanna hear the song about crashing the car. Or at least driving it to a good liquor store robbery! So I cut off all the fat, loaded it with sugar, and then I'm a millionaire! You know soon we're gonna get to the 'So Dave, you're a relationship god' question, right? Same thing, fat free, loaded with sugar! Who do you wanna date? I'm Toastmaster General of the Immoral Majority. Our motto is 'Don't piss me off,' okay? You take me along to any great adventure, or celebration in the name thereof, for speed, dash and general insecurity. You need one of me in every great band, every rag tag army, as all the great armies have been. And this portion of this evening's program is built tough that way. If this was a bolt, you could hang a Volkswagon on it. You could use this as wallpaper music. Where you're not really listening, but Jesus, the color of the room! It changes what's happening outside your three dimensional mat-painting windows. It's like when you put on the Beach Boys, the sun comes up. This record does that. This is verb music. Pick a verb, goes beautifully. This is butt-muscle music. Need I illuminate further? This is the Devil's onion ring. This is guns and guitars, bikinis and fast cars. It's that erotic fascination with a brass section that's somewhat out of tune, with three girls in the background chirpin' along and accessory percussion. And it's all those dumpy lounge joints that you just love to drape. You don't kick back, you drape. It is all of those marvelous black soul tunes where you knew it was the ninth take and it was always a one take situation, and you hear 'em strangling for the note. That! But those by and large are vacations for me. To do Las Vegas, that's a vacation. Some of the good ones, they take three, four months.

That was something I wanted to ask you about. In your book, you mention you thought it might take two or three years of playing Vegas to really break through. At that point in your career were you really willing to spend

that much time to try to make it in Vegas?

Oh no. I was doing what in the South is called 'trying to pass.' I figured there was some sliver of hip in Las Vegas. It turns out you're more than likely to see a three times normal size stuffed bunny or Barney walking past the slot machines than you are to see somebody with a martini glass and a lit non-filtered cigarette. After extensive medical testing since that adventure it turns out conclusively that I do not have the Wayne Newton chromosome. I thought, Las Vegas, this was a city built by gangsters. The proletariat working man's vision of the future. It is one of two cities that has a comprehensive architectural design for the entire city. The only other city in history like that is Versailles. What we have now is major corporate concern. Boards of directors trying to figure out what the other guys think they should be. I always caution young musicians against spending your brief, marvelous and colorful time and talent trying to be what you think other people want you to be. Now you can take all of the most marvelous, brillianteen colors of the spectrum and mix them all together, what do ya get? Bleach! But Sarge, I mixed captain orange, incandescent yellow, and Day-Glo pink, and we shoulda got a horse of a different color, or at least something on par with Harold Arlen and **Wizard Of Oz**. All we got was Bleach! Ha Ha!

There's been some rumors floating around...

Ooohhh, good. I'd just like to answer this right off the bat: probably.

People have been saying that you were putting the original *Eat 'Em And Smile* line up of Steve Vai, Billy Sheehan, and Greg Bissonette back together. True?

What is in the works today is Billy Sheehan is definitely in. He's looking to go hunting. Carmine Appice is definitely in. I got Erwin Musper. He produced and piloted and engineered everybody from Bryan Adams to the last couple of Van Halen records. Sonically, not spiritually. I'm in charge of Zen quotient. And a soon to be announced guitar player. Oh my god, incandescent sound. He just fills the room with ambition, and torque, and belligerent enthusiasm, and enthusiastic belligerence. He's been trying to get with me for three years. He farm teamed somewhere. Boy, does he have an overhand right. And the skies are full of spinning, whirling steel. Duck! Joking. Ha Ha! Yes, this is my driving gear. Rock, hard rock. Big rock.

Is this being put together for a new David Lee Roth solo record?

This is the David Lee Roth super band. This is a return to what I've always done best. I'm a one trick pony, Frank. Everything else that I do, writing books, doing interviews, is in support of my jones. Visualize the surf guy who lives in a tent by the North Shore so he can surf the 40 footers and now and then you'll see... (I wave some of my cigarette smoke away from him) No, don't blow the smoke away. Get it right in there, Frank. This is not steak. I'll kick your ass, Frank! Ha Ha. Maybe this will be a two-part! I never did get that. The whole rock stars calling each other out. The violence and everything and Eddie Van Halen constantly calling me out, screaming into a camera lens from three thousand, two hundred and twenty six miles away, 'I'm gonna kick you in your nuts! You better wear a cup. You better watch your balls.' This causes me to ask, Frank, because we're talking to a very articulate magazine here, with an articulate audience readership, and an entirely articulate interviewer here. What kind of balls is he imagining? What kind of testicles are haunting Eddie Van Halen's sleep? Are these giant turbo-prop monster truck nards that smash Chevies and Buicks and are now rolling over his front gate right now up there at 5150 and crushing his designer sports car and the family pet as it squeals a short, brief, glorious warning? Or are these highly trained, super-mobile, small, but highly maneuverable Belgian assault nards that even now are swarming under the gates and are about to sail into the nerve center of the gangland stronghold! The mind fairly reels, sire.

I believe it all adds up to your message, especially if your message is, as mine so frequently is, 'I have no message.'

Yeah, you're talking about a guy with a busted hip. So when he talks about kickin' nuts, he's talking about a hip replacement, a whole operation...

Oh god, for a long time I thought I was the 'hip' replacement! Shit, 'til he gets a hip replacement my sister could kick his ass in a street fight. I have never grown up to that. All my martial experience was because I was a product of interracial bussing and it was almost a prerequisite for both sides. Nevertheless, nobody ever said Jimi Hendrix, great left. Right? History for all the wrong reasons. That's why I'm here.

In the book you speak of all your various travels around the world. What correlation do you see between the wild of the Amazon jungles and the music industry?

Somewhere between Robert Lewis Stevenson and Jack London, **Treasure Island** and Hunter Thompson's **Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas**, 'I was there and it's all about me,' arrives the Diamond Dave, with a lot of luggage. I don't travel light and I don't jam, Frank. These are challenges that hail back to my early childhood. My first chapter in the book is 'I hurt constantly.' Not a day goes by I'm not in some kind of pain. All of them insignificant dents and bruises and contusions because I learned very early on, way before teenagerhood, that I got the most attention at the dinner table when I came back damaged. From the Pop Warner football field, from the Boy Scout outdoor survival jamboree, from karate lessons, ad infinitum. My parents would rub my shoulders and go, 'Hey, old paint, looks like one for the book.' Still to this day here you are asking me about it, 40 something years later. Seems to be working, Sarge.

After extensive medical testing, it turns out conclusively, that I do not have the Wayne Newton chromosome.

Well, all those trips make for folklore and the fans revel in it.

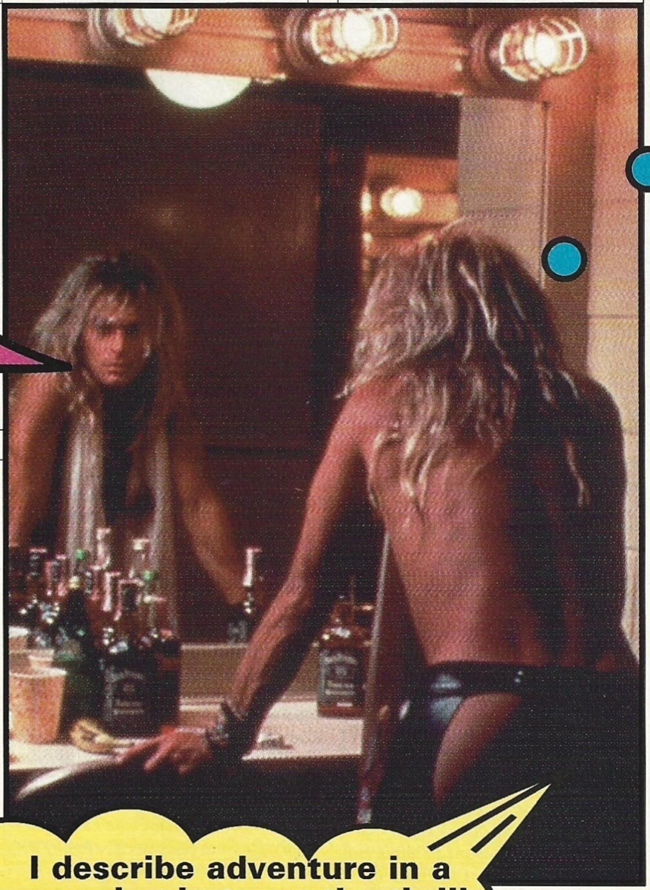
And it ain't adventure until shit rains out of the sky onto your big adventure! Example: Frank, ask me, 'Dave how was your vacation?'

Dave, how was your vacation?

Oh Frank, it was glorious. The plane was comfortable, got along with the little lady marvelously. The food was great, natives were great (snore). Now ask me, 'Dave, how was your vacation?'

Dave, how was your vacation?

I'm glad you asked, Frank. Let me order a drink. Monsoons arrived six weeks early, go figure. Plane crashed. Spent four bad days in customs and my old lady ran off with these three black guys. Now we have an



I describe adventure in a very simple term: the thrill of the unpredictable fetish.

interview! You can picture all of it. You're smiling as you flip the tape 'cause you don't want to miss a syllable. And I don't want to have to add 'miss a syllable' for you. The biggest part of going really far away from home is coming back home. The big return. All of my best stories are horror stories, monster stories, piranha stories, thorax stories. I almost drowned stories. I almost died stories. This is quintessential story telling and I think it's almost a forgotten art, a la conversation. To tell a story. And it is circuitous. We circle back, but how do we deal with certain years without discussing the impact on our culture permanently and indelibly of the '57 Bel Air coupe? You know, half of your **Juxtapoz** magazines are packed with Big Daddy Roth and Von Dutch. And these guys were the first artists. Why cars, Dave? Why cars? I don't own that many. I am not a car collector, but every time you crack a copy of **Big Brother** or **Juxtapoz** there's Von Dutch in his coveralls, covered in paint, wearing a painterly hat and what have you. This is our version of the Left Bank of Paris. These guys walked around without shirts all the time. They lived and starved for it. They were looked upon as infidels and throwaways and outcasts, but what they created has permanently affected our haircuts. I'd rather be the one with the scars than the bars.

What to you is a crazier, more surreal existence, the Amazon or New York?

New York, because in the Amazon you can detail every inhabitant there. You can detail their wiles and wherefores. I can tell you, judging from sound, what's happening, and what's about to happen. You can't do that in New York, which is why I continually return to New York City.

They're always throwing curve balls.

Oh yeah. Just when you thought you'd seen it all here comes a whole 'nother lofts worth. I describe adventure in a very simple term: the thrill of the unpredictable fetish.

That's what was so great about Roth-era Van Halen. The rough edges. You can't polish off the rough edges. That's what's wrong with Van Halen today. There's no balls.

Classic Van Halen made you want to drink, dance and fuck. Current Van Halen encourages us to drink milk, drive a Nissan and have a relationship. And you've always sensed that, 'cause you feel the same way. I'm the most validating guy you could ever want. That's why I'm still in this magazine 20 summers later. Plus, you suspect me of everything, huh? Don't ya? And so do all of you reading this. You can go, 'Diamond Dave? Yeah, he does. You can tell, that's why he sings that way.' So no matter what I admit to, and I admit to a great number of things in my book, it's all totally validated. That's worth the price. The only things that I don't admit to in this epic tome are current with 'everybody got off easy.' So ya all better fuckin' behave. Nobody moves, nobody gets hurt. This is a robbery.

When you recorded the two new songs with Van Halen, were there any other songs that you guys jammed on that were left unfinished? Any outtakes?

Your talent and output as an artist will always be a slave to your character, your personality and your lifestyle. And the Van Halens have changed to a great degree. I love responsibility. I volunteer for everything, but the Van Halens have a tremendous amount of responsibility, and on more than one occasion Ed Van Halen would look off, MTV style, into the past, blink a few dozen times like Oprah and go, 'I hate you. I'm jealous of you.' Why? 'Cause you followed your passions, even when it cost you in record sales. I have always done what I was supposed to do. I always had my brother, an agent, a manager, my brother in law,' and on and on. And I knew that in advance. Storming the Gates Of Leipzig will cost you a lot of your soldiers. Some of it is for valor. Some of it for ambition and imagination. Damn the torpedoes. With Ed Van Halen, it is strategic. It is taking care of responsibilities, which is great. God bless him. Mick seems to have pulled it off, so has Keith. The ultimate pirate. Nevertheless, let's hail back to **Rocky II** and **III**, with Burgess Meredith. Any great fighter, no matter how great you are, you can do 10 percent better with a beanie and a bucket. Smoke lightning and crap thunder. He sits with Rocky in his new Italian suit in his marvelous Mediterranean architectural pallet and says, 'I can't train ya, Rock.' 'Why not, Mick?' 'Cause the worst thing that could happen to a fighter happened to ya. You became civilized.'

Remember 'Eye Of The Tiger' and all of that? I do believe that if you're going to strike the blow, the shot heard 'round the world, you need not be a brillianteen Samurai or a five star general. You follow the story of the little skinny villager who was walking along in the late 1500s near the Osaka Gate outside of the castle in a conical hat and a little diaper who accidentally steps on the scabbard of a Samurai next to him. Which was a great insult. Big time insult, slap in the face. And the Samurai turned to him and said, 'I challenge you to a duel to the death for your disrespect.' And the villager had to accept and he was beside himself. And that night he went to the swordsmith of the village and said, 'What can I possibly do? Can you teach me something with the sword? Can you give me some advice? I'm a farmer. He is somebody who's been swinging around a 14 pound straight razor since he was 16 years old.' And the swordsmith laughed and said, 'Yes, I can teach you two things. First I will show you one cut, because I cannot teach you fencing in one night. One cut only. And then I want you to go home, and as you sleep I want you to get used to the idea that you're a dead man. There is no hope on this Earth for you or even in the next life. Get used to it. All is lost. Not that you are prepared to give up all, but that all is already lost. Then you will have such complete concentration on the one cut I am about to teach you that you have a chance of sending him to Hell as you ascend.' So they worked for 10 minutes, he went home, and got really used to the idea that all was lost. Not that he's prepared to give it up, but that it's gone. And the next day at high noon, he showed up in the village square and held up a sword that was as big as his whole little body. And the Samurai drew his sword eloquently and they locked eyes for 10 minutes and did not move. And after 10 silent, deadly minutes, the Samurai lowered his sword very slowly and said, 'You win. I can see in your eyes and the way that you hold that sword that you are protecting nothing. There is no gap in your defense that I could possibly surge through. Even if I take your head, I'm going to be leaving with you and that is no victory. You win.' That gap in your concentration in Japanese is called 'Suki.' I used to know a stripper from Dallas named Suki, but it was spelled differently. Nevertheless, just as terrifying. When you can take that spirit and pursue your vision, go! Climb the Treasure Mountain and do not return empty handed. This serves as advice to new young artists in any kind of art, poetic, ballet, theater, writing, computer, song, dance, photography. If you can really wake up in the morning with that in your heart, you'll climb the Treasure Mountain. The times that I have failed, and the only real regrets I have are the adventures and love affairs I didn't go after. I was not that little guy. I had fears, distractions, gaps in my concentration. When new artists say to me, 'Dave, how will I know that I've made it?' I tell 'em, 'When you can spell 'subpoena' without thinking about it, you made it.'

There's tons of great unreleased old Van Halen songs from various bootlegs. Were there ever any plans to release this stuff as a box set, or is that now out of the question?

Those were the golden years. The struggle. When all else was put to the side. When I was in classic Van Halen, I was in charge of propaganda. Beautiful thing, all the photos, the rumors, the stage shows, the T-shirts, and on and on. I believe it all adds up to your message, especially if your message is, as mine so frequently is, 'I have no message.' What we got with the last greatest hits from Van Halen, who had a series of other agendas, was a black and white album cover picture of a piece of a guitar. Half of it was some other singer. No video. Had I been in charge, it would have gone something like this: In America, we believe big time in publicizing the shit out of 'we ain't talkin'.' First we make goddamn sure that everybody knows we ain't saying anything. Then we get three jets for each syllable, Van-Ha-Len, and ya gotta line 'em up so that it spells out. We reconnoiter a super studio somewhere tropical, salt water, solar power, fly the entire mad dog and

In walked Dave in a manner so rock and roll only Keith Richards would understand.

THE 5th ANNUAL

NEW YORK UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL

ANTHOLOGY
FILM ARCHIVES
32 SECOND AVE.
(AT 2ND STREET) NYC

MARCH 18-22 1998

NYUFF INFO HOTLINE 212 592★0900

"THE UNDISPUTED KING OF D.I.Y. FESTS!"
★VILLAGE VOICE

PAPER

FILMMAKER
THE MAGAZINE OF INDEPENDENT FILM

the village VOICE

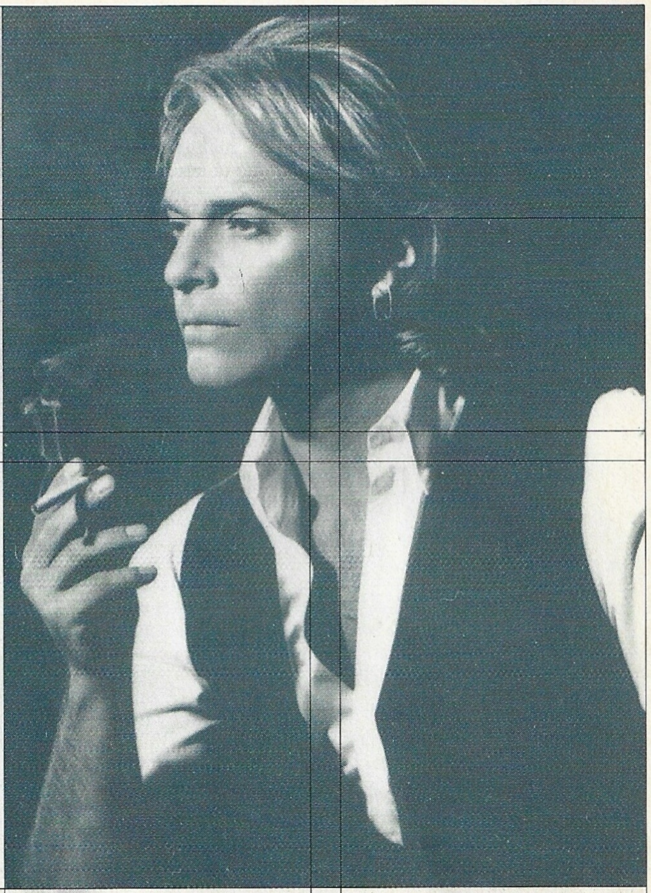
FUSIONIST

...and special thanks to
POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

PICK UP YOUR PROGRAM AT KIM'S VIDEO!

http://www.nyuff.com

Englishman retinue, wives, girlfriends, household pets, favorite paintings, don't pack light. Bring the palm trees, and we'll go get someplace with a vaguely French name like 'mosquito.' We'll spend three months down there, 90 days metric, putting together an entire album and rehearsing said material plus all the classic VH stuff by loading all of this 80 to a 120 person entourage onto between four and seven great, grandiose tall masted sailboats, and touring adjacent islands and playing at thatched roof, propeller in the ceiling bars on Friday and Saturday nights. I would hire the Coen Brothers and Sonnenfeld as our cinematographer to make a documentary with a twist. Build a sub-plot or four or five. Dinners on Friday nights will be replete and complete with 40-plus guests, doesn't include the 120 original members—Quentin Tarantino, Heidi Fleiss...now I'm just going off the top of my head here, this is just the first 38 seconds of recon here. Then it becomes suddenly evident that we must tour. Well, that means we have to rehearse in Paris, London, NY, Miami and LA. Just to get the flavor, because you play like what you ate for dinner. And then we run the band through its paces in the Pacific Rim and South America. And we leak, dribble, ooze and supply the internet with all the most colorful, rumor-mongering, gossip, detailed, tabloidal...'they were chasing him and nine paparazzi were killed in a tunnel.'



I think people were really excited about a Van Halen/Diamond Dave reunion, and really wanted to see it come in with a bang and develop into an album and tour...

And why not? Live it and breathe it because it fuels what you do as an artist. If you hate where you are and you're sitting around on the Island Of Mosquito, 'Awe the fuckin' French. I hate the French.' Great! That comes out in your playing.

If Van Halen were to approach you about getting back together...

Not without a lawyer and a valium!

If they were to come back to you, tails between their legs and say, 'Okay, we fucked up, we've alienated all of our fans, and chose this loser from Extreme. C'mon Dave, let's do a reunion for real.'

Stop! I don't accept 'tails between the legs.' S'cuse me, my knuckles are draggin'. I still read the printed word, especially books. I eat red meat. I drink a strong drink without the ice in it. And I do not come from a smoke free environment. Should anyone approach me with, 'Baaaaa baaaaa' and a tail between their legs, not interested. Somebody comes back to me and goes, 'You heel-rockin', change-fumbling, puss-nutted, no-dick, cock-breath, throwaway fuck up, let's go hunting!' What's happening over there on Howdy Doody Mountain is that there's an ego problem. They don't have one. What kind of animal makes the most angry faces and loudest sound out in the bush? The one that's the most frightened. I have an ego the size of Texas and then some. You need me to sit down and start over again—I don't care how many times you want me to reconvene and be with and break bread with you. Can do! I'm very settled in who I am.

“CLASSIC VAN HALEN MADE YOU WANT TO DRINK, DANCE AND FUCK. CURRENT VAN HALEN ENCOURAGES US TO DRINK MILK, DRIVE A NISSAN AND HAVE A RELATIONSHIP.”

So it would depend on how they came back to you?

Oh Jesus, this band has been at each others throats since before the beginning. Once upon a time, no even before that. And out of this conflict comes marvelous, competitive, flame throwing, hallelujah, dump truck size, Bubba's hot barbecue, Watusi couple number two to the dance floor please. When classic Van Halen is together it's like one person. When I say 'I' in this respect, I mean my whole cadre that I am part of. I'm the tear boss, and I'm a fuckin' lifer.

When you guys got back together was there any point when you just hung out and jammed?

No. And that's why it's so magnificent that the result transcended all of that. It is purely magical to be part of a dynasty. Van Halen, to many people, is equal to what Mick and Keith may be to some people. Page and Plant. Lennon and McCartney. There comes a point in your career if you make it past the requisite three to six years, which if you think about it, Beatles, six years and gone. Hendrix, six and a half, gone. And on and on. There comes a point, if you're lucky, where you enter a pantheon of heroes where you're known for what you've done, not what you're doing now, or what you're going to do in the future. If Beethoven were cryogenically brought back into the market place tomorrow, what would we all want to hear, 'da-da-da-da' (Beethoven's 5th)! When the Three Tenors get together and they surf every wild vocal wave operatically throughout history that you could imagine and then some, what's the encore? 'O Solo Mio!' Ha Ha! When you go to the Stones, what do you want to hear? Play me 'Brown Sugar' and I'll go get a T-shirt. That's Van Halen. And that is part and parcel of when what you do as an entity transcends just music.

"I always pictured Extreme as being short for 'extremely boring.'"

Were you worried when you left Van Halen in '84 that you might not be as successful a solo artist? That the sound of the group might have transcended the talents of any one player?
I had no delusions about that when I left Van Halen. I left for the same reasons that this time occurred. But to start a band from scratch? Oh my god, Frank. Wow! That is something. But I am a team player. Spiritually, critically, I am. I love the responsibility that is labeled onto me because of that, and I love to be able to depend on it, ya know. For me it's not the Dave Roth show. For me, it's back to **The Dirty Dozen** and **The Wild Bunch**. Remember the bald black guy who was a bow and arrow expert? And this one's a sharp shooter...

You got a safecracker...
Right, a computer programmer. That's what I always based it on.

A covert, operative, vigilante, destroy-everything-in-sight team.
And every bit as knuckle dragging and marshall-spirited as all of those movies. When we're through pounding everybody else into oblivion on the Monsters Of Rock Festival, then we'll turn on each other.

Why is it that Michael Anthony is only mentioned in the book like two or three times? Is he, to quote Derek Smalls from *Spinal Tap*, 'like luke warm water'?
I grew up in a family with parents, aunts, uncles, grandparents, etc., who weren't happy unless they were completely miserable. Ed Van Halen and his brother are cut from the same stone. Somebody always has to be under their thumb. Mike Anthony has always played that part because I refused to.

Is he the 'yes man' of the band?
Very much so. He doesn't come from the background of 'I'm not afraid to get in your face.' I been places with my face you wouldn't go with a Glock, okay? My best pal in jujitsu is Greg. Sniper on the Florida Swat Team. 6'4 and huge. He says, 'Hey, ya wanna hear some war stories? Remember that guy who kidnapped the bus load of retarded kids? I'm the one who capped him. Three hundred meters with a Honeywell scope.' And I said, 'What kind of gun did you use?' Michael doesn't have that facility. He doesn't question. Which is great, but you can't school somebody into invincibility. So like the current bass solo where he rolls around on stage and makes like he's a cheetah, I invented that solo for him back in 1980 because he couldn't really play something articulate musically. Which is fine. Never held me up. So I said, 'Okay, now you are a professional wrestler, now you're a machine gunner, now you're a desert rag,' and what have you. But he's always been under the thumb of Ed Van Halen. Now again, I have an immense ego. My whole strategy is based on: I like you. I hope ya love me. I hope ya love everything I do. And this is what I do, Frank. If ya love what I do, tell a friend. If you don't, tell an enemy, 'cause I'm still gonna be here tomorrow.

When you were touring in the Eighties and early Nineties, Extreme opened for you. What was your relationship with Gary Cherone like before the recent chain of events?
I always pictured Extreme as being short for 'extremely boring.' And I describe their music and Gary Cherone's contribution as a condom advertisement, have you read this before? 'Thousands of tiny little notes, urging you to let go with music so thin, you feel like you're hearing nothing at all.' There will always be a Holyfield or a Tyson, but there's only one Mohammad Ali. There will always be a new body building champion, but there's only one Arnold. And there's only one David Lee. I'm the fun in Van Halen, always will be. And I think you can see that now. My belligerent enthusiasm is as optimistic as ever. I'm an optimist. When I go fishin', I take a Nikon and a frying pan.

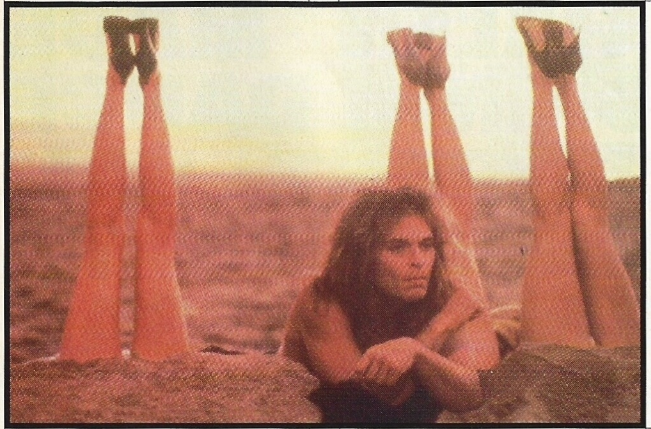
A staple of rock concerts in the Seventies and Eighties was for every musician to take a solo, but the vocalist usually just stuck to fronting the band. You took this to another level on the 1984 tour when you did a sword and streamers dance as your solo section. Where did that come from?
It should look like it sounds. And it should be Esperanto. It should cross all racial, economic and language barriers. When I did the sword routine, that's classic kung fu. Why do I do what I do? Or why do it the way I do it? Well, I've always believed that it should be based on the personality, the character and the musicality of the individual. So I'll use my body language in a variety of ways. And when you do a kung fu form, or even pretend that you're doing a backhand in tennis for the final hit of a song that ends, you can feel it. Twenty thousand heads reflex back. These are ancient art forms. I also believe in the Kabuki method that you should be able to freeze the action at any single point in time and have a perfect photograph. There's no such thing as a bad photo. At any point, transitional or otherwise, even when they're switching the stage set and the curtains. You should be right on. And that doesn't mean that you're always strategizing exactly where you're gonna be. The best photography, according to the great photographer Diane Arbus, always shows the flaw. The guy who gets himself totally fixed up, thinks he's looking sharp, cool and happening, but his pants are four inches too short or the belt shouldn't really be polyvinyl-fluoride. You know what I'm saying? I believe that imperfection, when you are completely immersed in the thing at hand, won't deliver a bad photograph.

I got one more question, and I hope this isn't too weird.
I hope you can catch as good as you can fish!

One of the rumors that have been floating around over the years is that the real reason you left Van Halen is that you had slept with Alex's wife and they kicked you out. Any truth to that?
What it was, was that I kept riffing that Valerie had slept with Schneider!

Any last word for *Popsmear* readers?
Larceny! Somewhere between shoplifting and manslaughter two is larceny! Thins the blood, builds character, keeps the skin looking good.

At this point, we ended the 'official' interview session and headed over to Crazy Girls to enjoy some of Hollywood's finest female attractions. When I entered, Dave, who had arrived before me, had officially draped the room. He was sitting proudly in a back booth with an array of empty shot glasses before him and two strippers next to him performing lap dances on each other! As I entered, he shouted, 'Frank! Hey pal, come over and join the party!' As I approached the beaming, jovial, center of attention that is Diamond Dave, it dawned on me: this was a moment that, in my wildest childhood fantasies, I had never imagined could possibly come true. I had money in my pocket, a whole bar full of booze awaiting my consumption, a bevy of naked women at my disposal and David Lee Roth calling me 'pal.' What more could I ask for? What followed was an evening so far beyond my wildest expectations that I have actually been sworn to secrecy by the powers that be. So I'll just have to let your filthy little imaginations paint the pictures and fill in the blanks. Let's just say that I'll never listen to the song 'Unchained' the same way again. ⊙



THE CONSTANT VIRGIN ACT 1
Sameasyou
Listen...
PETE WEISS
PETE. WEISS
PETE. WEISS
& the Rock BAND
REVERSE CURVE
ROCK 'N ROLL RECORDS

Pop music for born again virgins from Reverse Curve Records.

www.instantmag.com/reverse-curve

Send $10 (check or m/o)
per CD (postage paid) to:

Instant Entertainment
Post Office Box 2224
Woburn MA 01888

Sameasyou - "Listen..."

The debut full-length from Boston's brightest new band.

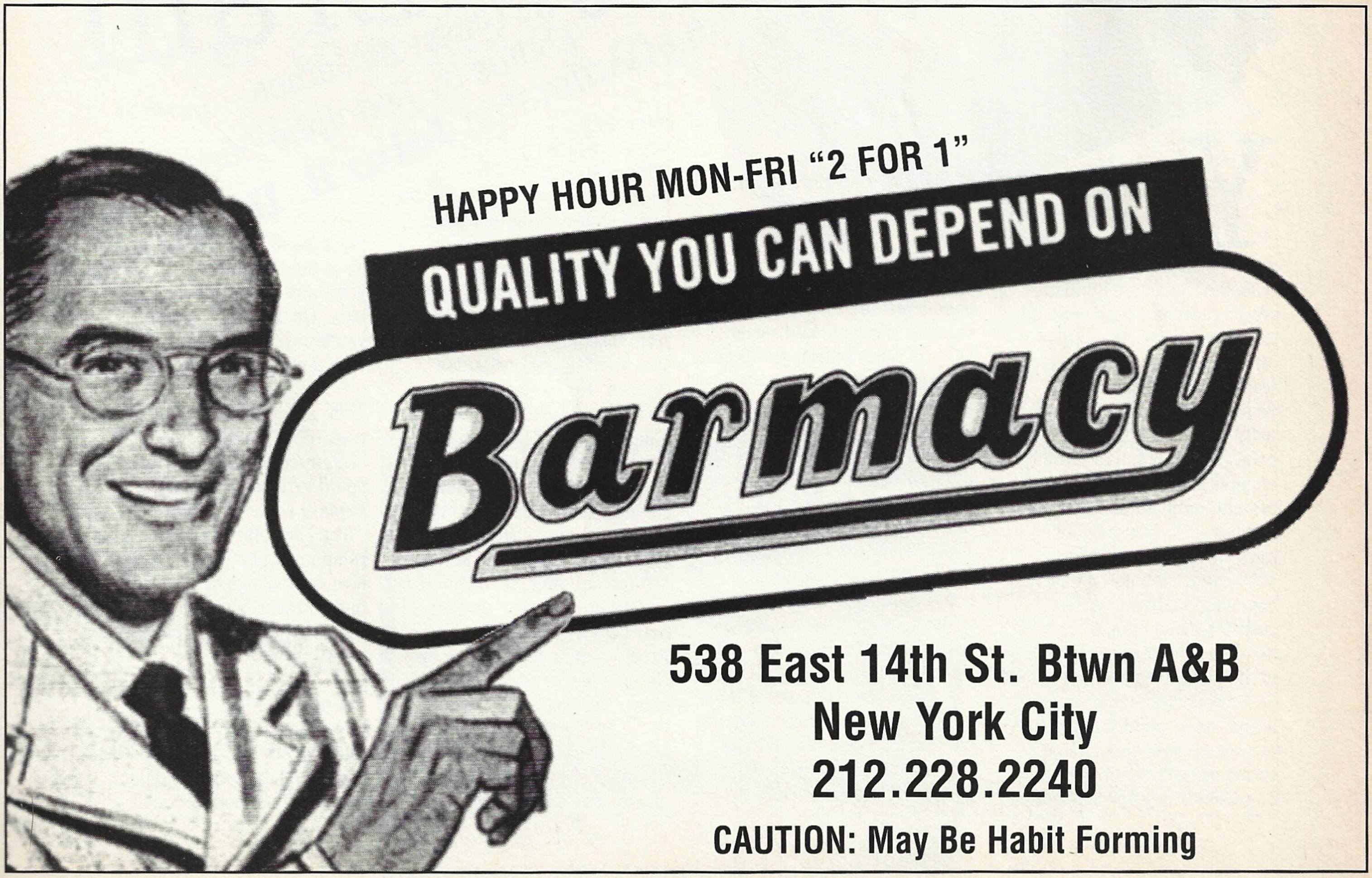
"Sameasyou is shameless about its love of pure-pop goodness." -CMJ

Pete Weiss & the Rock Band

Sophomore release. Their repertoire generally consists of "rock" music.

"...sort of thing They Might Be Giants used to do before they ran out of steam."-The Boston Phoenix

©1998 Reverse Curve Records in association with Instant Entertainment.



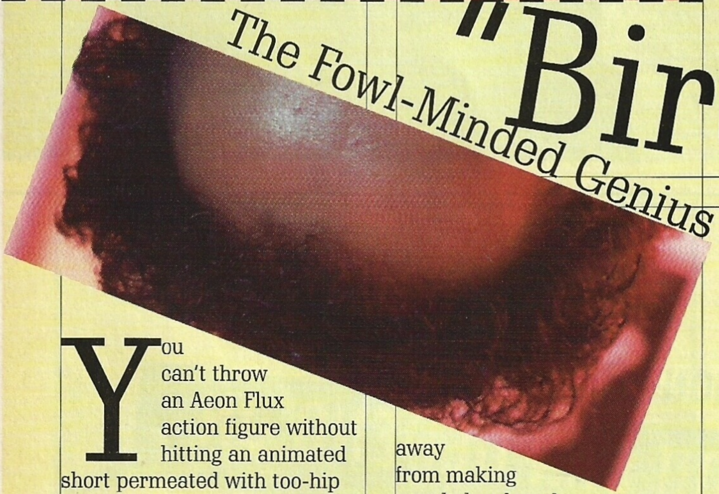
HAPPY HOUR MON-FRI "2 FOR 1"

QUALITY YOU CAN DEPEND ON

Barmacy

538 East 14th St. Btwn A&B
New York City
212.228.2240

CAUTION: May Be Habit Forming



"Birdy"-Brain

The Fowl-Minded Genius of Animator **John R. Dilworth**

by Christine James

Photos by Rodolphe Baras

You can't throw an Aeon Flux action figure without hitting an animated short permeated with too-hip dadaism, detached nihilism, ribald gross-out gags or graphic ultraviolence. (Plus, there's an inherent danger of perpetrating some ultraviolence yourself by injuring someone with Aeon's stiletto-heeled boot, chiseled chin or lethally angular breast.) MTV, which brought indie animation to the masses a few years ago with its (now-defunct) "Liquid Television," debuted a new half-hour animation showcase called "Cartoon Sushi" last summer; disappointingly, many of the animators seemed to feel that merely including severed limbs, vomit and CGI dog excrement was enough of a comic payoff to satisfy viewers. Somehow, the genre has gotten away from making people laugh and seems instead to be inciting viewers to puzzle and recoil.

But putting the "har" back in "cartoon" is John R. Dilworth's "The Dirdy Birdy." Featuring the slow burns, surreal prop-centered violence and unrequited cross-species love themes that are the hallmarks of all the great classics, "Dirdy Birdy" also offers something cartoons of the past never could: A bare ass. Of course, it is the bare ass of a cockeyed mutant bird, thereby stymieing the censors.

The plot unfolds thusly: A somewhat irritable-looking cat sits on a tree branch. The aforementioned cockeyed mutant bird hops up onto the branch as well, and immediately falls in love with the cat. But the only way he can demonstrate his affection is by showing the cat his bare ass. He lifts up his feathers and reveals a flesh-colored human-shaped rear end. The cat is aghast, and escalating violence is used to get rid of the bird.

After seemingly decimating the creature, a split second later, a squirrel in a messenger cap arrives and delivers a package to the cat. She has a wary expression on her face as she unwraps it, and her suspicions are confirmed as soon as she removes the lid, and the bird pops out, once again displaying his pathetic posterior. At one point, the bird becomes dismayed when the cat simply ignores him and his ass. He turns his ass into a giant hand that starts snapping loudly in order to try to get the cat's attention. Whether love ultimately conquers all is difficult to say, though the cartoon does close with the heart-shaped fade-out made famous by such shows as "Love, American Style."

Dilworth's impressive animation credentials range from directorial duties on "The Ren and Stimpy Christmas Special" to storyboarding the Beavis and Butt-head music video (featuring Cher) to creating and drawing the Oscar-nominated short "The Chicken From Outer Space." The characters from his short film "Noodles & Nedd" will soon be seen in one-minute segments on "Sesame Street," and his new series called "Ace and Avery" will be featured on the Cartoon Network's upcoming show "Big Bag."

POPsmear's relentless efforts to bring you inside the mind of this animation auteur started out as a web search, which produced a listing of 100,000 Johns, 5,000 Dilworths, a few porn sites, and a web page dedicated to printing pleas of Internet users begging to keep "Sailor Moon" on the air. Undaunted, *POPsmear* persevered, and after many telephone calls, private detectives, pictures on milk cartons and mass mailings of "Have You Seen Me?" carpet cleaning coupons, we discovered his company, Stretch Films, is based in The POPsmear Building. Thusly cornered, Dilworth spoke with *POPsmear* about his work in a most "animated" discussion.

POPsmear: *What is your philosophy about what is funny?*
DILWORTH: What's funny to me is the outrageousness and the unexpectedness of human behavior—and situation as well. How many times have you found yourself in the most absurd situation and not realized how you got there? And suddenly responsibility is the last thing you think about. It's just like, "Oh, how did I get here," you know? And then you get hit with a pie or something.

"The Dirdy Birdy" is one of your most popular and acclaimed works. Perhaps you could synopsize the plot and explain some of the subtext.
"The Dirdy Birdy" is about the relationship between obsessive-compulsive behavior. You find yourself falling in love with things or people that do you the worst harm.

Literally, here.
Literally. And you see people that live off that. They just keep coming back. It's really a lack of communication, probably

within themselves. It's about unhealthy relationships. And you see how funny it is.

What was the inspiration for "Dirdy Birdy"? Is it autobiographical? Is it based on a true story?
All of my work has a lot of elements of autobiography. I tend to think that a lot of good work shares that. You always write about what you know.

So you know about showing your ass to someone and having them annihilate you.
[Laughs] There's another level to that altogether. The buttocks really came about as a vehicle in which to challenge the perception people have of juvenile humor, and at the same time, question themselves once they realized the context in which it's being used. So you can look at "The Dirdy Birdy" on a purely surface level: A ridiculous bird moons a cat, and the cat reacts, that's it. But then what most people read into it is how truly reflective it is of human behavior with one another in terms of relationships.

Is there someone you know on whom you based Dirdy Birdy? Do you have a friend who wears cowboy boots and is cockeyed?
No. The eyes are probably Picasso-influenced. But the boots are my own. I guess it's just trying to work off the classic animation from Bob Clampett and Tex Avery, that school of thought, where it was just completely drug-induced. I mean, they really established a vocabulary for how we perceive traditional animated cartoons. Bob Clampett did a lot of Warner Bros. He was famous for his Daffy and Porky duos. He did "Beany and Cecil," about that sea serpent. Tex Avery created "Droopy Dog." He did "Red Hot Riding Hood," he did the wolf that gets hot for her, with the eyeballs exploding. But those are just the references as I'm building on the vocabulary.

> **"Cover that bird's ass with Calvin Klein!"**

Who was the first female cartoon character you had a crush on?
I didn't!

You didn't?
No. I'm really not a fan. I appreciate animation, but I'm not, like, neurotic about it. I mean, I have many friends who are. And I'm just not. I was always interested in the aesthetics or the individuals or the history, [but] I didn't fall in love with cartoon characters.

So how was it that you decided that animation was your medium as opposed to oil painting or something?
Oh, I tried that. It just didn't move. There's something about the time, you know, moving something. Moving an object. That's funny to me.

Yeah, you can't be too funny in oil painting.
Well, you're only capturing a single frame on the canvas. But with film you get 24 canvases a second, or video, if you choose to do that, you get 30.

It's interesting to me to note which commercials run with a given animated show. Like I was watching "Daria," and there's some ad for Big Red gum inviting the viewers to "Kiss a little longer." It amused me that Big Red thought the "Daria" audience would be receptive to this concept. If you had your own weekly show, who do you think your sponsors would be?
[Laughs] I never thought about it. That is so interesting. You know, you put an idea in my head.

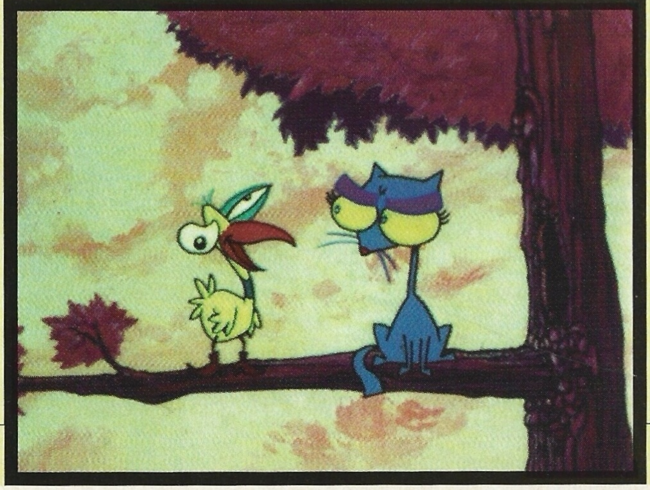
Like with "Dirdy Birdy," maybe Depends Undergarments or Preparation-H could advertise.
[Laughs] But we need a big advertiser. I don't know. Oh! How about Calvin Klein?

Cover that bird's ass with Calvin Klein! Exactly.
Right!

Which qualities characterize your work?
Um, I just—do you think they are eccentric? I don't know. You're asking me to form an opinion of what I do.

An observation.
My observation? I just think the author needs some serious medical attention.... One of the biggest problems I have with myself is the inability to express myself in a normal fashion, with words.

So you have to show your ass?
Right. So I have to show my ass. Exactly. ⊙



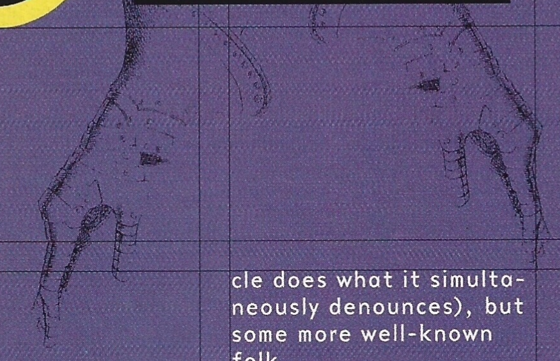
Reverend Randall Tin-Ear

The Pen May Be Mightier Than The Proverbial Sword, But One Had Best Learn to Use Both of Them Simultaneously

Rev. Randall Tin-Ear
ANGRY THOREAUAN MagaZine
PO Box 3478
Hollywood, CA 90078

If you desire a reply, especially a prompt one, a self-addressed, stamped envelope is required.

(or Why We Have Two Hands)



Easy enough is it to listen to the louts whose collective musical mendacity makes them millionaires, but there never seems to be an easy escape from those whose tiny minds command their (ir)respective digits to take up the otherwise mighty pen; talent or no, there seems to be no shortage of imbecilic editors slobbering to publish the pablum of those whose quills are as vanquished by vapidity as their little black books are loaded with invaluable Hollywood namesakes (the latter of which is often the key to their crap being disseminated). Also unlike rock stars whose efforts fail to fill the coliseums that they once did and therefore are no longer interviewed, the alternative avenue to mainstream magazines allows even the wimpiest "writer" to forever whine.

But we all know about such trivial quibbles; I myself have often been accused of instigating and taking up ludicrous gauntlets. Yet it is not myself about which I wish to make fun (leave that to everyone else, especially those whom will surely find it witty to say that this very article does what it simultaneously denounces), but some more well-known folk.

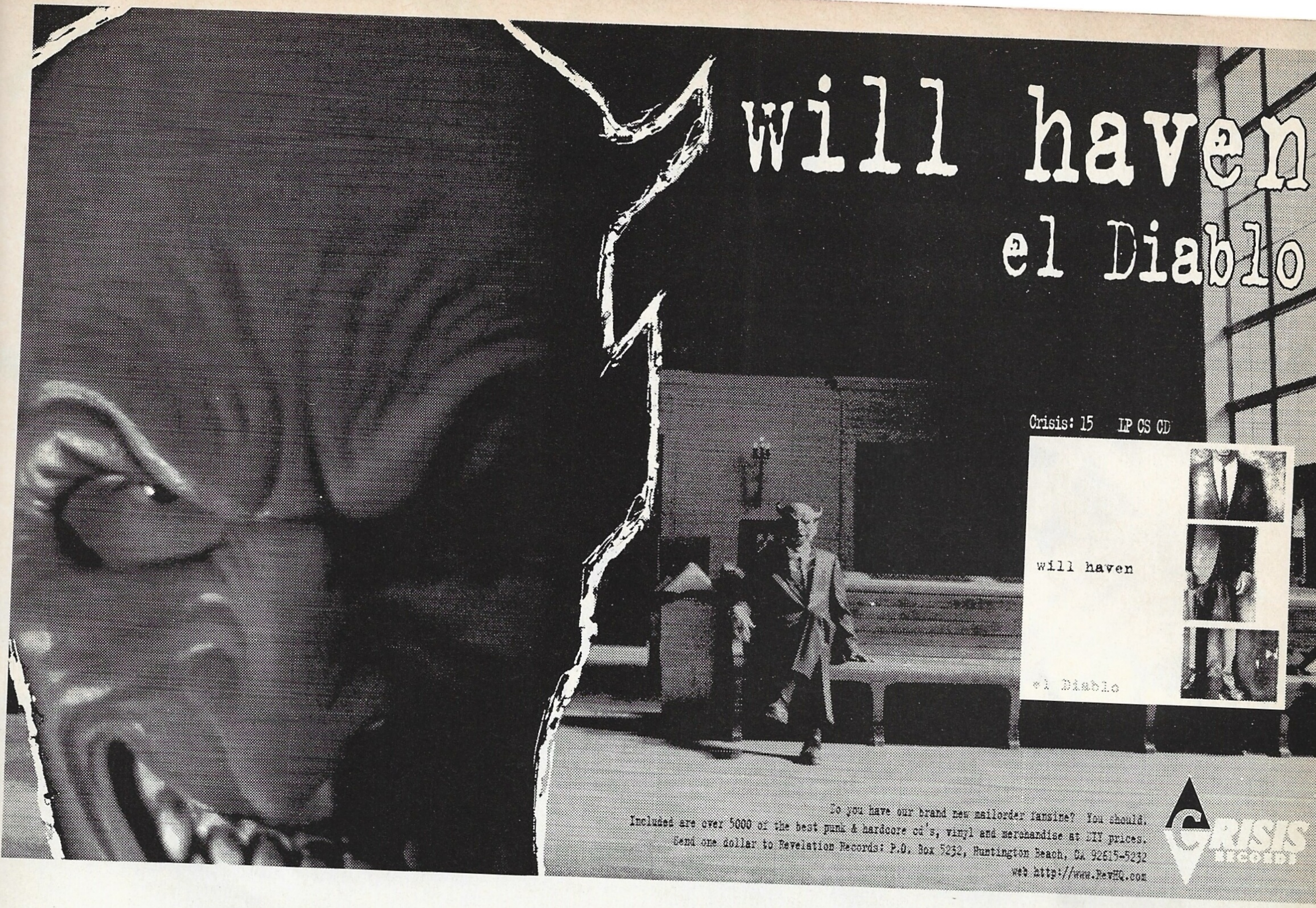
I recall dealing with a worm by the name of Norman Wonderly of Alternative Press Magazine. He had the audacity to get upset at me when I persistently inquired (by leaving several telephone messages) as to why he had failed to accredit my miniscule photo effort in an early 1997 edition of AP (it was the LET'S GO BOWLING photo). When I finally talked to him, his initial sentiment was that I "suffer(ed) from a lack of self-esteem" (a message that he was daft enough to leave on my telephone answering service!) and then pitifully proclaimed, and I quote, "You know, you're talking to the photo editor of Alternative Press," as if he had actually been exclusively responsible for the publication's existence. He could not help but lie a couple of times, too, for he constantly stated that he had attempted to call me back several times when it was but twice that he actually attempted (I have a caller ID machine) and upon my demand that our argument stay between us and not be a burden to Moon Ska Records or LET'S GO BOWLING, Norman verbally agreed. However, I later spake to both Steve Schaefer (of Moon Ska) and the publicist that had hired me for the photo shoot, each of whom told me that Norman had actually taken the time to personally telephone Steve and bug him about my inquiry!

At the time, I was asked by the aforementioned publicist to not make an issue of Norman's juvenile jabs, a request that I had reluctantly obliged while allowing the cretinous photo "editor" to belittle me over the telephone. However, that was then, for I now wish to make public the incident as well as disclose my feelings on the matter.

Although the distance between myself and Norman is as great as he wishes his talent actually was, there may come a day when I can personally teach him a lesson of literary living, should he be so bold as to announce before me his presence. Perhaps I shall first punch him in the mouth and then, for every time he fails or refuses to say, "You know, you're talking to the photo editor of Alternative Press," I will re-introduce his mouth to my fist. (My hope is that my digits will drive into his head enough literal irony that he will see to being thorough with his job, for there are at least a few of us out here that wear more hats than he can ever claim to adorn, and that we have done more to pave the way for magazines such as AP than he has actually performed for AP.) Besides, what is the use of literary device if one does not apply it to daily life?

So step down into the streets and gutters, Norman, and if you are able to persevere ten years of singlehandedly producing a magazine, perhaps I will accord you a modicum of respect.

But enough of that crap; I want a real challenge. I want to know why ex-Answer Me! novel star, Jim Goad, seemed satisfied to submit to the third version of Factsheet Five an amusingly trite piece about being successful when a considerable amount of said success (according to Jim's internet postings) was made that much more difficult by the very distributor that initially subsidized Factsheet Five Pt. III, Fine Print, Inc. (a funding about which Seth lied when accosted publicly). I would imagine that a truly intriguing piece would have been one penned by Jim about his extremely frustrating experience with Fine Print, for I would like to think that he has not gone soft since AM! #4's article entitled "Your Zine Is The Reason The World Will End Soon." Since Jim has held a grudge against me for over four years (regarding what he misinterpreted as an insult against him), I would imagine that the one against Fine Print is indeed mighty, and so it seems appropriate that Factsheet Five Pt. III would be the perfect receptacle for such a rant. ⊙



will haven
el Diablo

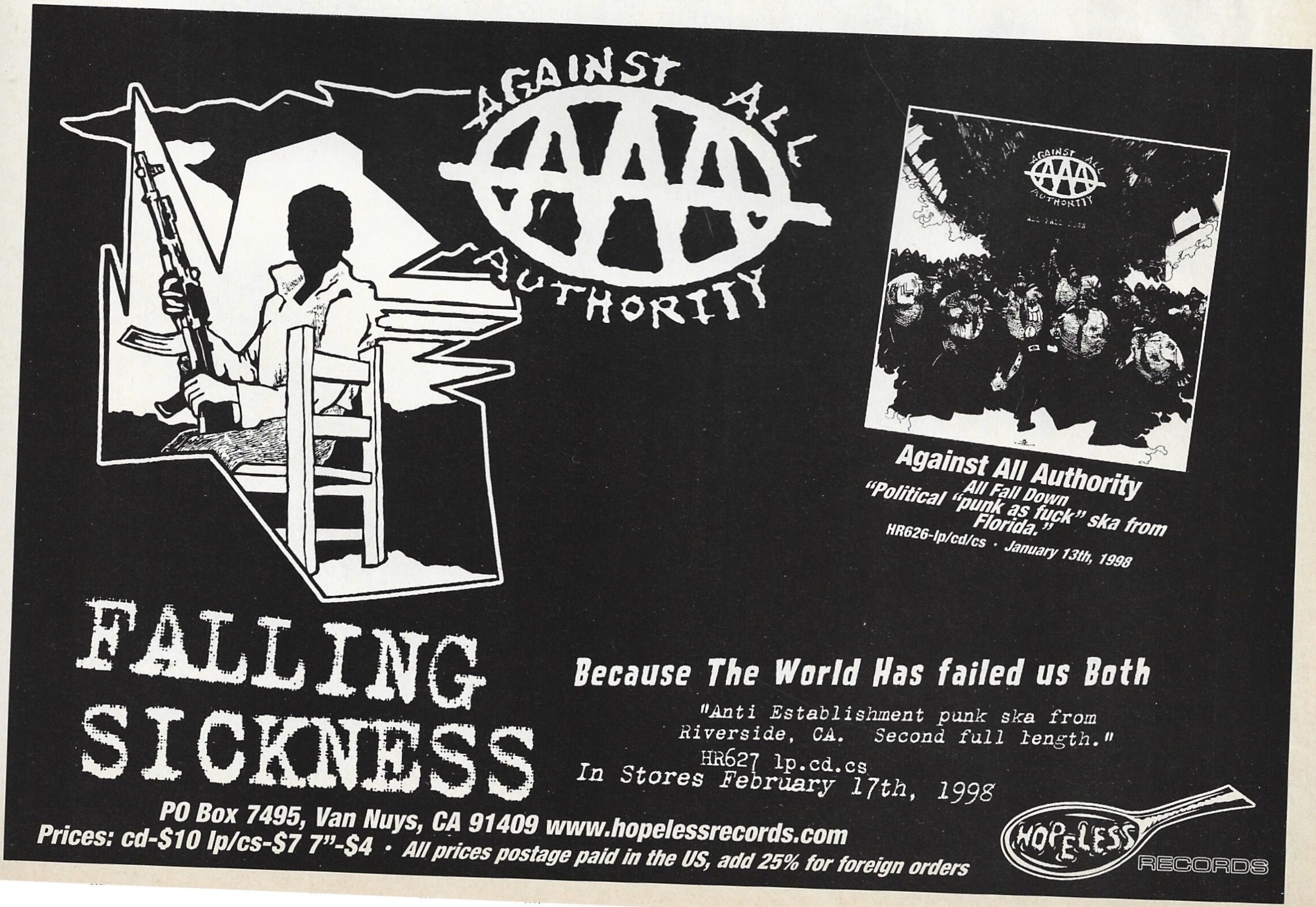
Crisis: 15 LP CS CD

will haven

el Diablo

Do you have our brand new mailorder fanzine? You should.
Included are over 5000 of the best punk & hardcore cd's, vinyl and merchandise at DIY prices.
Send one dollar to Revelation Records: P.O. Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232
web http://www.RevHQ.com

CRISIS RECORDS



AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY

Against All Authority
All Fall Down
"Political "punk as fuck" ska from Florida."
HR626-lp/cd/cs · January 13th, 1998

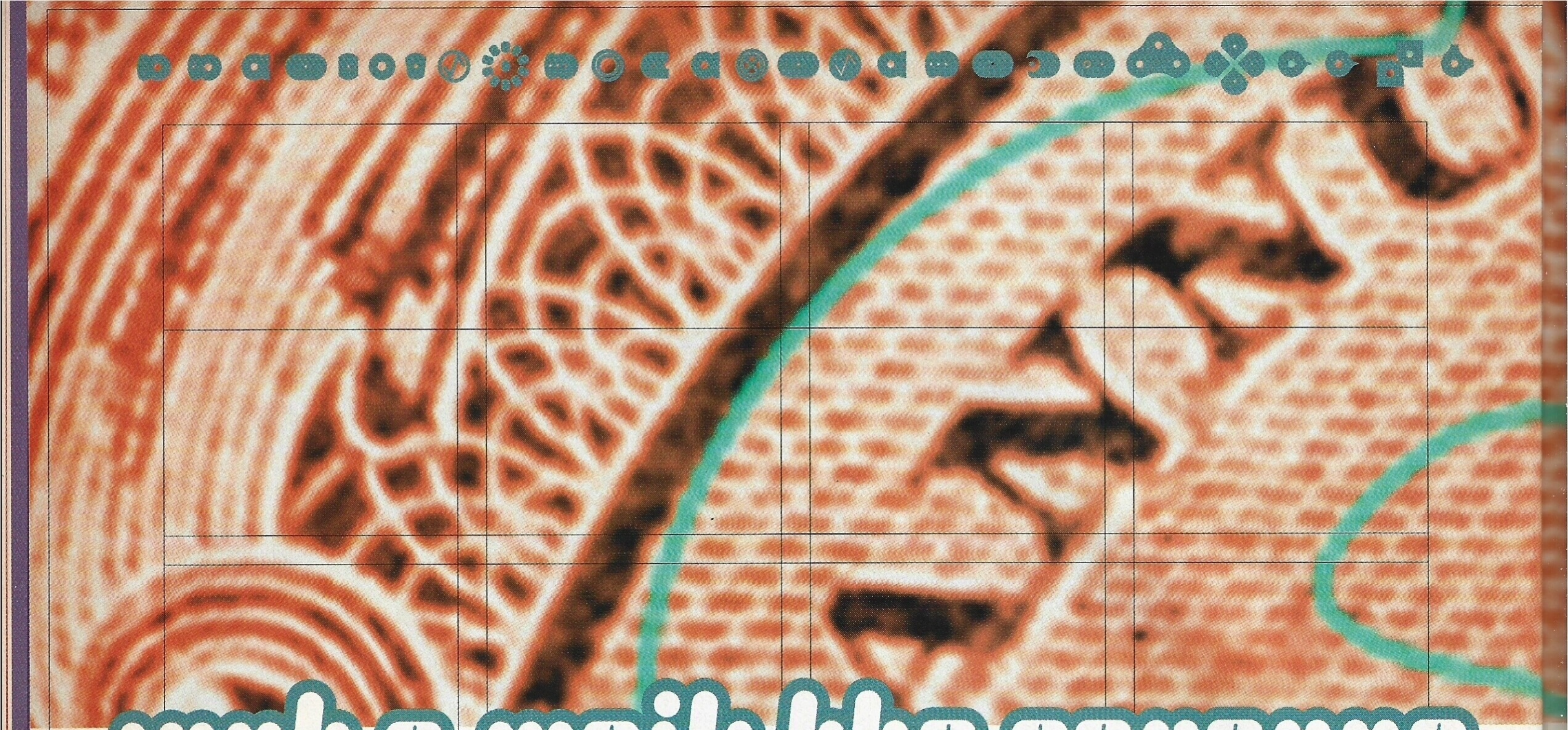
FALLING SICKNESS

Because The World Has failed us Both

"Anti Establishment punk ska from
Riverside, CA. Second full length."
HR627 lp.cd.cs
In Stores February 17th, 1998

PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409 www.hopelessrecords.com
Prices: cd-$10 lp/cs-$7 7"-$4 · *All prices postage paid in the US, add 25% for foreign orders*

HOPELESS RECORDS



junk e.mail: the revenge

Nobody likes to get junk mail, but electronic junk mail (or "spam") seems more annoying than the regular kind. For one thing, there's so much more of it, since it's almost free to send. Additionally, it seems like the only things people advertise are either a) bulk email lists or b) dubious multi-level marketing (MLM) schemes. Bulk email lists are especially bad because you know these people are trying to sell your name to someone involved in a dubious MLM scheme, insuring that you'll get even more junk mail. Not all MLM is illegal (Amway, for instance), but most of the junk mail ones are an elaborate con game that is more well-known as a "pyramid scheme."

What's Wrong With Pyramid Schemes?

The most common pyramid scheme junk mail starts off with the immortal words "My name is Christopher Erickson," and here's how it works: you send the four people on the list $5 each to get copies of four "reports" (or recipes, or mailing lists, etc.) Next, you add your name to the top of the list and move everybody else down a notch. Then you send out a bulk email of the letter. Even if a few people out of a thousand reply, you make loads of money because they each send you $5, and everyone that they get to do the chain sends you $5, and as you move down the list your profits grow exponentially. Sounds great, right? Two big problems: they're illegal and you probably won't make any money.

Since You're Selling Something, It's Not Illegal, Right?

Like any good con artists, people who start these things will do everything in their power to convince you that they're on the level. They even go as far as to name some US Postal Service statutes regarding lotteries, as though they know all about that law mumbo jumbo. If you bother to look up the statutes they cite, however, you'll quickly find that "US Postal & Lottery Laws, Title 18, Sections 1302 and 1341" are the very laws against such schemes. The line they like more than any other is "It's not illegal if you're selling something!" but the USPS has this rebuttal: "Do not be fooled if the chain letter is used to sell inexpensive reports on credit, mail order sales, mailing lists, or other topics. The primary purpose is to take your money, not to sell information. 'Selling' a product does not ensure legality." Additionally, if you check the statutes of your state (they're usually on a searchable web site), you'll find out that most states expressly forbid pyramid schemes or any similar chain letters.

They Haven't Made $50,000

Of course, there are some people who make about $100 on these things, but most of them end up blowing $90 on bulk email, losing their Internet service provider (ISP) account and pissing off 100,000 people. The whole problem with pyramid schemes is that you have to rely on the integrity of people such as yourself to be honest and send everyone on the list $5. Most people who actually participate won't send anyone any money, and just add their name to the list. Why not? It's not like there's a Pyramid Scheme Control Board you can complain to if you get bumped down without making anything. Another way people cheat the chain is to take the list and put themselves in all four positions, using a variety of addresses and P.O. boxes. In any case, eventually the pyramid will collapse when it doesn't fall into the hands of someone stupid or naive enough to continue it.

Annoy the Annoyers!

So, here are people doing something highly annoying and highly illegal—what a great combination! You can get back at them by simply pointing out to the right authorities what is going on! I certainly wouldn't encourage you to harass them (despite the fact that they have harassed you) or to do anything illegal. You can have just as much fun by being polite and trying to make sure justice is served. The first problem is figuring out who they are.

Try to Reply

Most bulk emailers use forged return addresses. Some of the dumber ones (remember, we're not talking about the brightest bulbs on the string here), especially the ones who post them on news groups, don't know enough to do this. If you think your pyramid scheme has a legitimate return address, reply like you're a sucker and ask them if they're sure it's legal. Of course, since they've already bought the whole thing, they'll give you some BS like "I've talked to (a lawyer, the USPS, The Federal Trade Commission, my friend Eddie), and they told me that this is on the up and up." (If they respond claiming to not know anything about the chain letter, it's possible that they have been the victim of a falsified address prank, so be careful. True MLMers are really gung-ho and will talk it up like it's the legitimate investment of a lifetime in the hopes that you'll fork over $5.) At this point, they're probably still thinking that despite all the hate mail they're getting, they'll make a boatload of money from this and everything will be great once they retire to Hawaii. Toy with them for a while, and use innocent questions to raise the specter of hard jail time, IRS audits for undeclared income, fines from their local government over the lack of a business license, and then report them to their ISP. All providers forbid pyramid schemes and spamming, so you can send a copy of your letter to "abuse@(their isp).com" or "webmaster@(their isp).com," and they'll lose their Internet access faster than you can say "Christopher Erickson." If the return address is bogus, but it uses a real ISP, you should send a copy to that ISP anyway, so they know why all these people keep complaining about spam from their address (they can figure out where it really came from). If you still don't know who they are, don't despair because they often give you something better than an email address!

Check the #1 Position on the List

That's the name and address of the person who sent you this copy of the

the whole problem with pyramid schemes is that you have to rely on the integ-

words: ken miller

chain letter. People will fake a return email address but nobody fakes the address that the money's supposed to go to, and many of these dimwits use their own home address. All you have to do now is use an Internet search engine like <www.four11.com>, <www.switchboard.com> or <www.555-1212.com> to get their email address (it's easy to get the wrong email address for a name, so be careful). Better yet, you also have the option to go into the telephone directory section and get their phone number from their home address. Don't bother to put in their first name or words like "Street" or "Ave," and you'll find out who the phone at that address is registered to. Sometimes the more clever ones will use a creative name like "BigMoney Enterprises," but if they're afraid the mail won't come to them, they'll use their own name or initials. Make sure you have the exact same address, because sometimes relatives with the same last name live next door to each other (if you draw a blank in the white pages, check the yellow pages and you may be surprised that "Suite 134" is actually "Box 134" at Mailboxes R Us).

If the last name matches (and it's a "Mr. & Mrs."), but the first name does not, you can pretty much work under the assumption that you're dealing with some punk-ass teenager living with his or her folks. Now you can have some fun, because the directory provides your spammer's parent's phone number. Go ahead and call his folks and warn them that little Timmy is upstairs committing mail fraud with the computer they got him for his school work. Tell them that you've got a good mind to report him to their local postal inspector for running a pyramid scheme (or better yet, just go ahead and do it! Print a copy and send it to "Postal Inspector" at the spammer's city, state and zip, and write on it that you think it's an illegal pyramid scheme). Or, you can even ask to talk to the little tyke yourself. Undoubtedly he'll shit when he gets a call from one of his spam victims (and try to act older). Remember, you should never threaten or harass people over the phone, no matter how much they have annoyed you (you've got the law on your side at this point). Just state firmly that what he has done has broken several laws (despite his assertions that it's totally legal according to his lawyer, the USPS and his friend Eddie), and that he could get arrested like Ben Bawkin ("he was busted for spamming a Christopher Erickson chain letter—they even confiscated his computer. Think about it, Timmy. Federal agents going through all your bootlegged games and your porno pictures of Pamela Anderson. What will your mommy think?")

If the address in the number one spot is a P.O. box, there are still ways to complain about getting this spam. First you have to find out their ISP from the falsified addresses. This is a bit complicated, so I won't go into it here. Check out the "Get That Spammer!" website-<http://kryten.eng.monash.edu.au/gspam.html> or <www.stopspam.org> for useful tools to identify stealth spammers.

How Come I Keep Getting Spam?

Bulk email is a big business in this country. Email abusers like Cyberpromo's Stanford Wallace claim it's free speech to fill up your mailbox with MLM schemes and pitches for psychic readers despite the fact that some people have to pay to receive email. I assert that free speech should not be protected for people who deliberately lie to hide their identity. They are also causing unnecessary congestion on the Internet, delaying "real" mail and helping con artists.

Cyberpromo is notorious for having an address for "removal" from their mailing lists, which is usually so full of irate mail that yours won't get through. You can reply to those "remove" things all you want, but you won't ever stop getting spam. I suspect that those "remove" things are used to verify that the addresses are real, and then your address appears on even more lists (trust me, I've done hundreds of them and I still get tons of junk mail). If you really want to track down who is selling your name, though, just look at your pyramid scheme junk mail again. Usually there will be a few suggested web sites for purchasing bulk email. If you notice a bulk email website that pops up repeatedly, it's a pretty good bet that that's who's selling you out. If you can find an email address on their site, you can badger these people to get you off their lists (good luck). If there's no address, find out who to send email to or who to call by using WHOIS <http://rs.internic.net/cgi-bin/whois>. WHOIS is a search engine for Internic, the company that registers all web domains. Just type in any domain name (for example, "cyberpromo.com"), and there you have email addresses and phone numbers of people who run the web sites.

Another way spammers get your address is by purchasing a "cherry picker" program. These will go through web sites and pull out email addresses for use in bulk email. You can get removed from all the bulk lists, but you'll keep getting junk from the address on your web site. The only way to avoid junk mail is to hope that the pending anti-junk mail legislation will be made into law.

Here's a few web sites for anti-junk mail crusaders. Some of them are resources for identifying and screwing with junk mailers, and others claim that by registering with them, you will be removed from junk mail lists (and if you buy that one, just send me $5 for report #1...)

- "MMF Hall of Humiliation": <http://ga.to/mmf/> (a terrific database of "Make Money Fast Fools" and hilarious true tales of spammer harassment)
- "Stop Junk Email": <http://www.mcs.com/~jcr/junkemail.html>
- "Internet Spam Control Center": <http://drsvcs.com/nospam/>
- "No Junk Email": <http://pages.ripco.com:8080/~glr/nojunk.html>
- "IEMMC" <http://www.iemmc.org/> (This appears to be a bogus web site set up by bulk emailers to tell people "look, we let people get off spam lists if they want")
- If you have AOL, forward your junk mail to "TOSspam" if you can (the mailbox is usually full)

–rity of people such as yourself to be honest and send everyone on the list $5.

THE DIRTYS
"YOU SHOULD BE SINNIN'" LP/CD

NOTHIN' BUT THE BOLD ACTION YOU DESERVE, BABY!

OBLIVIANS
"PLAY 9 SONGS W/MR Q" LP/CD

SEND FOR OUR FREE 46-PAGE KAT'LOG O' KOOL!!

GARAGE PUNK UNKNOWNS 4-LP BOX SET

PIMPED IN NORTH AMERICA BY REVOLVER

CRYPT: 1250 LONG BEACH AVE #101, L. A., CA 90021 E-MAIL: CryptRec@concentric.net

• Apathy • The Prophetess • Last Dance
Fannycracker • Oregano •

K•S•K
Music Management

Krazed Sex Kitten
Music Management
125 North Duke St.
Suite 2
York, PA 17403
phone/fax: (717) 845-7480
email: kskfree@mindspring.com

POPSMEAR CLASSIFIED

call 212-271-5505 x 21

Ward Up!

Leave it to Cleaver to Solve the World's Problems

by Jeff "Gilbert" Gilbert

Ward Cleaver, *masthead of the Cleaver Clan and all-around wisdom guy, was the Captain Picard of the '50s. So influential and revered were Sir Cleaver's problem solving skills, Picard himself, centuries later, employed Ward's groundbreaking arbitration techniques to quell a miasma of weekly space traumas. So much so, you half expected the even-tempered Starship Commander to say stuff like "Go clean up the holo deck, Number One." Ward was so noble, he even wore suits on his day off. When you were as smart as him, it just seemed appropriate.*

As an illustration to his keen insight, Ward would sit nightly at the helm of the U.S.S. Dinner Table and assign Solomon-like judgments with quiet authority over a delicious pot roast. A prime example of his Wardness...

Just think, foreign relations would be as strong as June's morning coffee.

WARD: *"So Beaver... what did you learn in school today?"*
BEAVER: *"Gee, Dad, I don't know. Better you should ask Whitey on account of him making faces at me all during class."*
WARD: *"I see. Well, maybe I should have a talk with Whitey—and your teacher."*
BEAVER: *[face pinched with alarm] "Do you have to, Dad? I'll look at something else tomorrow besides Whitey's face, I promise."*
WALLY: *"Heck, Dad, Whitey's always causing trouble for the Beav at school. It's a wonder the little squirt can remember his own name half the time."*
WARD: *"Wally, I don't think this concerns you. I want you both to finish your supper and go upstairs to your room. And you can plan on spending all day Saturday cleaning out the garage, Beaver."*

Smooth, firm, without a hint of malice. Notice how effortlessly he floored Wally, who was obviously trying to run interference for the delinquent-bound young Theodore. Mess with the bull, you get the horns.

Wouldn't it make sense, then, to appoint Ward Cleaver a high-ranking functionary with diplomatic immunity, someone whose patriarchal good sense could draw the world with his left hand, and push it away with his right? Just think, foreign relations would be as strong as June's morning coffee. Warmongering countries would be put on weekend restriction with no visits from allies. Political bickering could be resolved simply by taking a walk around the block to cool off. ("Ward, you were awfully hard on Newt Gingrich last night...")

All things considered, Ward is the only one who can save us now. Here's how Ambassador Cleaver would make the world a better place...

DILEMMA: *Social Security is going broke.*
CURRENT SOLUTION: *Give everyone in Congress a raise.*
WARD'S WAY: *Mow lawns after school.*

◆

DILEMMA: *Republicans are overtaxing the American system.*
CURRENT SOLUTION: *Give everyone in Congress a raise.*
WARD'S WAY: *Hold council with Fred Rutherford; redirect flow of weekly allowance to reinforce the rules of basic economics.*

◆

DILEMMA: *Iranians are menacing Iraqian borders again.*
CURRENT SOLUTION: *Wage expensive war, further plunging the U.S. into insurmountable debt.*
WARD'S WAY: *Send the Iranians to their rooms without supper.*

◆

DILEMMA: *Hate crimes are at a new high.*
CURRENT SOLUTION: *Let homosexuals (silently) stay in the Navy.*
WARD'S WAY: *Have a talk with Eddie Haskell. Don't believe a word he says even though he insists that the tie you're wearing looks very nice on you.*

◆

DILEMMA: *Welfare recipients are abusing the program.*
CURRENT SOLUTION: *Sign more up.*
WARD'S WAY: *Consult with June Cleaver, Secretary of Dishwashing and Ironing. Withhold benefits until rooms are clean.*

◆

DILEMMA: *Teen gangs continue to plague and terrorize our streets.*
CURRENT SOLUTION: *If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.*
WARD'S WAY: *Pull Lumpy out on the carpet; phone Fred Rutherford immediately. Administer a stern frowning.*

◆

DILEMMA: *Women demanding equality in the workplace.*
CURRENT SOLUTION: *Act sympathetic around voting time.*
WARD'S WAY: *Sit in the den reading the newspaper, occasionally nod supportively—then go back to reading paper filled with more important issues.*

◆

Should Lord Ward ever decide to get into the political driver's seat, he'll obviously need a dependable staff to run this amusement park we call America. With that, we've taken the liberty of helping Ward assemble his Joint Chiefs of Staff...

JUNE CLEAVER: Secretary of Making Dinner and Cleaning Stuff Up
WALLY CLEAVER: Advisor to Younger Brothers and Getting Chicks
BEAVER CLEAVER: Attorney of Getting Into Trouble
EDDIE HASKELL: Public Relations
FRED RUTHERFORD: Chief Know-It-All
GWEN RUTHERFORD: Chiefette Busybody
LUMPY RUTHERFORD: State Fat-Ass Division
MISS LANDERS: Secretary of Education and Playground Crushes
LARRY MONDELLO: Administrator of Being Slow and Stupid
WHITEY WHITNEY: Asst. Attorney of Getting Into Trouble
JUDY HENSLER: Internal Affairs
GILBERT BATES: Editor of *POPsmear*

◆

"Some painters transform the sun into a yellow spot; others transform a yellow spot into the sun."—Pablo Picasso

THE FUTURE OF CRYSTAL METHOD

by Shivon Vanessa photos by Abby Gennet

WHILE CRYSTAL METHOD was in town we thought we'd get to know them a little better. To do this, we employed the help of a psychic (you really think they would have let us know this stuff themselves?). The boys were a little upset that our psychic didn't candy coat everything for them, but she promised us she would just tell it like she saw it. And she sure did see it.

	↕ PERSONAL ↕	↕ CAREER ↕	↕ RELATIONSHIPS ↕	↕ LETTERS/DAY/WARNING ↕
SCOTT	This insecure guy is trying to fight that ever present devil. He's trying to balance out things that are dying around him, but there is a lot of injustice and negativity around. In an effort to be strong and hold down the past, he is being tied down and kept from making a dream into reality.	There is an emptiness causing a lot of distress toward his career. This could push him in one of two directions, since there is something else he wants to do (could this be the end of Crystal Method?!?). Someone will help him settle things with this problem though (probably that steady girlfriend you're so committed to).	Something in his heart and love life are causing him some aggravation (you better work that out if you want to keep your girl around). He wants to go home to start a new beginning, but in order to do that he has to close his eyes to a lot of negative. There are a lot of females around him, some of which may cause a scandal, but a white haired female will help him out.	J, M, N Lucky Day: Tuesday **Don't make any foolish mistakes. Don't let them take the best of you.**
KEN	Right now is the time for Ken to put his life together. The things he wants to do are just not happening for him, because he's being tied down by something (ex-girlfriend perhaps?) Sometimes when he gets really down he's on trial with himself. This is especially bad when he has no time for himself, which is often. Ken's not going to give up on his problems until there's a balance in his life and he has emotional security. There is something he is writing that will be very positive for him (will you send that letter to Alexis already?).	This very creative guy works with someone else and has his ups and downs with that (getting a little annoyed with Scott?). He continues to sacrifice a lot for his work, and is trying to reach a higher level in that, but he needs to finish things from the past first (there's that ex-girlfriend again). He should get it together soon, because a lot of opportunities are coming to him.	There is someone who wants desperately to be with him, but he doesn't have time for her. Besides, there are many females who desire him and he will soon open his heart to a light haired woman (sorry Alexis).	R, A Lucky Day: none **Keep away from the Devil because he's stronger and you don't want him controlling you.**

These crafty boys thought they could outsmart our psychic by lying to her. Ken said he's from Los Angeles and Scott claimed to be from Connecticut. She insisted they were from "the sun." They're both from Las Vegas. The sun. You thought better of that lying crap when she brought up the letter you're writing to your ex-girlfriend, didn't you Ken?

Crystal Method received their Tarot Card and Palm Readings by KALIO
at 124 MacDougal Street (212) 475-9390.

Win James' Cat!

Kitschka the Cat is up for grabs. After two years of a fulfilling and loving relationship, James and Kitschka are parting ways. Before we take this loving kitty on a one way trip to Dog Run in Washington Square, we're giving you the opportunity to make Kitschka your own.

Kitschka is a small Siamese cat. She and James met at an Upper East Side animal shelter and fell in love. As so often happens, their love wore thin. While they still share the occasional special moment, Kitschka's departure is long overdue. Unfortunately, she has nowhere to go. That's where you come in.

There is only one cat. First come first serve. Call **212.271.5505 x71**, tell us why you want the cat, and we will pick a winner. Contest ends when the proper home is found. No, this is not a joke.

Employees and their families of POPsmear, their subsidiaries, affiliates and agencies are not eligible. All entries, copyrights and other rights related thereto become the property of POPsmear. Winner agrees to use name and/or likeness in publicity without additional compensation, where permitted and consent to investigation of eligibility. Offer void where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted and subject to all federal, state and local laws. (We stole this part from Teen Beat.)

KITSCHKA FAST FACTS

comes with: litter box, remaining food, carrying case, claws
special needs: attention, and lots of it
turn-ons: being spanked (seriously) and shampooed
turn-offs: other cats, living with James

Shipping and handling not included.

nerv

Getting Up The Nerve Contest!

(YOU ARE A WINNER)

Randy is in a band from Brooklyn called the Nerve. He writes us, calls us, faxes us, emails us, generally bothers us to do press on his band. As far as we know, we've never heard or seen his band. But that doesn't matter. You see, Randy wrote us a letter recently, that said in part:

"So let's do it. Let's shoot some pool, go bowling, do a drag makeover. You name it, we'll do it. The name of our band is 'The Nerve.' Help us to live up to our name."

No problem! We've got plenty of ideas, but we thought this one was best handed over to our readers. We know a lot of you just happen to be sick bastards who love to beat up kids for their lunch money (probably even today), so it's in your hands. Tell us what to do with the Nerve. If you submit the winning idea, we'll give you a free one year subscription and a copy of the Tommy and Pamela Lee video!*

*If you submit a losing idea we might send you a pen. But don't go bugging us about a lousy pen.

Your Name ________________
Full Address ________________
Phone ________________
E.Mail ________________

What should the Nerve do for POPsmear?

(If you need more space, feel free to use additional paper.)

e

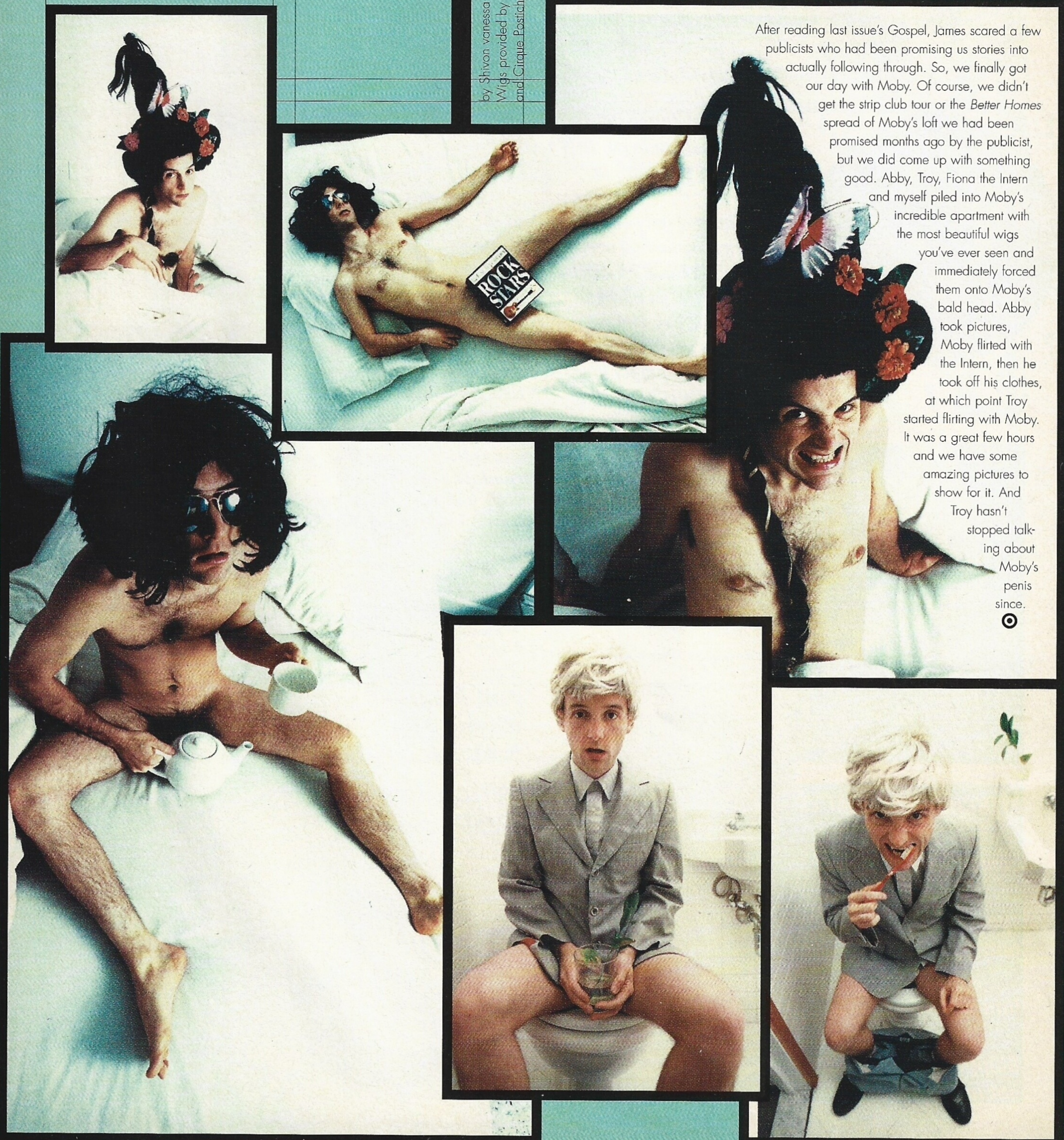
Mail to:
Nerve Contest
POPsmear Magazine
50 West 23rd Street. 6th Floor
NYC 10010

You must be 21 to win video. If you are under 21, we'll send you a Ross Perot video. Ha Ha!

ʎqoɯ

moby's house of wigs

by Shivon vanessa photos by Abby Gennet
Wigs provided by Moby
and Cirque Postiche Wig Design



After reading last issue's Gospel, James scared a few publicists who had been promising us stories into actually following through. So, we finally got our day with Moby. Of course, we didn't get the strip club tour or the *Better Homes* spread of Moby's loft we had been promised months ago by the publicist, but we did come up with something good. Abby, Troy, Fiona the Intern and myself piled into Moby's incredible apartment with the most beautiful wigs you've ever seen and immediately forced them onto Moby's bald head. Abby took pictures, Moby flirted with the Intern, then he took off his clothes, at which point Troy started flirting with Moby. It was a great few hours and we have some amazing pictures to show for it. And Troy hasn't stopped talking about Moby's penis since. ⊙

south by southwest austin texas march 18-22 1998

SXSW 98

"...the domestic pop and rock music industry's most important annual gathering."
-The New York Times

In its twelfth year, the South by Southwest Music and Media Conference and Festival continues to attract the international music industry to Austin, Texas for five days of panel discussions, demo critiques, and a trade show by day plus and exciting music festival by night, featuring performing artists from all over the musical map.

SXSW 98 Registration Deadlines

Thru February 13, 1998	$375
Final/Walkup Rate	450

SXSW Headquarters:
P.O. Box 4999, Austin, TX 78765
512/467-7979 fax: 512/451-0754
email: sxsw@sxsw.com • www.sxsw.com

THE AUSTIN CHRONICLE

Popsmear Pool Tournament I

(Letters To Cleo vs. Popsmear)

by Troy Fuss

Photos by Cathy Halgas, Shivon, James

1. Kay about to get sassy with the white one.
2. Even the losers are smiling. Wood paneling will do that.
3. A view from thr POPsmear Pool Cam.
4. Cowboy Tom between drinks.
5. Some froze in shock after Shivon sunk the 8 ball.
6. Mike finds a way to cut costs.

We went in with the disadvantage of inexperience. Shivon had only played once before, and Cowboy Tom and James are amateurs at best. I've played my share, but I have a consistency problem—my success on the pool table depends on that rare balance of luck and liquor, and pressure is rarely beneficial.

Game 1 pitted Cleos Mike Eisenstein and Kay Hanley against Popsmearers Shivon and myself. Kay broke, set a couple solids in the pockets and they were off. I came up empty, Mike sunk a couple more. It went on like this until the table was left with a mass of stripes, a lone solid and the 8 ball. Then the skies opened up and I could feel the hand of Jesus guiding my cue. Seven straight stripes later, we were down to the 8 ball with the stick in the hands of Mike. He sunk the remaining Cleo ball—but couldn't get the 8. We had successfully blocked them. We had a chance, and it was all up to Shivon.

We knew that if Shivon didn't sink the 8 ball, Kay was going to steal the game. Kay is a sassy one. While I'd made it very clear that I would trash the Cleos' album if they won the tournament, Kay was playing like she just didn't care. But once again, God was on our side. Shivon, guided by a concerned-about-the-review Mike, took them out by sinking the 8 ball in the corner! We were unstoppable.

Game 2: Cleos Scott Riebling and Greg McKenna vs. Popsmearettes James and Cowboy Tom. Now you would think James, considering how much time he spends in bars, would be an all right pool player. Well we all know where assuming gets us. And Cowboy Tom, well, he looks like he could work a stick. Looks will only get you so far, buddy boy. The Cleos, of course, are stick masters. They're rock stars; they spend a lot of time in clubs waiting to go on, so they play pool. They own their own sticks, fer chrissakes.

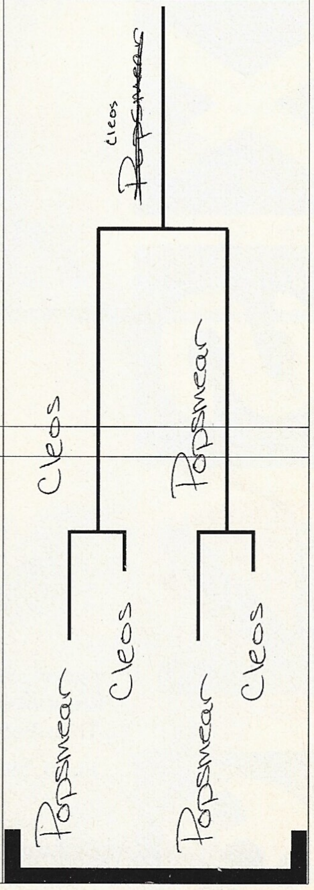
Somehow it was a close game. Both sides sunk their share, and the Popsmearettes kept up. The Cleos won with a close shot—Greg barely sinking the 8 in the side and leaving us with a lonely 6 on the table. Cleos 1, Popsmear 1. Pressure.

Game 3 was the final "official" game, the tie-breaker, and it was up to James and Cowboy Tom. Why we stuck the losers in the driver's seat at this crucial point is beyond me. I think we were trying to mix it up. It was probably Kay's idea. It was likely the shortest game of the night. The Cleos dominated throughout. Cowboy Tom spent most of his time bellied up to the bar and had to be dragged back to the table for his shots, each of which was short and NutraSweet. James sunk a couple, but they were sloppy. Maybe the Cleos can handle their high better than us, which would explain why their publicist, Cathy Halgas, kept refilling our drinks. Anyway, we lost on Kay's long shot in the corner. All was lost for the Popsmear groupies who had slowly accumulated around the table. Tonight we'd be going home alone. Well, except for Cowboy Tom, who had long since disassociated himself from us by copping his barfly persona. The punk doesn't even work at Popsmear. He was supposed to be our ringer.

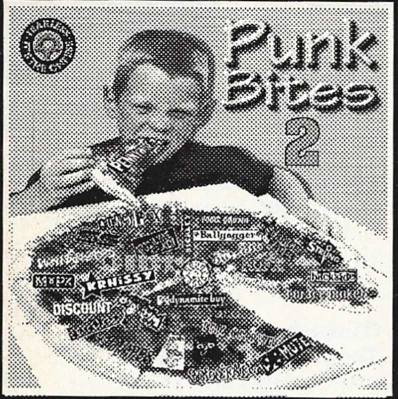
Following Game 3 we mixed up the teams to take the pressure off. Shivon learned a couple tricks, James and I got drunk and Cowboy Tom got all the chicks. At least we all didn't come out losers.

And, yeah, we're sore losers. But it turns out that, despite being trounced, we liked the Cleos. They were fine folk. And, of course, you should check out their latest album, *Go!*. Believe me, if I didn't like it I would say so. It would be great payback.

> Why we stuck the losers in the driver's seat at this crucial point is beyond me.



ONLY THE BEST QUALITY INGREDIENTS!


Punk Bites 2
Ballgagger
Khrissy
Discount
Dynamite boy
98MUTE

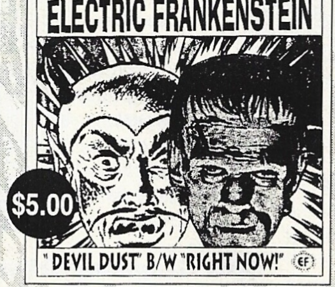
PUNK BITES 2
COMPILATION V/A
Available
Toppings:

30footFall, 98MUTE, Apocalypse Hoboken, Assorted Jelly Beans, Backside, Ballgagger, Bickley, Bigwig, Boredom, Khrissy, Discount, Dynamite Boy, GOB, Homegrown, Horace Pinker, MXPX, NOFX, Pennywise, Pulley, Quincy Punx, Sam The Butcher, Slick Shoes, Straight Faced, Strung Out, The Crowd, The Drapes, The Outside, Whipper Snapper, & The Whitekaps.

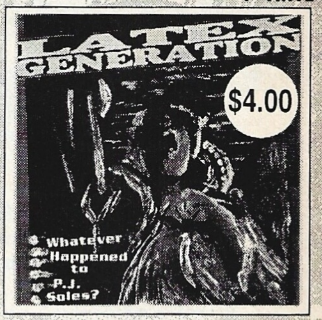
FEARLESS RECORDS Available on CD/Cass.
www.fearlessrecords.com
13772 GOLDENWEST ST. #545 WESTMINSTER, CA 92683

HAPPY FRIGGIN' NEW YEAR

OFR 20051 PIC. DISC 7"


ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN
$5.00
"DEVIL DUST" B/W "RIGHT NOW!"
EF

OFR 20050 7" VINYL


LATEX GENERATION
$4.00
Whatever Happened to P.J. Soles?

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN *"devil dust"*
77 style punk friggin' rock man!

LATEX GENERATION *"Whatever happened to..."*
Punk rock choc-full-o' kick ass

OFR 20019 CD ONLY

AVAILABLE JAN. 98

ADHESIVE *"sideburner"*
Swedish skate punk. A sure hit at the pool party. No Camels were harmed while making this record.

OFR 20020 CD ONLY

THE TIE THAT BINDS *"slowly sinking under"*
Inspiring melodic emo-core in the vein of Samiam and Jawbreaker.

OFR 20030 CD ONLY

"CHECK THIS OUT, BABY!"
ONLY $4.00

THE ONEFOOT COMP *"check this out, baby"*
18 songs by 18 Onefoot bands! A whole lotta punk for not a whole lotta dough.

OFR 20004 CD/LP/Cass

horace pinker

HORACE PINKER *"burn tempe to the ground"*
Powerful, sweat-rendering melodic punk! A great combo of old and new school.

OFR 20023 CD/LP/Cass

kid with man head
Flapjack Hairpiece

KWMH *"flapjack hairpiece"*
Debut release from these NJ dress wearin' weirdo. Slo-Punk

ONEFOOT RECORDS

Mail order: $10 PPD in N. America $12 ppd elsewhere
P.O. Box 3834, Cherry Hill, NJ 08034-0592
email: onefootUS@aol.com
Distributed by: MS, Smash, Surefire Sound of California, Choke, Revolver, Rhetoric, Get Hip, Caroline, Sonic Onion, Cargo USA, CR, Japan & N.A.I.L.

YESHA

MY SO-CALLED BAND

Compact Disc Available Now
First 500 Copies Include 5 Song Bonus EP

Recordings also available from:
Sugarsmack, Veldt, Drunken Boat, & Harvey Milk

Write for FREE Catalog...
Yesha Inc. Dept. FT PO Box 31725
Charlotte, NC 28231
Phone/Fax 704-377-6500
Stores Contact Your Fave Indie Distributor

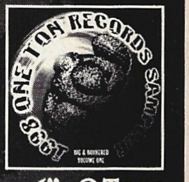
www.yesha.com
Mailorder $13(ppd.) USA/$16(ppd.) Outside USA

DEEP IN THE THROAT OF TEXAS

Slow Roosevelt

Slow Roosevelt OT011
Thick and chewy sonic riffage from Dallas' heaviest nerd-rock band. "If you're not screaming along to 'Detective Friend', it's not cranked loud enough." (Alternative Press)

fixture
ultra=sound


1998 ONE TON RECORDS SAMPLER

Big & Bothered Vol. 1
17 song disc with tracks from all of our One Ton artists. ($5 if you mention Pop Smear on your order)

Fixture "Ultrasound" OT009
Oklahoma boys who pack a slow motion sonic sledgehammer carefully hidden beneath layers of guitar driven melody.

NEW RELEASE! Caulk OT012
Long time Dallas noise boys keep churning out chaotic solid rock tunes that keep you guessing where the down beat is. Out in March!

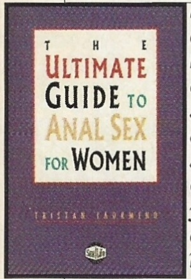
All CD's $10+$3shp.
call: (214) 823-5602
for online ordering:
www.oneton.com

ONE TON

©1998 One Ton Records P. O. Box 1991 Dallas, TX 75221

The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women by Tristan Taormino (Cleis Press)

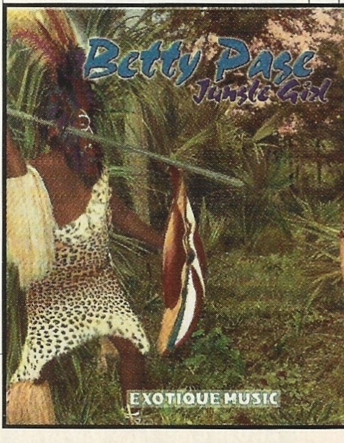
Everyone needs this book. It says "for women" in the title, but it's not strictly a female thing. It's for girls who like girls, girls who like boys, boys who like boys, boys who like girls and boys and girls who just want to go it alone. This book covers anal sex with yourself or with other people, toys, fingers, positions, analingus, lubricants, fisting, enemas and anything else revolving around the butt. This book has so much information and so many resources that it could be a textbook, but it is written by someone who loves anal sex, which keeps it interesting. Tristan breaks down all of the myths surrounding anal pleasure and helps you feel comfortable with the idea of exploring your fantasies, while educating you on how to keep it safe and keep yourself healthy. This book covers it all and should be read by everyone who has sex, not just anal. Get informed. Love yourself. Love your asshole. Get this book. It's in bookstores now, but if you don't want that kid behind the counter at your local bookstore to know you like to take it in the ass, just call Cleis and order it directly (800.780.2279). They promise not to tell.—Shivon



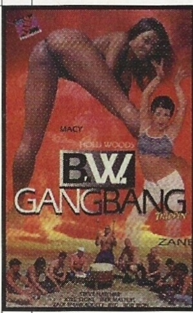
Betty Page Jungle Girl Exotique Music CD (Cargo Records)

This is the follow up to the Betty Page Danger Girl (burlesque music) CD, which I just heard for the first time the other day. Not only do they both come with a 20 page color booklet of Betty Page photos (glamour and nude shots), but they both have great music. The Jungle Girl CD has 24 tracks that make me feel like I'm on a deserted island somewhere. Kind of embarrassing when I'm actually at the office. So, if you are a Betty Page fan, get this for the photos and the music. If you're not a big Betty Page fan, get it for the music and learn to love Betty.

Even Troy, who doesn't like this pin-up icon very much (blasphemer) and who ignores hundreds of CD's each month, is ready to fight me for this one. To order either one of these CD's, call Cargo Records (800.369.6159).—Shivon



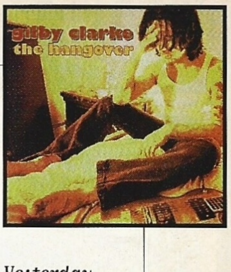
B.W. Gangbang Trippin' starring Holli Woods, Maci, Steve Hatcher, Kyle Stone, Rick Masters, Zack Spunkaducci, Red, Rod Iron, Dave Hardman, Tim White, Directed by Matt Zane (Zane)



If I had a red throbbing clit icon, this flick would rate two clits out of five. Five clits must be earned—I want to cum and think about the scenes and actors all day afterwards.

So, there's eight guys tripping somewhere in So. Cal., shirtless, chanting and drumming, sitting in a circle in the sun. The leader of the psychedelic, pornographic male bonding day, a Jim Morrison look alike, declares that they must have a "ritual gangbang" to consummate the macho bonding process. Luckily, they wander into a field where Holli Woods is stripping on a bed. Sadly, Holli is a dead lay. Either it's that, or she doesn't really dig fucking six guys at the same time. She doesn't even start moaning until two guys stick their hands inside her and a third rubs her clit like a fucking magic lamp. Wish for some lube, boys. She was dry and uncoordinated, to say the least, but she did liven up a bit during the buttslamming and sweetly blew bubbles with loads of cum they shot into her mouth. Miss Maci is a super freak who knows how to work a teepee and then brazenly goes outside and fucks every man she encounters. She puts two cocks in her mouth at the same time and looks as if she wishes it could be more. The athletic diva of dick can fuck while doing a split, jerking off one guy and sucking a third, okay?! She's fierce, so just FF past Holli if you want to get busy. If only Zane hadn't been tripping when he decided to use all the awful psychedelic effects and the hypnotic soundtrack, I would have told you to drop everything and Tune In, Turn On and Jack Off.—Joi Behrend

Gilby Clarke *The Hangover* (Paradigm)



The Gilby Clarke cocktail (and ensuing hangover):
Straddle a motorcycle, leave Cleveland and move to Hollywood.
Write songs.
Surround yourself with cool Racquel Welch-lookin' babes who'll keep you looking like a star while you starve.
That is, until big labels start forking over cash so you can make records.
Which they do.
First there's Candy, a press-darling punk-lite, bubblegum glam combo on Mercury.
Then the Glimmer Twin glam/punk of Kill For Thrills on MCA.
You become a rock 'n' roll star.
Next, you replace a guy called Izzy in the world's biggest rock 'n' roll circus. There's world tours, screaming fans, private jets and blah, blah, blah.
Then bail on that 'cause it ain't as ace as Keith, Ronnie and Mick.
You fall into a harmless Snakepit.
You come up unscathed, new songs intact.
You hit the bar and mix:
- *Two shots of Ronson/Thunders hero guitar.*
- *Two shots each of Beggar's Banquet swagger and Marc Bolan hipsway.*
- *One shot each of gaudy Vegas excess and trashy TV culture.*
- *For fizz, mix in some cool '60s AM radio sing-along.*

Shake it, baby.
Pour into a tall glass and slam it.
Hold on.
Then, you'll be a little hungover, perhaps. But after all that, who cares?
It's perfect.
Ace cuts: "Wasn't Yesterday Great," "Good Enough For Rock 'n' Roll," "Punk Rock Pollution," "Higher."
—Verlaine

Glitterbox *Tied and Tangled* (Atlantic)

Hmmm. The bio drop-kicks names like Beatles, Stones, Henry Miller and Bukowski with no hint of irony. Strike one. The bio also exercises words like "intoxicating exultation," "diamond-hard edge" and "take your breath away." Strike two. There's a song entitled "Jesus Song." Strike three. Luckily, I ain't so lazy a journalist as to not listen to the record instead of just rewriting the bio. Glad I did, really. Band bios are an odious and condescending device meant to insult the reviewer by assuming them idiots. I may be a hackwriter Joe-for-dollars, but I'm smarter than any record weasel hack-for-dollars, certainly.

Anyway....

GLITTERBOX
Tied & Tangled

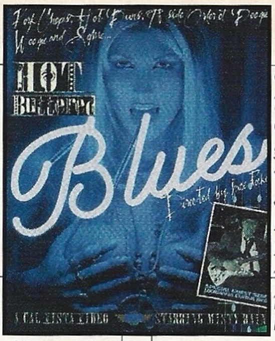
What this record really is is a somewhat literate, somewhat understated and somewhat face-punch mess of pop, puff and sleaze in the collapsed vein of the Pixies, Kitchens of Distinction and Sparklehorse. Singer/wordman Jonny Green is blessed with a voice box capable of believability via sweet breathy tones and soaring PunkRoq sneer. Lyrics like "Write me a letter when you hit the ground" benefit from said gift, but wouldn't if, say, Eddie Vedder applied his falseness to them. Guitars and drums bash along in dynamic fortitude that could do early Radiohead proud. Choruses singsong their way behind your eyeballs and ping-pong around for days. In all, 11 songs, three of which are dudsville, one so-so, and the rest glory and I'll bet anybody a round this puppy will be a colossal flop 'cause it's miles better than 99.3% of all current radio throat-ramming. Meaning it don't stand a chance.—Verlaine

***Gorgeous Babes and Their Toys* Starring: Julia Ann, Nicole London, Chayse Manhattan, Bionca, Heather Lee, Sindee Coxx, Rachel Love, Misty Rain, Nikki Brantz, Alicia Rio, Jon Dough, Bobby Vitale, Tom Byron, Steve Hatcher and others (Snatch Productions)** ★★★★

Ostensibly Gorgeous Babes and Their Toys is brand new footage featuring current dollpart porn stars, according to the press release anyway, but really it's a pastiche of nasty scenes of yore mixed with some contemporary spins. But that's fine though 'cause each scene is a whackers dream as attested by the always dubious "Pussyman Guarantee" claim on the cover box, even if some of the stars listed in the credits seem to have evaporated from the video tape stock....Oh, those wacky pornographers!

On it goes: Lanky redhead Nichole London and Alicia Rio bend over and spread cheek and gash for each other and fellow voyeuristic friend Jon Dough prior to his orifice tongue-dipping, diligent drilling and overall devouring of the labia lickers; the statuesque low rent goddess Bionca is all anal as always, grabbing ankle for Rebecca Bardoux then returning the favor with a deep, bitch-snarled, strapped-on, rump-roto; snotty brunette Nikki Brantz goes all-fours and holes for two Teds who finish her with a facial sploot splash; a trio of blonde gash don strap-ons and do the requisite hardcore and not without obnoxious girlgasms. Plus other stuff, too.—Art Rambo

***Hot Buttered Blues* Starring: Misty Rain, Alyssa, Allure, Devin, Laura Palmer, Dallas, Julian, Steve Hatcher, Ian Daniels, Rick Masters, Dave Hardman, Ron Jeremy, Louisiana Guitar Red, Fabulous Ray and the Blues Bastards. Directed by Jace Rocker (Metro)** ★★★ 1/2



Though long on failed film making devices and short on straight up schtupping, Blues is still wank-friendly folly filled with pie-stuffing, bung-balling and cum-coated bitch grins. And hats off to director Jace Rocker for his attempt to bring dimension to the goof-ball-on-pornhuss standard of nonstop closeup anatomy animalistics. Here he sets a period piece ('60s) in motion and brings in Louisiana Guitar Red as Blind Moonbelly to teach da blues while ensnaring sparky flower child Misty Rain to star using her primary job description: Slutology.

The usual cast of second tier porn studs led agash by their hard chums abound, as do a steady stream of helium-headed rock star jizz gurgling queens. And aside from the aforementioned Ms. Rain, boffo blonde-streaked Alyssa turns in the next best spin, a sporty affair in which she is bipped into blues scale oblivion, all holes ajar. And in the eyesore department, Isro-headed WWF flunkie Ron Jeremy makes an appearance as a sleazefest music agent, even!

The flipside to the fun is the rashly hindered trysts in which protracted dialogue and lengthy scenes of Louisiana Guitar Reds' indulgent noodling could bring zzzz's to any blues buff. Though Steve Hatcher's take on guitar heroism 101 is fun indeed and talk about type casting!—Art Rambo

***Ben Dover's Hot Spice Girls* Starring: Monique Covet, Vivienne, Sasha, Sam, Pascal, et al (VCA)** ★★★ 1/2

These shameless Stagliano knock-offs (Ben Dover et al) are getting well versed in their chosen field, albeit stylistically derivative of butt worship and, somehow, these quick-buck reels of smarmy limey tarts doin' all are not without merit. Seventies Debbie Harry clone Monique Covet lets Ben Dover charm (!) her pants off and toss his gack on her upturned toilet sitter before Belgian grease ball Pascal finishes the untidy deed by pecker-diving into her sphincter rings.

Ben Dover
Hot Spice Girls

SuperMario bangs blonde cotton-candy stripper Sasha backstage in a downtrodden London pub which is remarkable not only for the scenic locale, but for Sasha's squishy, squeely antics and bouncing bubble hind. Typical English working class gal Vivienne is not all she appears whilst knocking off a somewhat sturdy Monarchy fan and swallowing his turgid pike deep into her anal hinterland.

Sam, a blonde fish 'n' chips eatin' 18 year old harlot with a penchant for having her smile drenched in scrotum drizzle closes this two-hour plus vid that is perhaps a bit redundant, yet miles above any cable-for-couples package. Know that.—Art Rambo

Lipstick Lesbians 4

***Lipstick Lesbians 4* Starring: Holli Wood, Sinderella, Vanessa, Katie Gold, Amy Theist, Nikki Neals, Yumiko, Amber, Macy (Zane)** ★★★★ 1/2

Irony takes leave in the latter Zane yarns where B-level porn-verité practitioner Matt Zane is cast (in essence only—like any deity) as a "spiritual master" worthy of the girls' worship. Could the ego of sex-junk, skate-punk Matt Zane be pushin' for messiah-complex justification? (Next he'll no doubt try walkin' across his San Fernando Valley suburban swimming pool!) Still, Matt and his bratty cohorts at Zane are crankin' out the smut at a consistent rate with a dependable level of raunch-a-rama unbeknownst to the genre a few short years ago.

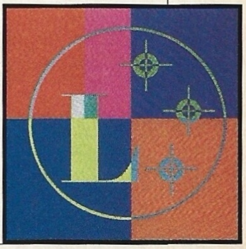
The Lipstick Lesbians formula is simple: Ginch go bended knee on quasi alter of dildos and candles, stumble through scripted silly non-sequiturs like "Beckon the imbalance to accept the divine" prior to the patented Zane stock-in-trade of ass-open, scum-dwelling frolic o' degradation.

African dollface Vanessa and black-bobbed Southern Cal cooze Holli Woods salivate, spit and pout over each other, climaxing when filthy Vanessa clogs Holli's tailpipe with a distressingly long Johnson; fem-dom Nikki Neals and exotic ebony-rich Macy trade booty-ups; lithe blonde Sinderella demonstrates her namesake all over fire-headed Amber; and lastly, the lovely snow-white Texas trailer court tart Katie Gold spreads it for the plunging and pronging of blue collar bred Amy Theist.—Art Rambo

Martin Luther Lennon *Music For A World Without Limitations* (Not Lame)

It's no wonder the kids are bored with rock-n-roll these days, 'cause the good songs ain't makin' it to their ears. Product-for-cash business sense dictate and dire radio formats born of the record industry's warped and elitist sense of their own importance and the hopeless tastes of overpaid A&R men, have insured that the majority of the kids will get nothing short of mall ridden faux angst through which to define themselves. And it's only getting worse, of course.

So, staying true to the in-the-right-place-at-the-wrong-time spirit of great bands which slip through the cracks, Martin Luther Lennon has made a brilliant and joyously anachronistic disc, which would have you guessing they own a few Kinks, Beat and Cheap Trick records. It also suggests that they couldn't give a fuck about what's on the radio today.



Music For A World is full of blast-off choruses, sing/song verses and enough guitar, bass and drum bash and pop to make your parents mad. As a bonus, and surprise

Reviews

addition, to this (or any power-pop record) the lyrics aren't the usual boy/girl sap; lines like "I'm a killer but I'm alright/I'm looking for something to do/There's a gun on the wall/It always reminds me of you" drip in satire and are appropriately sung in a less mama's boyish Nick Gilder girl-swoon. And if that ain't enough, the drums are played by Robbie Rist (Brady Bunch's Cousin Oliver) and songwriter Tony Perkins coined the cliche "Poptopia." Here, here.

If you can't find this at your local record-store, then demand it, or write: Not Lame Records, P.O. Box 9756, Denver CO 80209; Web: http://www.notlame.com—Verlaine

Private Stories #25 Starring: Channel Sevent, Erika Bella, Gabriella Bond, Jennifer, Julia, Celia, Vanessa, Suzanna, Alain Deloin, Andrew Youngman, Christopher Clark, David Perry, Eros Cristaldi, Frank Gun, Frank Versace, Hans Peter, HPG, Jonathan Morgan, Philippe Soine and Zsolt Walton (Private Media)

★★★★ 1/2

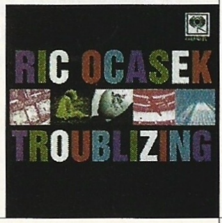
Quickly becoming the porn co of international choice, our pals at Private have yet to deliver a dud, instilling us instead with a collectable vid line of ubiquitous high-brow scenario mixed with low-down, greasy slut fun. It's a heady concoction certainly, and PS#25 strays little, if at all, from said tradition.

PRIVATE STORIES
25
SPECIAL STORY STARRING
Jennifer y Suzanna
A PRIVATE MEDIA PRODUCTION

Box cover Euro tarts Jennifer and Suzanna benefit from innate beauty sharpened by zaftig, non-silicone curves and puffy power-pouts. Those qualities come best exemplified in eyepop proportions when two continental corkscrews get their respective rocks off in glorious analease. Another turn has two sturdy Bastille bozos bonking blond venus Gabriella Bond—anally and otherwise—climaxing when da boys mix their collective juices on her mug. In another, Erika Bella, a tarty French brunette with a rounded ass and jiggling fun bags, lets three stiff suitors poke her olive rectum, rosy clam and hearty mouth. Raven-topped harlot Julia shows the chest-haired manliness of both Philippe Soine and Akim that she don't balk at double doinking, and opens herself up accordingly. Lastly, the jet-lagged, jet-set-slut Celia leaves yank Jonathan Morgan ball sack sapped and bed bound after an enlightening ride around the world.—Art Rambo

Rik Ocasek *Troublizing* (Columbia)

Arguably, the Cars did more good for the state of pop music than any band in the Seventies. No, they weren't shot-gun ridin' trailblazers like the NY Dolls, Iggy, Pistols or even Cheap Trick they will never go down in pop history as a band that changed the way we saw things. That's too large. The Cars were just a pop group with great record collections, cool hair (wiggy rumors notwithstanding) and awesome snap, crackle and pop who happened to save us from the Journey/Foreigner/Styx/Boston songs-for-dollars dirge that was stinkin' up the radio waves at that time. The Cars delivered us from evil. And they were almost as cool as the Ramones, even! God bless 'em. Then they broke up and radio went south again.

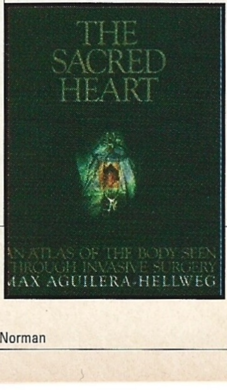


Well, with any luck and a bit of justice, ya won't need a bottle to chase away the FM dial anymore. Why? 'Cause this new Rik Ocasek deal is ace: From the riff-a-rama sing-song of "The Next Right Moment," "Crashland Consequence," "Not Shocked," and "Situation" to the Suicidesque pop of "Here We Go" and "Hang On Tight" (simply Rik Ocasek's finest four minutes, surpassing even "Let's Go" and "My Best Friend's Girl"), Troublizing is impressively Carsish catchy and cool, even eerie; the waltzy "People We Know" could put a foot tap in your nightmare. The records' weak link falls in "Society Trance," in which Ocasek's usual blurry pop-poetics take a somewhat dour turn when delivered in spoken word over a fragmented sonic landscape with silly prog-rock musings on the chorus. It's the only hookless track herein.

And as with any celebrity solo record, there's the name-dropping attachment, among others: Pumpkin-head Billy Corgan co-produces and sings a bit; Ex-Minor Threat and current Bad Religion guitar hero Brian Baker adds some junky chording; Melissa Auf der Maur lends her angelic voice to sweeten the pie. And it ain't no trouble at all.—Verlaine

The Sacred Heart: An Atlas of the Body Seen through Invasive Surgery by Max Aguilera-Hellweg (Bulfinch Press)

This book is absolutely amazing. I saw it once at a friend's house, and just couldn't stop thinking about it or talking about it. And now I have one (if I can steal it from Troy). This book contains 92 photographs of invasive surgeries. It will show you parts of people's bodies you never thought you would see. Or could see (unless you spend a lot of your free time in hospital operating rooms). The photographs are captivating and beautiful, but grotesque at the same time. Some of the pictures include: an eye being removed, penile implants, a cesarean birth, removal of an ovarian cyst, the separation of four day old Siamese twins, a liver transplant, an AIDS autopsy and, of course, there's more. In all, there are 50 different surgical procedures documented in this book. Not only that, but the book details what is going on in each photograph. There is an essay on the photographer's experiences while taking the photos, but I have not yet gotten beyond the photos, even though I have opened the book countless times.—Shivon



Triple X #29 Starring: Eniko, Lana Sands, Lennox, Nikki Lynn, Peggy Sue, Sandra, Vanda, Alain Deloin, Andrew Youngman, Frank Gun, Guy De Silva, Jean Luc Montant, Philippe Dean, Philippe Soine, Sean Ryder (Private Media)

★★★★ 1/2

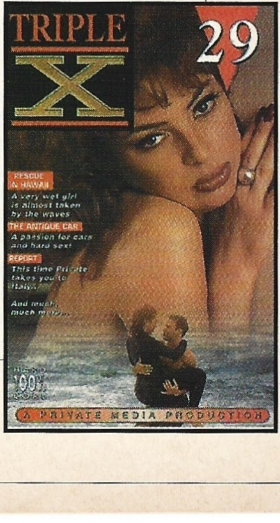
Number 29 in the Triple X series is another action-jammed sexathon of sprucely vignettes, wherein the TV screen is crammed with lovely foreign backdrops coupled with heady entry and shoot shots all elegantly edited, lit and directed.

Ace highlights:

Fine-boned feline Peggy Sue is a cocktail waitress predisposed to public masturbatory behavior when two dopey beer swiggers (Frank Gun, Andrew Youngman) take notice and ultimately unload their elated prongs on her exhausted smile—only after her perfect hiney was the barfly's object of desire.

A tight-nipped brunette with an hourglass shape and receding english chin is saved from the evils of the Hawaiian ocean by a heroic gentleman who is thusly rewarded (along with his bi couple pals) with her fresh-faced deceit and accompanying gash-o'-knarl and butt cinch.

In the finale, the pouty cheerleader innocence of all-American blonde Nikki Lynn is but smut-merchant tactics when wedding day bliss ain't enough for the chapel bound doll (wrapped in virginal white, of course), who makes meat of her limo driver, exchanging coo for goo.—Art Rambo



[redacted]

"WHERE RUDENESS IS THE KEY TO FRIENDLESSNESS"

(Journal entry, Mountain-Vu Trailer Court, Wickenburg, AZ, 12.2.97)

With her, a lean, tall body with thick long hair is the measure of a man, and she would only spread leg for someone who at least looked like a rock star. Car ownership and cash would be nice, but not necessities—her nightly disposable income from XXX Girls Galore smooths over any unwanted fiscal pangs and would certainly insure his undying love. Of course, he must love Guns 'N' Roses. He must have fond memories attached to a GNR song, how else would they get along? What else could they possibly talk about? No way was she going to put up with any of that alternative crap. Hell no. Black Crowes were alright, and the Stones too, but not newer Stones. LA Guns, Faster Pussycat and maybe Mötley Crüe. And Lenny Kravitz. Mostly GNR, though.

Oh yeah, he's gotta love her daughter, the daughter for whom there is no father. The daughter who'll do what her mother taught her. The daughter who at age eight has a healthy late night cable TV habit but can't read a single word (who needs books anyway?). The daughter who is the pretty blonde girl who knows better than to bother mommy in her bedroom before 1 pm. Last time the daughter did, her mom's naked beau smashed an alarm clock in her face. But that was okay, 'cause it was the daughter's fault anyway for going in her mommy's room.

And mother knows there's no connection between what's old and what's new, but if it's from the Sixties, it's bitchin' shit ("that's fuckin' cool man, it's old...fuckin' A"): bell bottoms, Hendrix stuff, simulated wood grain, go-go boots...anything.

And weed. She must have lots of smoke, it takes the edge off. Kills her mean-reds. The speed, too. It makes her happy. Nothing happens without the speed. None of that heroin or coke shit, either. And no fuckin' needles, needles will kill ya, even she knows that. Just the crystal, snorted, sometimes smoked the old fashioned way. Never mind that she weighs 98 pounds and her teeth are starting to look like a neglected cemetery, or that her silicone tits—once her passport to everything on God's green earth—are now like sad, misplaced balloons. And never mind that her beauty—that welfare-bred, porn star angel beauty—is fading faster than the Maybelline residue still on her face from the previous hard day's night. Doesn't she know speeding, beat strippers don't make pretty 30 year olds.

And never mind that her conversations with any of her friends are nothing more than an inarticulate reworking of the same exact words to nail the same exact non-points, escalating at times into battles to see who can out shout one another.

And never mind imagination. And sunsets. And compassion. And....

Gabriella, the blonde-locked, gash-grinding meth freak to whom I once gave my love, is now the very source of the stinging in my head, that powerful and heady mix of booze and belly acid which inevitably gets caught in my nostrils each time my stomach churns and makes a bid for freedom. It's commonplace every time I think about her and the night I tried to make her stay.... What was I thinking?

Bryan Adams • *Unplugged* ~~A&M~~

'Scuse me, but isn't making "unplugged" albums reserved for the haughty and arty, the mighty few who obviously have more to say than your average Joe, more to say than you? Doesn't "unplugged" translate into "rare, up close and personal," a "one-on-one with the artist who is infinitely smarter, prettier and more clever than you?" Like Jewel and Jackyl? Like Ted Nugent and Tracy Chapman? Even Tesla and Fiona Apple? How about the Monkey Turds and the Donkey Dongs?

Bryan Adams? He's below snail snot already. His career nose-dived just after the turn of the decade. His last record stiffed. (As did half the male population who happened to see its videos in which the songs were but cheez-whiz soundtracks to women as porn ornaments...a cheap trick which failed to shift units.)

> After unforgivable kidney stones like "Cuts Like A Knife," "Summer Of '69" and "Heaven," one should think this Canadian cowpie's latest release should be from a maximum security prison to, perhaps, the firing squad.

After unforgivable kidney stones like "Cuts Like A Knife," "Summer Of '69" and "Heaven," one should think this Canadian cowpie's latest release should be from a maximum security prison to, perhaps, the firing squad.

'Tain't da case though, friends, and Brian Adams' *Unplugged* is evidence there ain't nothin' more disparaging than a second-rate Mellencamp doing a third-rate Springsteen blue collar millionaire shuffle. Certainly.

Richard Marx • *Greatest Hits* ~~Capitol~~

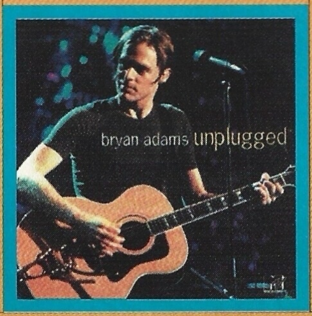
Uhhhh...Uhhh...I think...Uh...Michael J. Fox...toilets, schlock....uh...must piss...diaper rash...Mom's ex-boyfrie...zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

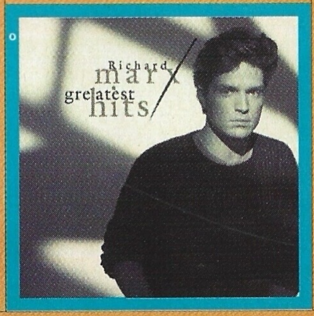
Yes • *Open Your Eyes* ~~Beyond Music/Tommy Boy~~

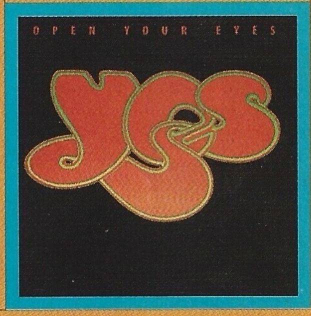
In an earnest world, this record would have come with a disclaimer sticker attached to its shrinkwrapping which would read: "Warning: Don't get schtupped by phony record company mechanics and a bunch of mid-riff-expanded post mid-life hacks—especially those who should have remained out in the pasture. This new pungent Yes turd exists for career agenda and bank account purposes ONLY."

Retrogressing retreads Yes are back, serving up a heady helping of predictable prog-poop on the pretext that perhaps they had left behind a chapter in the annals of rock 'n' roll history upon which they can return for a bit of the old glory. What Yes really left behind was bourgeois laugh track fodder enclosed in bong-load album art with silly titles to match like Tales From Topographic Oceans.

Open Your Eyes is a close-your-eyes-and-sleep affair affirming the same tired song and dance of yore—stupid and jerky timing signatures, long boring solos, hippie hobble-gobble lyrics and high-pitched, vice-balled bellowing. At least Rick Wakeman didn't need to get out of the house, his name is nowhere to be found here, and that is one good thing, certainly. ⊙







An Interview with
Porn Star Sunset Thomas
7" *of Pleasure*

by Max Gunner

Until four weeks ago, I thought Racquel Darrian was pretty much untouchable when it came to mega-hot porno stars. Then I discovered Sunset Thomas. How I missed her for so long is a mystery to me. But I fell absolutely in love.

She is the perfect woman: young, outrageously hard body, shoulder length jet blond hair, full lips, sweet as pie personality, Southern accent, innocent yet naughty demeanor, dirty bad-girl smile, previous NASCAR trophy girl and, oh yeah, she fucks like mad and she swallows. Now this is the kind of girl you put a ring on and bring home to Mother.

At only 25 years old, Sunset has featured in 155 films to date for Sin City, Erol, VCA, Passionate Pictures, Vivid and most recently Zane Entertainment (props to Matt Zane and Jeff Hickey) including Babenet (can I get this back sometime this year Troy?), Diva 3, Black Orchid, New Wave Hookers 5, Pleasure Dome, Latex (Sunset's favorite) and Debbie Does Dallas Again.

Sunset was the October 1997 Penthouse Pet and I highly suggest you find at all costs this sold out issue. I met up with Sunset at her Mustang Ranch (near San Antonio, Texas) where she has lived for the last three years along with her six horses. Sunset has a way with people...certainly an incredible way of making me feel comfortable with her. Hell, I was mesmerized. Oh yeah, the music...well, as far as the 7" reviews go, in place of some boring review text that no one cares about, Sunset answers a question. The combination of music and artwork is rated on a five star scale (three stars is great and five means truly amazing).

Park Mood "Ring" ~~Sam The Cat~~ (Midwest emo-core with solid playing and nifty lyrics. Four fabulous tracks.) ★★★★ **So you were a NASCAR trophy girl?** It was so much fun and I knew all of the drivers. When they won a race, they would come back to the Winner's Circle, I'd give them a kiss and squirt champagne on them on TV. But that was a long time ago. I haven't been to the races in years.

The Moons "Stolen Days" ~~Broken Rekids~~ (Cool pop including ex-Jawbreaker drummer. How could it be bad?) ★★★1/2 **Quite a change in careers. Now it's you that gets squirted on, eh?** That's me. I love the camera. It really turns me on when the camera's on me. I just cream in my pants. I don't know what happens inside of me exactly. I just get so turned on when people are watching me having sex on the set.

I've noticed from watching your films that you are very good at giving head to women. You really enjoy it, don't you? Oh, I love eating pussy. You just get on the clit. A lot of girls and guys don't know how to eat out. I like it right on my clit and really fast. Then stop in the middle and fuck and then go back down. I love licking another girl's pussy and I don't even need her to do me. I get so turned on that I can get off just by the taste of her. If a guy is bad at eating pussy, I'll just fuck his tongue myself. But sooner or later, I want that dick. I'm like, "Where's my dick? Give me a dick!"

Sunset Thomas Fan Club: *RR#1 Box 284, 1st floor, George West TX 78022. Send for complete catalog [worn panties-$25, 8x10-$10, one-of-a-kind Polaroid (nude or topless) $15].*

M.I.J. "300 Miles" ~~One Percent~~ (Not really Made In Japan, but who cares. Minneapolis emo kings.) ★★★1/2 **Have you always been a very sexual person?** Yes, before doing porno I had quite an adventurous sexual history including doing a lot of girls, threesomes and other stuff. I always cum on film. I never fake my orgasms. If the director calls for the pop shot and I haven't cum yet, I demand the guy goes down on me. It bothers me that some people fake it on film. I'll just play with myself if the guy is tired. I'm getting off no matter what. **Who owns your favorite pussy/cock to suck?** Pussy, hmmm...Asia Carrera, but I'd like to try Janine. Cock? Zach Adams of course, then Peter North. I just have two rules. You can cum on my face, but just don't get it in my eyes or in my nose. It's best when the guy doesn't smoke or drink or anything like that.

Action Suits "Andy The Android" ~~Fantagraphics~~ (Good pussy rock. Andy The Android is cool, but side B blows. Nice cartoons.) ★★★ **Sunset, I don't drink or smoke.** Then (giggling) I bet you taste pretty sweet, Max.

On *Seinfeld*, would you rather blow Jerry or Kramer? Kramer's got the crazy hair, right? Okay. Jerry's cute, but I think he has a small dick. Now Kramer on the other hand, he's huge. Yeah, he definitely has a huge cock so I would go for him.

Splendor Bin "We're Now in The Lightning Round" ~~ITU~~ (Killer tunes, I mean real good. But the cheesy artwork sucks.) ★★★1/2 **Would you rather go down on Elaine or George's fiancee Susan?** Definitely Elaine. I think she would be wild in bed, especially with another woman. I would definitely go down on Elaine. **At my local fun shop, this clerk Habib was selling Sunset Thomas' Realistic Vibrating Vagina for $79.95 for those lonely nights at home. The box read "this perfect replica was molded directly from Sunset's open spread legs." Did you really model for it?** I sure did. They put this white plastic stuff on my pussy and let it dry. It was very cold. But I don't think it looks like my pussy. My clit is actually much bigger than that.

Glitterbox Motor Cycle "Song" ~~Atlantic~~ (Corporate behemoth Atlantic put this out. Give it up. One star for clear vinyl.) ★ **What do you do when you're not making films or taking care of the horses?** I dance a lot when I'm not making movies. It's the best. I get to have free orgasms when I lap dance. I love to feel a guy's cock getting hard when I lap dance for him. I love my fans and like to meet them at clubs. So if you see me, you'd better say hello.

What else would you like the world to know about you Sunset? I am a family person, I'm caring and concerned for others. Hmmm... And the panties I sell through my fan club really do have my pussy juice on them. I wear those panties around for a day and then send them out.

Muckafurgason "Lady Of My Life" ~~Edelstein~~ (Stunning. Brilliant. Someone should sign these boys.) ★★★★★ **You told me you like Garth Brooks, so obviously you're into cool music. Have you ever heard of Muckafurgason?** Who?

M.I.J.
300 miles

~~Sam The Cat~~: 310 Brandywine Road, Springfield IL 62704 • ~~Broken Rekids~~: PO Box 460402, San Francisco CA 94146 • ~~One Percent~~: PO Box 141048, Minneapolis MN 55414 • ~~Fantagraphics~~: 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle WA 98115 • ~~ITU~~: PO Box 648, New York NY 10011 • ~~Atlantic~~: if you want the address go find it yourself • Edelstein: 323 East 8th St, #2A, New York, NY 10009

1-800 POSTCARDS

America's Postcard Experts™

5000 Full Color Postcards For Only $250!!

The lowest postcard prices in the United States

50 West 23rd Street 6th floor, NYC 10010
tel: (212) 271-5505 fax: (212) 271-5506 web: www1800POSTCARDS.com

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

50 West 23rd Street, 6th Floor
NYC 10012
T: 212.271.5505
F: 212.271.5506
E: jpopsmear@aol.com
www.popsmear.com

CLASSIFIEDS INSERTION ORDER FORM

Date: **For Issue #:**

Advertiser's Name:

Address:

Telephone:

Facsimile:

Electronic Mail:

Category:
(Music, Books & Magazines, Services, Adult Content, Personals, Miscellaneous)

Text Ad Per Word
$2.00 per word, 20 word minimum. Count any word or group of numbers (i.e. phone numbers and zip codes) as one word. Add $5.00 for first 3 words bold. Additional $5.00 fee if not submitted on computer disk in any ascii text format.

B&W Display
Billed per column inch. 1 3/4" wide x $50 per column inch deep. Art must be supplied on paper positive or on disk.

Full Color Display
Billed per column inch. 1 3/4" wide x $70 per column inch deep. Art must be supplied on digital file (on disk in QuarkXPress for Macintosh, containing all necessary screen and printer fonts (including those used in EPS images). Electronic images for all digital artwork placed within the document should be saved as TIFFs and included, along with a proof.)

If you choose to submit your classified ad the old-fashioned way, please write your message to the left, using one space per letter. Otherwise, please include your disk or B&W display paper positive with this form.

Payment:

Text Ad: _____ *words @ $2 per word*
additional charges: _______

B&W Display Ad:
_______ *inches deep @ $50 per column*

Color Display Ad:
_______ *inches deep @ $70 per column*

What are you waiting for?
POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

Total Due: ____________

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

POP
SMEAR
MAGAZINE

SUBSCRIBE

Photo: Tim Darwish

POPSMEAR IS COMING TO YOUR HOUSE!

That's right, the party's at your place and we're on our way. We'll be stopping by every two months and, of course, we're bringing all of our friends. And we don't come empty-handed—we bring gifts. All you have to do is subscribe!

Here's how it works: you fork over $15, $30 or $45, and we will supply you with the corresponding number of issues AND the special bonus prize. It's that easy!

Note: If you don't want us in your house, send us to a friend's with a gift subscription!

YOU SEND US	WE SEND YOU	+BONUS PRIZE!
$15	1 year (6 issues)	POPsmear T-shirt†
$30	2 years (12 issues)	POPsmear Gift Pack†*
$45	3 years (18 issues)	Pamela and Tommy Lee sex video††

†1 and 2 year subscribers (check one) Size: [ ]S [ ]M [ ]L [ ]XL
Style: [ ]What fuck wrong you? [ ]I slept with the boss.
Those who don't specify will be sent style and size of our choice.
Sorry, no exchanges.

*POPsmear Gift Pack includes POPsmear T-shirt†,
stickers and pen PLUS the Red Meat book (while supplies last).

††3 year subscribers
Age____ Signature______________________

MUST be 21 years or older to receive video. Those ordering 3 year subscriptions MUST include a signed age statement to receive the Pamela and Tommy Lee video. Those who don't sign will receive a consolation prize of an official POPsmear pen. Fun, yes, but not quite as popular at parties. Sorry, no exchanges.

It's party time! Sign me up!

[ ]1 year ($15) [ ]2 years ($30) [ ]3 years ($45)

Name______________________
Address______________________
City______________ State__________ Zip__________
Phone______________________ Email__________
Favorite POPsmear feature(s)______________________

Credit card payments
[ ]American Express [ ]Discover [ ]MasterCard [ ]Visa
Number______________________ Exp__________
Signature______________________

WE HAVE YOUR MISSING ISSUES! COLLECT THEM ALL!

1.0: $5
Vintage yellowed paper, cut and pasted in full black & white, hand-crafted graphics, caustic rants, Cacophony, scams, zine reviews, grave plot telemarketing, hating Long Island, loving the bathroom, underground mail order, the apology line, 800 number prison line....

2.0: $10
Museum of Menstruation, small penis club, hate mail, cool things to check out, Catharsis Island, raunchy comix, stamps of your face, James gets his face kicked in, more scams and pranks, Lisa Loeb's home phone number....

3.0: $5
First issue with color! DIY mail terrorism, guerrilla art you can play on, herbal X, funny stuff we wrote to a magazine, mail art, new and improved scams, Danny's stupid mom, wacked out stuff resource guide, trailer parks and Debbie Gibson's home address....

4.0 $20
First full color cover! Tonya Harding naked, personal rants, geisha sex guide, digital section, thrift store fashion spread (as seen in POPsmear), dirty dirty cartoons, scams and pranks, various alcohol-related features and Demi Moore's home phone number....

5.0 $10
Real letters from camp, the other side of Europe, photo scrapbook, the truth on CD's, Joe Crackhead, he said/she said, Digitalia™ rant, Japanimation, Bloodhound Gang pranks and Lorne Michaels' home phone number....

6.0 $10
John Bobbitt's penis, parties you missed, 100 ways to be a man, quitting the zine scene, women who love vibrators, Andre the Giant posse, alien theory, statutory rape, cheeseballs unite, Suburbia game, apology line disconnected, a guy kills himself and no one cares, pranks and John Cleese's home phone number....

7.0 $10
Snappy cover and sassy editorial makes this one a winner! Now you too can own this important piece of history: affectionately nicknamed the "lawyers suck ass" issue. The usual unusual stuff including Hoodopoly game, dating guide, wedding crashing, Elvis archeology, Buffalo, anal beads, rag hag, the contest Petey lost and Cindy Adams' home phone number....

8.0 $20
The candy-coated cover is the mark of your authentic POPsmear. Don't be fooled by imitations! Hotel scams, Sick & Wrong, POPsmear gets sued (again), technoparenthood, Sam Walton for Pope, Deep Elm kiss-ass piece, 25 reasons to masturbate, Apoplectic greeting cards, Asshole of the Month debut, celebrity hate mail....

9.0 $20
Eating ass, celebrity heavy metal email, way too many letters, vicious Asshole of the Month, cheese, insider info, Kill Zinesters, reservations of an airline agent, Spencer Tunick, Big Paul Behind the Wall, cool drugs, Dutch East battles, digital fonts and photos, 7 Inches of Pleasure, cheesy American theme parks and Tommy Lee's email address....

10.0 $20
Nicknamed the "Gee, we haven't been sued in awhile" issue. James and Petey naked, Vaginal Creme Davis, CMJ follies, Ryan J. McGinness, high school hell, Chasey Lain, Sick Shit Art Show, Delch-a-lot on dumping, Mike Diana, more Big Paul, two word reviews, semen chemical composition, flashy subscription cards, Eddie Vedder's home address....

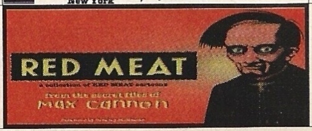
11.0 $5
Bloodhound Gang, Rev. Randall Tin-Ear on oral, Racquel Darrian, Big Man's Mom, masturbation, Cockblister's top rentals, Asshole of the month, Mom on music, Jimmy Pop Ali's anal trouble, why prison beats work, cool postcards, Petey on summer camp, Mistress Shivon's perfect boyfriend, karaoke, Prozac Diaries, Hard Candy, Star Wars, serial cooking, Video Alternatives, Pussy of the Month, Shivon the Intern on Popsmear Postcards, blaxploitation, speed junkie, Cottonmouth Texas' SXSW....

12.0 $5
First full glossy issue! Answering MRR ads, kicking superhero butt, McDonald's scams, Princess Superstar and Luscious Lake's tryst with Ethan Erickson, husband punishment, Tori Spelling and Jenny McCarthy's shopping spree, Jello vs. Johnny, John Doe, Gospel, avoiding the DUI, Jerry Lewis, Postal Lou, Jackass of the Month, Senator Dodd's crabs, Dr. Cynic, hospital scams, Alyssa Love, Cottonmouth Texas' Lollapalooza nightmare, Art Rambo, Maggie Estep, S&M quiz, Depeche Mode scam, pizza ordering guide, Prozac Diaries, Jimmy Pop Ali's philosopheces, Lemmy's home address...

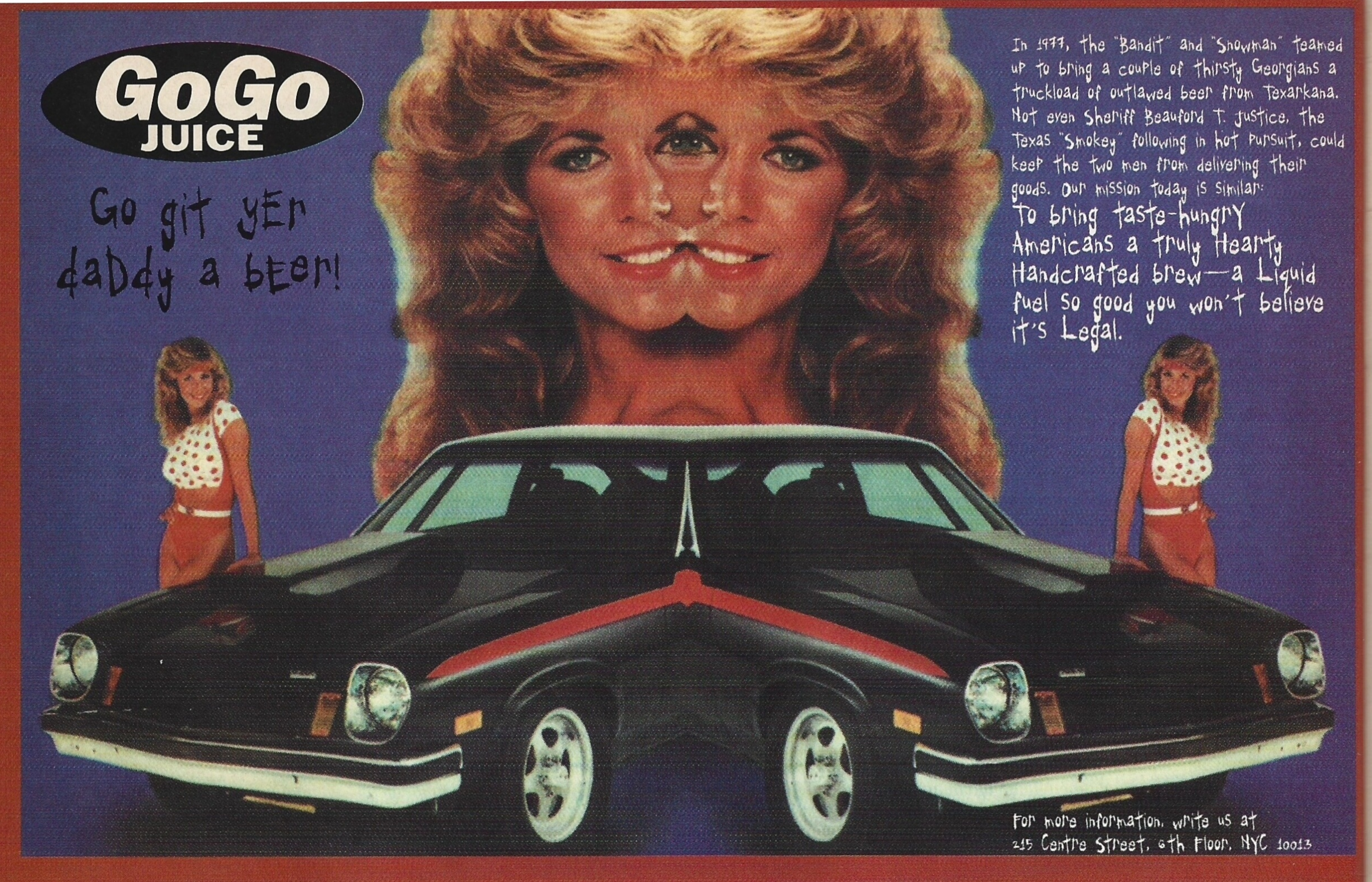
13.0 $5
Rosie O'Donnell's head, Princess Di, Gwar NYC tour and postcard, Pam and Tommy Lee video, Dr. Cynic, POPsmear party review, Jackass, Stallone, Xmas toys, Tyson Meade meets John Paul Jones, Prozac Diaries, Shivon vs. Laura Bond, Vandals, Mojave Desert phone booth, Michael Shelley and Kenneth Keith Kallenbach, haiku winners and losers, Amy Theist, Neoprint, harmless stalking, publicists' guide Gospel, Art Rambo, ~~Prom Mom~~, Jason Priestley's home address...

Mail to:
POPsmear SUBscriptions
50 West 23rd St. 6th Floor
New York NY 10012

St. Martin's Griffin
New York


RED MEAT
a collection of RED MEAT cartoons
from the secret files of
max cannon

ENTIRE COLLECTION (1.0-13.0): $145 includes bonus POPsmear Gift Pack!


GoGo JUICE
Go git yer daddy a beer!

In 1977, the "Bandit" and "Snowman" teamed up to bring a couple of thirsty Georgians a truckload of outlawed beer from Texarkana. Not even Sheriff Beauford T. justice, the Texas "Smokey" following in hot pursuit, could keep the two men from delivering their goods. Our mission today is similar: To bring taste-hungry Americans a truly Hearty Handcrafted brew—a Liquid fuel so good you won't believe it's Legal.

For more information, write us at
215 Centre Street, 6th Floor, NYC 10013

Reverend Mackin's Letter

July 6, 1996

Dear M&M's

I was in a thrift store a few days ago, and I saw the E.T. The Extraterrestrial storybook. For a mere ten cents I could not resist. I read it, fondly rembering my youth and the epic ballad by Mr. Neil Diamond. And then I got to the 11th page at which point I saw the words...

"Elliott shrieked and scrambled backward, clutching his sleeping bag around him. The extraterrestial jumped in the other direction. Then he held out his hand and opened it. Within the huge scaly palm was his last M&M, melting."

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT? Never mind that they weren't M&Ms, but reeses pieces. (I here that you were offered the part, but turned it down, dummies.) Within the...palm was his last M&M, melting. MELTING? M&Ms melt in the MOUTH! Not in the HANDS! What are those bastards at G.P.Putnam's sons trying to pull here? When you sue, I would love to be a witness. Oh boy would I!

Thanks, please respond soon,

Richard J. Mackin
1298 Commonwealth Ave#4
Allston, MA 02134

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE DEPARTMENT

INTERNS NEEDED

ONLY EDUCATED GRAPHIC DESIGN STUDENTS NEED APPLY. GET CREDIT FOR SCHOOL. ELECTRONIC PREPRESS PRODUCTION SKILLS NEEDED. OPPORTUNITY TO DESIGN FOR A NATIONALLY DISTRIBUTED MAGAZINE. YOU SHOULDN'T SUCK. SEND RéSUMé TO POPSMEAR. WE WILL CALL FOR YOUR PORTFOLIO.

Classyfieds

EACH ISSUE: YOUR WORDS, ... NOT OURS.

ADULT CONTENT

THE BUNGIE SEXPERIENCE™
WEIGHTLESS SEX
Unlimited positions.
Cords Unlimited Inc.
PO Box 639
Tracyton, Wa 98393
1-888-8BUNGEE
$280.99 Reg. $300.00 Lg
$13.00 s&h

THE KINDLING POINT
(45 min) X
"Perhaps the most beautiful lesbian S/M film ever made . . . intimately acted out rituals of domination and pleasure by way of a crop, candles and an exquisitely expressive camera."
- The Village Voice

LES AFFAIRE
(45 min) X
Captive and compromised. That's what these Mistresses make of their hot and willing "victims" using taunts and teases, ropes and whips. You, too, will be captivated.
Please send me:
The Kindling Point . . . .
$39.95
Les Affaire . . . .
$39.95
Add three dollars for shipping and handling per video.
Send check or money order to:
Egocentric Productions
738 East Sixth Street, #2B
New York, NY 10009
Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery
Name ______________
Address ______________
City ______________
State __________ Zip ____

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE
FOR CLASSIFIED AD RATES CALL
212.271.5505 x21

BOOKS & MAGAZINES

SCI-FI/FANTASY/HORROR
Vampire Dan's Story Emporium
Issue 4 out now - only $4
P.O. Box 252
Syracuse, NY 13215-0252
Http://www.vampiredan.com

◎◎◎◎◎

Do you like
Punk rock?
Weird comics?
Bizarre articles?
Then get a copy of

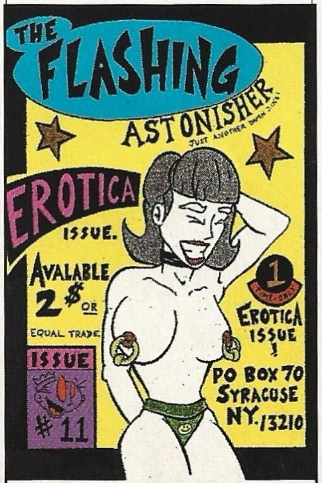
HOOFSIP FANZINE

It's only $1.50 an issue!

HOOFSIP
P.O. Box 7636
Bloomfield Hills, MI.
48302-7636

◎◎◎◎◎

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE



"My Other Car is a Crack Pipe" & "Self Mutilation is so 80's"
1.45x4.25 vinyl weatherproof stickers $1 each, available from the Flashing Astonishers address above

MISCELLANEOUS

INTERNS WANTED: part time or full time, at **POPsmear Magazine**. We offer flexible hours, with endless opportunities. You know the magazine, now be a part of it. All majors and any year accepted. Great opportun ity for journalism, marketing, communications or art majors. Fax resume to **212.271.5506**. Or call **212.271.5505 x19.**

our sweet secret sins
©97 shapiro

book of Sick
stickers tshirts
212 802 7153
email: BookofSick@aol.com

MUSIC

Hep
Scrimshaw
Cat
SS

ONLY THE NAME HAS CHANGED

Music from Jack Drag, a don piper situation, Fabric, Elevate, Two Dollar Pistols, Brilliantine, Metal Flake Mother, Raymond Brake and more. Send SASE to Scrimshaw at POB 17022, Chapel Hill, NC 27516 for a catalogue or check out http://hep-cat.com

MUSIC

MTV BUZZKILL

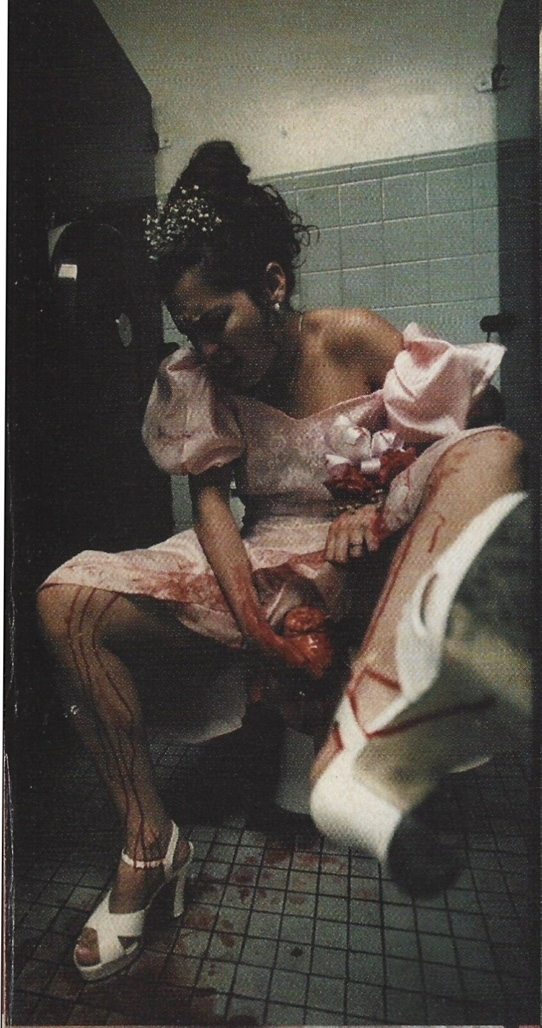
As Not Seen on TV
Video includes
PURE PRANKS...*Real*
OUTAKES...*Kickass*
MUSIC
VIDEOS...*Action*
BEHIND THE SCENES.
Send $15 (+$5 s&h) to:
Sheridanscope Productions
8454 Magnolia Dr.
Los Angeles, CA 90046

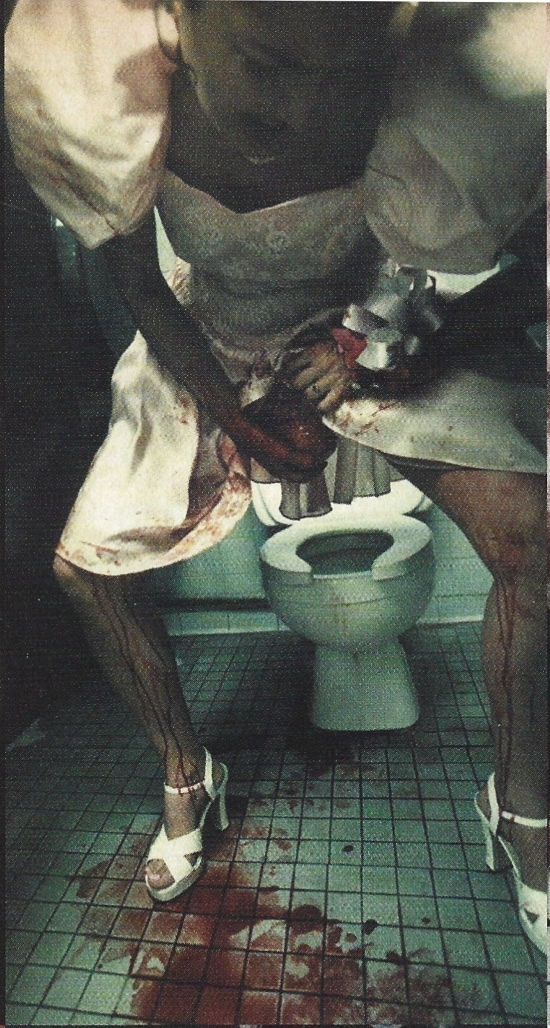
SPITE & MALICE Presents
"SUPERPUMPER /
SUPERTENDERS"
Rockcore's Opening Salvo!
$5 / SASE: Local 666
c/o Milkboy Recd's:
5421 N. 5th St. (2nd Fl.)
Phila., PA 19120
Look 4 Future Review in POPsmear!

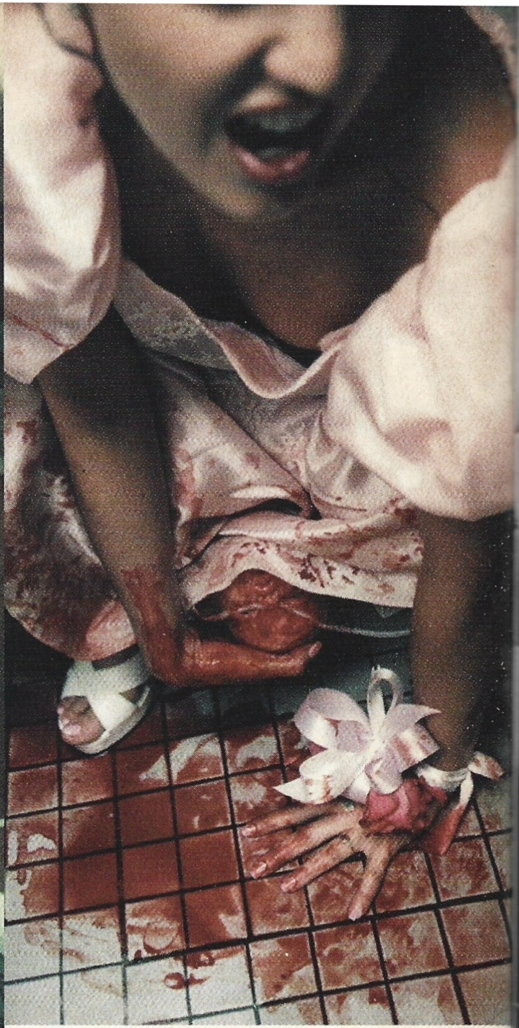
MUSIC TO KILL KENNY TO!
Send one measley buck for ninety minutes of fun filled chaos and music your local radio station is too weakass to play. C'mon, what the hell. Place of Hemp, Punk... Opulence! POBox 2071 DPTP, Wilmington NC 28402-2071

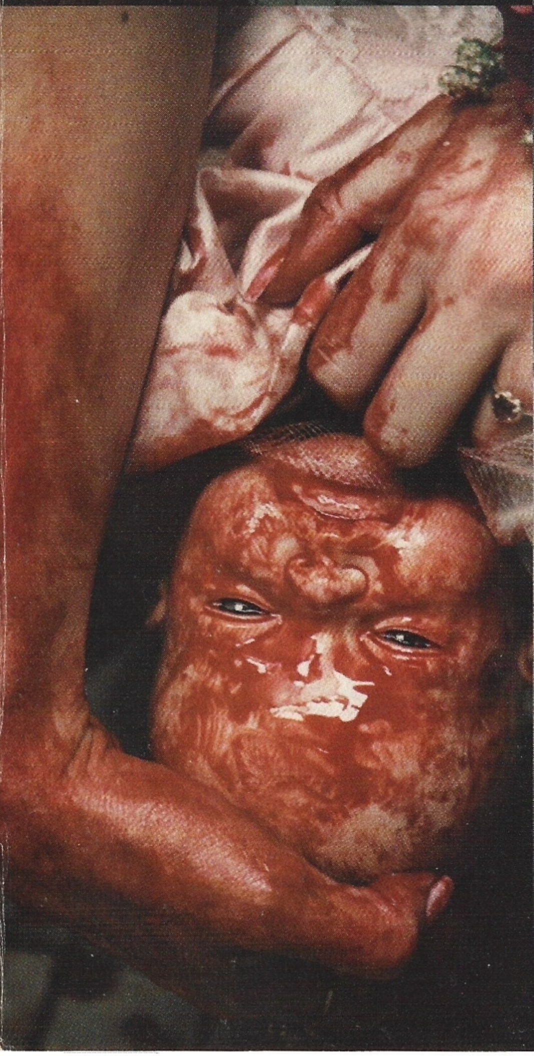
FILE UNDER SUPER-ROCK
Get a catalog you fuck.
Blue Moon Recordings
2075 S. University Blvd #264
Denver, Co 80210
BMT43@aol.com

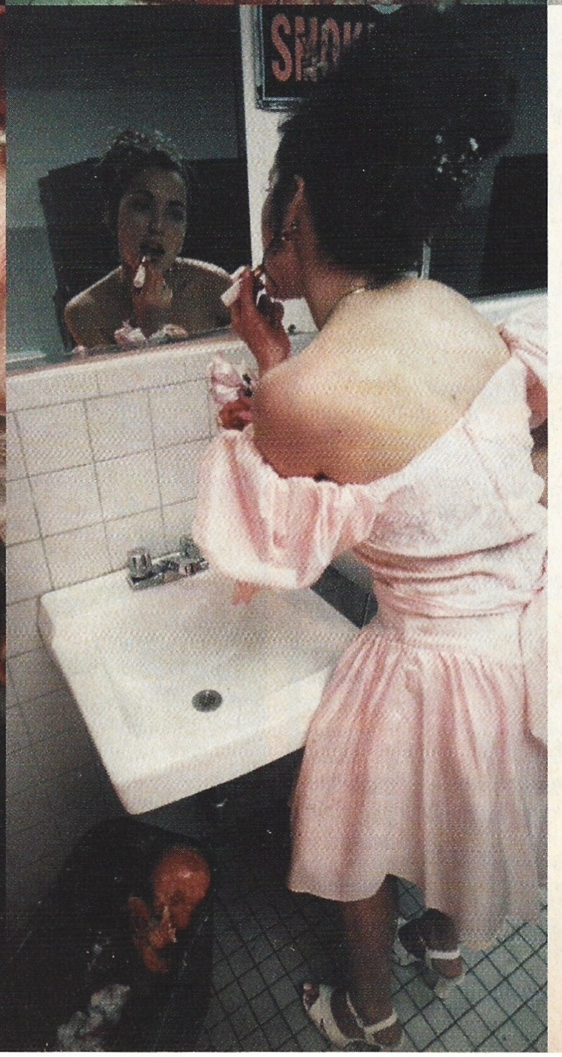
SWIM'S
Rob Wcislo
solo EP
"underwater"
(201)223-7840
tigeride@aol.com
seek it !











Prom Mom

Photography by Abby Gennet

In Through The Out Door

When we put this page together for the last issue we knew some people would be shocked by the photos. They are shocking. Infanticide is shocking.

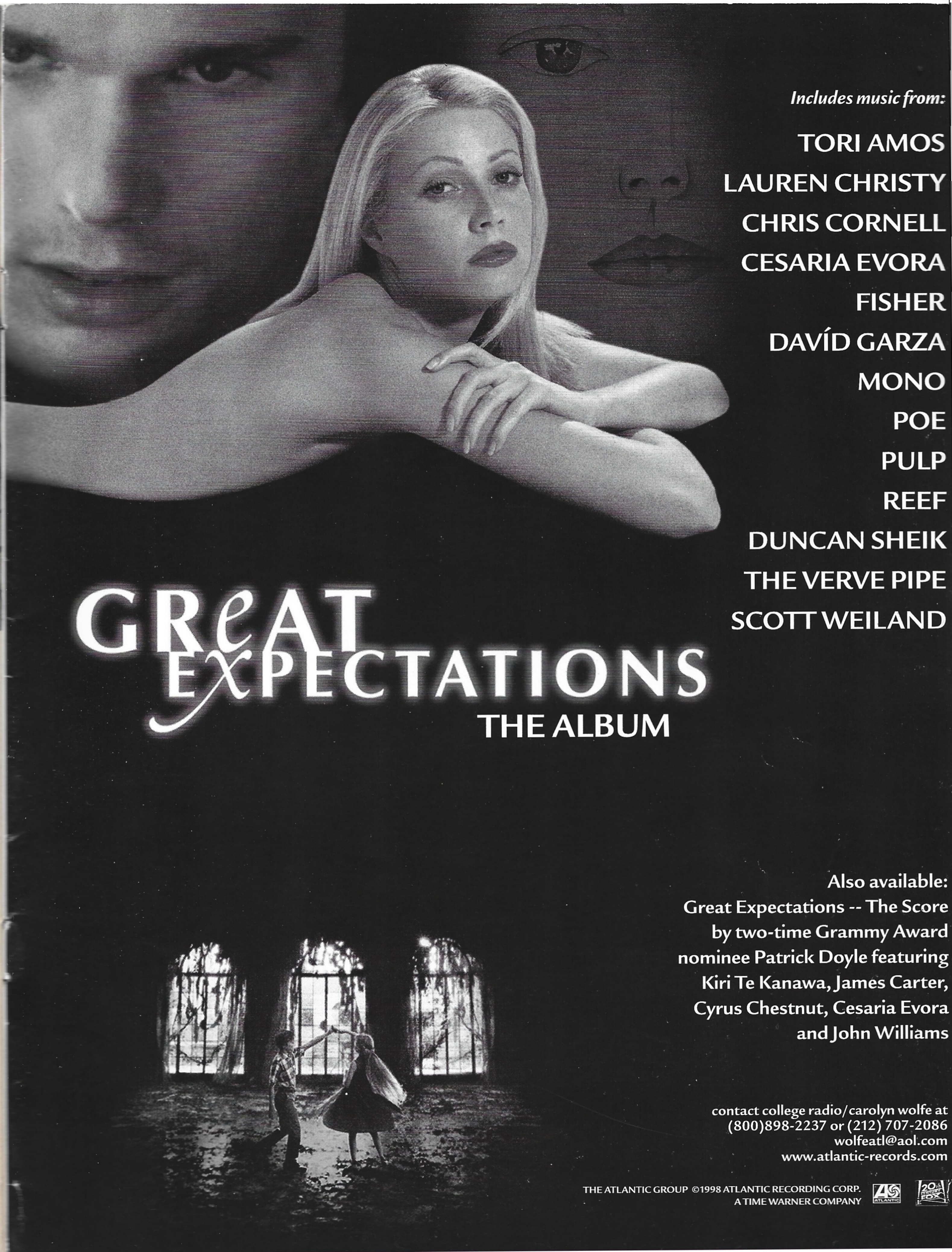
Abby Gennet's photos were inspired by Melissa Drexler, the 18 year old girl who gave birth in the women's room during her prom, and then left the six pound boy in the trash can before rejoining friends on the dance floor. It was an ugly, bewildering episode.

It is true that many, if not most, printers will not print this magazine. Seems that much of the printing business has caved in to the religious right, and most are extremely sensitive about what they will print for fear of backlash. The printer we used for issue 13.0 also prints Rookies and Leg Passion, so you can imagine our surprise when the printer called us—one day before the magazine was scheduled to go to press—and told us they wouldn't print the job. The "Prom Mom" photos were too offensive.

Officials there told me that when the plant decided to print pornography a few years ago, it was approved by employee vote. They set two restrictions on what they would print: no bestiality and no child pornography. I pointed out the obvious—that "Prom Mom" didn't fit into either category. We went in heated circles for a while, but they wouldn't budge. "We just feel that it's bad humor," I was told. They didn't understand that it wasn't a joke.

We contacted other printers, but the earliest we could get on another press was the week before New Year's. At that rate, 13.0 would have been on the newsstands for about a week before 14.0 came out. It doesn't work like that.

We decided to pull "Prom Mom." Of course, we were then more determined than ever to print the photos. And here they are. They are fantastic photographs. But more importantly, if one of the more liberal printers refuses to print these photos, you can imagine what else isn't getting through. It's a tiny part of a much larger battle—the battle for information. It is through information that we find truth. Sometimes the truth hurts. —Troy Fuss



Includes music from:

TORI AMOS
LAUREN CHRISTY
CHRIS CORNELL
CESARIA EVORA
FISHER
DAVÍD GARZA
MONO
POE
PULP
REEF
DUNCAN SHEIK
THE VERVE PIPE
SCOTT WEILAND

GREAT EXPECTATIONS
THE ALBUM

Also available:
Great Expectations -- The Score
by two-time Grammy Award
nominee Patrick Doyle featuring
Kiri Te Kanawa, James Carter,
Cyrus Chestnut, Cesaria Evora
and John Williams

contact college radio/carolyn wolfe at
(800)898-2237 or (212) 707-2086
wolfeatl@aol.com
www.atlantic-records.com

THE ATLANTIC GROUP ©1998 ATLANTIC RECORDING CORP.
A TIME WARNER COMPANY

144 CUSTOM PRINTED T-SHIRTS FOR $500

No
Taxes
Setup Charges
Hidden Costs
Film Charges
Screen Charges

High quality, oversize, heavyweight 100% Cotton tour shirts at a great price!

K★RATION
APPAREL PRODUCTION
Cost: $3.50 each
Sell shirts on tour
Retail: $15.00
Profit: $11.50

TOLL-FREE
888-572-8466
K ration ™
FAX
302-292-0595
Distributed only by
po box 7735 Newark Delaware ZIP-19714
www.k-ration.com confidential@k-ration.com
CLOTHING UNIT

Call for an order form, brochure and details

TOLL FREE 1-888-572-8466

Order a sample shirt from us for $5. If you order, we'll credit you. If you don't, you boost an awesome shirt from us for only $5. Limit one per customer.

K-Ration T-shirts are 100% cotton, oversized, heavyweight, made in the USA. They are not the promotional weight junk you get for free that fall apart after one wash. We deliver retail quality apparel direct to customers, and cut out the crap for savvy computer artists who want high quality screen printing from digital files to film to printed shirts with flat rates.

Limited time offer, pricing good thru June 1998.